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THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES

Winterhalter pinx.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES

1852-1870

ITS ORGANIZATION, CHIEF PERSONAGES, SPLENDOUR, FRIVOLITY, AND DOWNFALL

BY

LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE

"Du coin d'où le soir je ne bouge
J'a vu le Petit Homme Rouge . . .
Sa voix rauque en chantant présage
Au Château grand remû-ménage."

BÉRANGER

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WITH A FRONTISPIECE

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
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PREFACE

NEARLY every royal palace of any antiquity has its ghost. Hampton Court has three—those of Katherine Howard, Jane Seymour, and Mrs. Penn (nurse of Edward VI.). The old Schloss of Berlin is haunted by the White Lady, Agnes of Orlamünde, who was buried alive in its vaults, and whose appearance always forebodes death to some member of the Prussian Royal House. Further, a spectral Capuchin, connected perhaps with the monastery where the Hapsburgs have so long been buried, is said to flit at times along the corridors of the Imperial Hofburg at Vienna. In France the Palace of the Tuileries was likewise haunted by a familiar spirit, THE LITTLE RED MAN, who, although he mostly remained unseen and unheard while he prowled through the splendid chambers, considerately revealed his presence every now and again in order to foretell some great change or disaster. Occasionally, when there was nobody of any consequence at the Tuileries, the Little Red Man went roving. He followed the ruler of the time to other palaces and places. He once journeyed as far as Egypt to advise General Bonaparte to return to France. He also visited the cliffs of Boulogne to foretell the failure of the projected invasion of England; and, again, in the last years of the First Empire, he showed himself both at Fontainebleau and at Waterloo. Madame Lenormand, the so-called Sibyl of the early years of the nineteenth century, who is said to have predicted to Josephine Beauharnais that she would some day be Empress of the French, wrote an imaginative book on the

subject of the Little Red Man, in which she blundered sadly by asserting that he was the "good genius" of Napoleon, whereas he was at the most merely his "candid friend." Béranger, whom the Red Man favoured with a visit about the time when the restored French Monarchy was collapsing, was better inspired when he composed a ballad warning King Charles X. of impending calamity.

The years passed, and still the Little Red Man haunted the Tuileries, seeing and hearing many strange things as he flitted, invisible, from room to room, as well as giving due notice, by occasional appearances, of some startling changes of *régime*. He saw the Orleans Monarchy collapse, the ensuing Republic expire, the Second Empire swept away by foreign invasion and national wrath. But, at last, the day came when the Tuileries itself perished, annihilated by incendiaries. Of course the Little Red Man had known what would happen, and had already decided to transfer his quarters to the Élysée Palace, which is still his address for national business purposes. But during the last five-and-thirty years he has led a less active life than formerly. True, he found it necessary to warn Marshal MacMahon that he would have to give in or go out, and President Grévy that no good would come of a certain great decorations scandal. He had to appear, too, at the time when Le brave Général Boulanger threatened the Republic; he paid a flying visit to Lyons when President Carnot was unhappily assassinated; and at the critical period of the great Dreyfus case, he gave a private warning to President Faure, who was shocked to such a degree by so unexpected an apparition that he was seized with a fit which unfortunately proved fatal.

Of more recent times the Little Red Man has enjoyed plenty of leisure. He is occasionally inclined to think that his occupation, like Othello's, may be gone, that his warnings may never again be required. To occupy the time which hangs somewhat heavily on his hands he meditates on the past; he recalls, somewhat regretfully, his snug old home at the

Tuileries, and it is not surprising, perhaps, that it should have occurred to him to pen a record of the last years which he spent there—the chequered years of the Second Empire. The Little Red Man does not claim to have witnessed personally everything which then occurred (he was never ubiquitous), but during his years of leisure he has cultivated a taste for reading, and, naturally enough, he has peeped into virtually everything that has been written about his old surroundings. He has come upon no little absurdity, no small crop of errors, garnered by outsiders, but he has also noted many interesting facts emanating from Court gentlemen and ladies whom he well remembers, though, as he himself usually remained invisible, they were not aware of his presence beside them. Briefly, piecing together his own personal recollections and those of the more reliable men and women of the time, and adding thereto a number of little-known facts and documents, and sketches of the notable people whom he once knew, he has written a book on the Tuileries Court as it was during the last years of his residence at the Palace. He has described the Court's organization, manners, and customs; he has endeavoured to depict both its magnificence and its darker side; he has dealt, neither too harshly nor too indulgently, he hopes, with its frivolities; he has not forgotten to include some account of its sojourns at such places as Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud; and he has made a few excursions into the realm of politics in order that certain incidents may be the better understood. He here offers the result of his labours to the courteous critic and the indulgent reader; and as on most occasions his appearance *in propriâ personâ* is, unfortunately, a foreboding of trouble, he sincerely trusts that he will never have reason to visit them otherwise than in this present guise of print and paper.

PARIS, 1907.

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SOME EVENTS IN THE LIFE AND TIME OF NAPOLEON III.

1808. Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte born, April 20, in Paris.

1815. He accompanies his mother into exile.

1830. Revolution in France. Louis-Philippe King of the French.

1831. Louis Napoleon visits Paris and joins the Swiss artillery.

1836. He attempts to provoke sedition at Strasburg and is shipped to America.

1837. He returns to Europe and loses his mother.

1838. He takes up his residence in London (October).

1840. He attempts to proclaim the Empire at Boulogne, and is tried and imprisoned at Ham.

1846. He escapes and returns to London.

1848. Louis-Philippe being overthrown, he returns to France, is elected in June a member of the Assembly, and in December President of the Republic.

1851. He effects his Coup d'État (December 2–5), which is ratified by a Plebiscitum appointing him President for 10 years.

1852. A fresh Plebiscitum ratifies the proposed re-establishment of the Empire, which is proclaimed on December 2.

1853. Napoleon III. and Eugénie de Montijo are married on January 29 and 30.

1854. The Crimean War declared.

1855. Visits of Napoleon and the Empress to England, and of Queen Victoria to Paris. The Emperor's life attempted by Pianori. First Paris Universal Exhibition. Fall of Sebastopol in September.

1856. The Prince Imperial born on March 16. The Treaty of Paris signed.

1857. General Elections in France. Imperial visit to Osborne. Napoleon's intrigue with Mme. de Castiglione. Tibaldi's plot. Indian Mutiny.

1858. The Orsini assassination plot. Law of Public Safety and stern rule in France. Queen Victoria at Cherbourg.

1859. War in Italy from May to July (Magenta, Solferino, etc). The Empress Eugénie's first Regency.

1860. Savoy and Nice annexed to France. Franco-British Commercial Treaty. Garibaldi frees Sicily and Naples. The Empress Eugénie visits Scotland. The Emperor makes parliamentary concessions. Advent of the "Liberal Empire."

1861. The King of Prussia visits Compiègne. International intervention in Mexico. The English and French allied in China. The American Civil War begins. The Kingdom of Italy founded. Death of the Prince Consort.

1862. The French land in Mexico. Reduction of French rentes by Fould. The Schleswig-Holstein trouble begins.

1863. Maximilian accepts the Mexican crown. The great Polish insurrection begins. Napoleon's proposal for a Congress on Italian, Polish, Danish, and Balkan affairs, rejected by Great Britain. Death of Billault, his chief minister. First symptoms of his illness. The Greco plot.

1864. The Schleswig-Holstein War. Napoleon's affair with Mlle. Bellanger. Death of his secretary Mocquard. Convention with Italy to quit Rome in two years. The Emperor ill in Switzerland.

1865. Death of M. de Morny. Napoleon ill at Châlons. He visits Algeria. The Empress's second Regency. End of the American Civil War.

1866. War between Prussia (allied with Italy) and Austria. Königgrätz is fought on July 4. Napoleon very ill. The French begin to withdraw from Mexico.

1867. The Constitution is modified by Napoleon. Rouher, "Vice-Emperor." Neutralization of Luxemburg. Second great Paris Exhibition. Royalties in Paris. Maximilian is shot on June 19. Failly defeats Garibaldi at Mentana. French conquests and protectorates in Cochin China. Napoleon has to abandon treatment at Vichy.

1868. Rochefort produces *La Lanterne*. Unrest in Paris and other cities. Death of Count Walewski. Overthrow of Isabella of Spain.

1869. French general elections. Many Republican and Orleanist successes. Resignation of Rouher and others, he becoming President of the Senate. The Constitution again modified. Napoleon extremely ill.

1870. Parliamentary rule with Émile Ollivier's ministry. Victor Noir shot by Pierre Bonaparte. New Constitution and Plebiscitum. The Beaury plot. Consultation respecting the Emperor's health. The Franco-German War begins (July). The Empress's third Regency. Napoleon surrenders at Sedan on September 1, and on the 4th the Empire is overthrown in Paris.

1871. Napoleon arrives in England in March.

1873. He dies at Chislehurst on January 9.

1879. The Imperial Prince killed in South Africa on June 1.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

A glance at the History of the Tuileries—Louis Napoleon, Prince President and Emperor of the French—The Solemn Proclamation of the Second Empire—The Restoration of the Tuileries.

THIRTY-SIX years ago, during that Bloody Week in May, 1871, when, with the fury of despair, the Commune of Paris battled vainly against the army of Versailles, the chief metropolitan palace of the rulers of France was destroyed by fire. Architecturally inferior to the Louvre, though some of its apartments were masterpieces of decoration, it was a massive but not particularly imposing pile. It laid no claim to antiquity. The site on which it stood was, in the twelfth century, outside Paris, and given over to brick and tile works, whence the name of Tuileries was derived. About 1342 a couple of pleasure-houses were built on the spot, and a hundred and sixty years later these properties were acquired by Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I., who during her regency in 1525 gave them "for life" to Jean Tiercelin, master of the Dauphin's household. They subsequently reverted to the crown, and in 1564 Catherine de' Medici ordered the demolition of the old houses, to make room for a new royal palace by which she intended to replace that of Les Tournelles, which, in conjunction with her son, Francis II., she superstitiously destroyed because her husband,

Henri II., had died there from the effects of the lance-thrust he received in a joust with Montgomery.

The original design for the palace of the Tuileries was prepared by the famous Philibert Delorme, and the building was entrusted to him and another notable man, Bullant, conjointly. But all at once Catherine stopped the work, and devoted herself to erecting near the markets a mansion which became known as the Hôtel de Soissons, and in the court or grounds of which was raised the well-known column whence the Queen and her astrologers made their astronomical observations. There is a legendary story of the reason why Catherine abandoned the building of the Tuileries. It was predicted to her, it is said, that she would die at "Saint Germain," and on finding that the site of the new palace was in the parish of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, she fled from it in dread. The tale is, of course, similar to that of Henry VII. of England and Jerusalem, and may well be purely imaginary, although it is in keeping with what we know of Catherine's superstitious nature. One thing is certain, the palace of the Tuileries was always an "unlucky" one. None of the princes born within its walls ever ascended the throne of France. The King of Rome, the first Napoleon's son, the Duke de Bordeaux,* the heir of the House of Bourbon, the Count de Paris, the hope of the Orleans dynasty, the Imperial Prince born to the Second Empire—all these first saw the light at the Tuileries. And none of them reigned; all found death abroad, exiled from France. Those who are given to superstition might think that Catherine de' Medici with her Italian necromancy, and her legendary propensity for ill-doing, had cast some spell over the palace which she left unfinished. Certainly none ever had a better claim to the name of Palazzo della Jettatura.

Even as a building the Tuileries was unfortunate. Had it been built on the lines laid down by Philibert Delorme, it would have been magnificent, but the plans were modified again and again by successive generations of rulers and architects. Few kings ever resided there. The Louvre was the abode of the last Valois and the first Bourbons. It is true that in 1572—the year of St. Bartholomew—Charles IX. gave Lord Lincoln,

* Better remembered, perhaps, by his later title of Count de Chambord.

Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, a grand supper in his mother's unfinished palace, that being apparently the first court entertainment associated with the history of the Tuileries; but the fragmentary piles raised by Delorme and Bullant were treated with great neglect until Henri IV. thought of uniting the Tuileries to the Louvre. He entrusted the work first to Androuet du Cerceau, later to others, but his death stopped it, and it was not resumed until the reign of Louis XIV.

That prince, during his lengthy minority, lived chiefly at the Palais Royal, having St. Germain-en-Laye as his country residence, and the Tuileries became the abode of Mlle. de Montpensier, "la grande Mademoiselle," and later of the first Philip of Orleans. But before Louis gave rein to his passion for Versailles, he spent some years at the Tuileries, and entrusted to architect Levau the completion both of that palace and of the Louvre. Levau destroyed nearly everything which then remained of the work of the original builders. The interior decorations by Bunel and Paul Ponce were also obliterated or removed, and Mignard, Philippe de Champagne, and others supplied innumerable allegories symbolical of the glory of their young but already great monarch. Further, the Place du Carrousel took its name from some superb jousts which were held there by command of King Louis, and at which three queens * distributed the prizes allotted for dexterity. A little earlier, in Mlle. de Montpensier's time, the great paved square had been a delightful garden with superb basins of pink marble, some fragments of which were discovered about fifty years ago.

The private apartments of Louis XIV. were on the ground floor, and were profusely decorated by Mignard, the best of whose paintings was perhaps that which adorned the alcove where the King slept. It represented the Goddess of Night, crowned with poppies, and carrying two sleeping children in her arms. In the King's cabinet, either in his time or a little later, was placed a large picture which portrayed him presenting his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, to the Spanish envoys, and saying, "Gentlemen, here is your King," on which occasion,

* Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV., Anne of Austria, his mother, and Henrietta Maria, his aunt and widow of Charles I. of Great Britain.

according to the story, the chief Spanish ambassador exclaimed, "Sire, there are no more Pyrenees." In any case it seems that it was at the Tuileries, and not at Versailles, that the first Bourbon King of Spain was presented to the representatives of his future subjects. That, in the eyes of the superstitious, may account for all the unhappy vicissitudes of the Spanish Bourbons. Ever fatal was the palace of the Tuileries.

Its principal inmate after Louis XIV. removed to Versailles was the Grand Dauphin, who never reigned. Then, in succession, various governors of "Sons of France" took up their quarters in the superb rooms in which Philippe de Champagne had depicted the education of Achilles—misfortune of one kind and another meantime pursuing the scions of the royal house. Louis XIV. had intended to unite the palace to the Louvre on the northern (or, as some readers may prefer us to say, the Rue de Rivoli) side, even as in Henri IV.'s time the two buildings had already been connected on the south, that is, the side of the Seine. But neither of the Great Monarch's immediate successors embarked on the work. Louis XV. seldom, if ever, showed himself at the Tuileries after his childhood, and Louis XVI. only resided there when he was forced to do so by the Revolution. In the earlier period of the reign, when Marie Antoinette came from Versailles to Paris to witness a theatrical performance or participate in some festivity, she usually slept at the Garde Meuble on the Place Louis XV., now the Place de la Concorde.

During the Revolution the Tuileries witnessed many stirring scenes, which ended in the memorable attack of August 10, 1792, when Louis XVI. and his family quitted the palace, never to return to it. In the following year the Convention installed itself in the palace play-house, while various branches of the administration of those days found quarters in one or another part of the building—the famous Committee of Public Safety meeting in the Pavillon de Flore, whither Robespierre with his shattered jaw was carried from the Hôtel de Ville on the night preceding his execution. Later, both the Council of the "Ancients" and that of the "Five Hundred" assembled at the Tuileries, the latter in the same hall as the defunct Convention, and the former in the large lofty apartment which, in our times,

was called the Salle des Maréchaux, but which had been known, under the old monarchy, as the Hall of the Swiss Guards. The scene in later years of many great gatherings, many splendid entertainments, the Salle des Maréchaux will often be mentioned in this book. Two storeys in height, and almost square, its breadth being fifty-two and its length sixty feet, it embraced the space occupied by a superb winding staircase erected by Philibert Delorme for Catherine de' Medici but demolished by Louis XIV.

While the Legislature of the Directory met at the Tuileries, the Directory itself was installed in a building raised by another Medici, the Palais du Luxembourg.* It was there that Barras reigned over France and regaled his harem; there, too, that he and his colleagues gave a triumphal reception to General Bonaparte, when the latter returned to France in 1797 after his Italian victories.

Before long, Bonaparte, in his turn, resided at the Luxembourg as First Consul of the Republic, but on February 19, 1800, he and his colleague Lebrun lodged themselves at the Tuileries—Lebrun in the Pavillon de Flore by the Seine, and Bonaparte in that part of the palace extending from Lebrun's quarters to the Pavillon de l'Horloge. The Empress Josephine's apartments were on the ground floor on the garden side.

Under Napoleon the palace theatre was re-established, a meeting hall for the Council of State was built, and the northern gallery joining the Louvre was begun. But the Empire fell; the battle of Paris was impending when Marie Louise and the King of Rome fled from the Tuileries to Blois, and soon afterwards Louis XVIII. installed himself and his court at the palace. In his turn he had to quit it, and Napoleon, coming from Elba, was carried in triumph up the palace stairs, kissed on each step by fair women, and acclaimed by devoted adherents. During those last hundred days of power, however, he preferred to reside at the Élysée Palace: it was there that he planned the campaign which ended at

* So called because an earlier mansion on the same site had belonged to the Duke de Piney-Luxembourg. When the palace of Marie de' Medici passed to her second son, Gaston, it became known officially as the Palais d'Orléans, but the traditional name of Luxembourg always prevailed, and subsists to-day.

Waterloo; and then, a fugitive from the battle-field, he once more returned to Paris, it was to the Élysée that he again betook himself, there that he signed his second and final abdication. Then Louis XVIII., restored once more, made the Tuileries his residence until his death. He was the only King of France that ever died there.

During his reign and that of Charles X., the work of completing the palace on the north was resumed. But the Revolution of 1830 swept the senior branch of the Bourbons away, and the Parisians burst into the Tuileries during the Three Glorious Days. In October, 1831, after numerous alterations had been effected in the interior arrangements, Louis Philippe and his family made the palace their abode. Little harm had been done to it by the mob in 1830, but at the Revolution of 1848, when Louis Philippe fled to England as plain "John Smith," many of the apartments were sacked and badly damaged. The palace became for a while a kind of ambulance, many of those wounded in the Revolution being carried to it; then, in 1849, it served for the annual fine art exhibition, the "Salon," as one generally says.

On January 1, 1852, however, a new master took possession of the royal pile, one who was superstitious in his way, who believed in destiny, who at night, in the gardens of Arenenberg above Lake Constance, had heard, or fancied he heard, voices telling him that he was predestined to rule France and restore the glory of the Empire. Believing in that mission, he gave no heed to the sinister reputation of the Tuileries, no thought to the Little Red Man who appeared there periodically to announce danger to some prince, downfall to some dynasty. Besides, his task was already virtually accomplished; success was his; of the Republic over which he presided only the name remained; he had overthrown the Constitution on December 2, and all who were minded to oppose him had afterwards been shot down, banished, or imprisoned. So he took possession of the Tuileries, and though it was in a sadly neglected state, greatly in need of repair and re-decoration, the Government architects and other officials worked so zealously that the reception rooms were got into a sufficiently clean and orderly condition to enable the Prince President to give his

first reception in the palace on the evening of January 24. It was then that the men who had effected the Coup d'État first met in joyous assembly, congratulating one another on the success of their enterprise, and raising their glasses, brimful of "Veuve Clicquot," to fortune and the coming Empire.

Here let us pause. This book is not intended to be a study of high politics. Its purpose is rather to depict the manners and customs of the Court of the Second Empire, to chronicle some of the magnificence and pageantry that marked the last years of the life of the ill-fated Tuileries—years which were the most splendid the palace ever knew, but which, after some nine months of semi-quiescence, were suddenly followed by its annihilation. The imperial Court will also be followed to St. Cloud, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Biarritz, and other places; we shall peep into the Palais Royal, into the mansion of the Princess Mathilde, and some others of those days, and the social rather than the political aspect of affairs will always be our principal theme. But at the same time some mention of politics is necessary, and something must be said, too, of the physical and moral characteristics, the careers and aims, of the chief personages flitting across our pages. Here, at the outset, it is appropriate to speak of the man who was at the head of them all—that is Napoleon III.

At the time of the Coup d'État of December, 1851, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was in his forty-fourth year. Slightly below the middle height, he had a long trunk and short legs, in such wise that while he looked almost insignificant on foot he appeared to advantage on horseback. He was the third son of Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, some time King of Holland, by the latter's marriage with Hortense Eugénie de Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband. The first son born to Louis and Hortense died in childhood, and the second succumbed to typhoid fever while participating in a Carbonaro rising in the Romagna in 1831, when the remaining son became the sole heir of the family. It is indisputable that on more than one occasion Louis Bonaparte asserted in writing that this third son was no child of his. In a letter addressed to Pope Gregory XVI., after his second son's death, he said: "As for the other [the future Napoleon III.]

who usurps my name, he, as you know, Holy Father, is nothing to me, thanks be to God." In another communication to the same Pontiff, ex-King Louis reiterated that allegation, but the truth appears to be that his knowledge of his wife's faithlessness at various periods inclined him to believe, at times, that none of the children of their union were his own. In more reasonable moments he acted very differently, laying claim to the boys, and insisting on his rights as their father. There was certainly more than one quarrel, more than one period of coldness, almost hostility, between the ex-King of Holland and the future Emperor of the French, but in their personal correspondence, at least so far as it has been published, there appears no indication of any denial of paternity. Indeed, the father often sends the son his blessing and advice, and intervenes with others on his behalf.

Again, in Napoleon III.'s younger days, there was considerable physical resemblance between him and King Louis, neither being of the accepted Bonaparte type, owing, perhaps, in King Louis' case, of some prepotency on the maternal side. Moreover Napoleon III. often evinced a disposition similar to that of King Louis. The latter was more or less a dreamer, one who shut himself up and wrote romances and poetry. There was the same bent in the son, who also dreamt many dreams, and evinced decided literary inclinations. Further, as Taxile Delord, no friend of the Bonapartes, has pointed out, King Louis, by his last will and testament, virtually proclaimed to the world that Louis Napoleon was his son; and that statement emanating from a man who had long been ailing, and who knew that death would soon be upon him, may be taken as decisive. One may therefore assume that the bitter enmity with which Louis regarded the wife whom he had married under compulsion, and from whom he sought judicial separation,* carried him at times further than was accurate or just.

It has been pointed out that there was at one period a certain facial resemblance between King Louis and his third

* By a judgment of the Court of First Instance of Paris, January 19, 1816, his second (and then eldest surviving) son was handed over to his custody. He did not claim the third, perhaps on account of the latter's tender age—he was not eight years old. Still, the circumstance is curious.

son. There was none, however, between the latter and his mother, Hortense. From her, as well as from his father, Louis Napoleon, doubtless, derived some of his literary bent. She also transmitted to him some of her own taste for display, and partiality for the frivolities of life. Those characteristics were not apparent in her husband. He wished his sons to be reared with what he deemed to be Spartan simplicity, and in a note respecting the future restorer of the Empire, he insisted that the boy should be given plain food, and drink only Bordeaux claret, neither coffee nor liqueurs being allowed him. Further, he wrote: "My son is to wash his feet once a week, clean his nails with lemon, his hands with bran, and never with soap. He must not use Eau de Cologne or any other perfume. . . . Broad shoes are to be made for him, such as serve for either foot."

In one respect Napoleon III. proved himself essentially the son of Queen Hortense. She, from her mother, the adventuress Josephine, had inherited no little sensuality, to which she repeatedly gave rein. It is true we have only the assertion of Bourrienne that, prior to her marriage, she was the mistress of her step-father Napoleon, who, when his aide-de-camp, Duroc, refused to make her his wife, forced her on his brother Louis; but it is certain that she subsequently had favoured lovers, among others the Count de Flahault, father of the child who became known as Duke de Morny. The amorous passions of Hortense were transmitted to Napoleon III., who had several mistresses of English, Italian, and French nationality.

In spite of many adverse circumstances, the education he received was fairly good. His first tutor, Philippe Lebas, the son of a friend of Robespierre and St. Just, was a man of letters, well versed in classical history and literature; the second, Narcisse Veillard, had been an artillery officer, and was possessed of considerable mathematical attainments. Doubtless it was Louis Napoleon's association with M. Veillard which afterwards prompted him to enter the Swiss artillery under Dufour, and write on gunnery; while Lebas, from what we know of his principles, may have first suggested to him, not only that veneer of republicanism which he at one period cast over his actions, but also the humanitarian ideas by which he was often

haunted, the interest he took in the claims of the masses to a larger share of material comfort than they then enjoyed. For the rest, the social question repeatedly came to the front during Louis Philippe's reign, and Louis Napoleon's perusal of some of the many works dealing with the subject, and his intercourse at times with men whose attention it had seriously engaged, tended to keep it well before his mind.

He was governed, however, by one predominant idea. It is certain that he was well versed in the history of his great uncle's career, that he studied virtually every writing that had emanated from Napoleon, or that had been issued with his approval. It was apparently his mother, Queen Hortense, who first impressed on him that he was predestined to restore the Empire. In pursuing that task he imitated, as closely as circumstances permitted, the steps by which the Empire had been originally founded. He had no great victories behind him, nor had he the genius of his uncle, and it was only by patience and dexterity that he could hope to secure what the other had won by his daring. At first he thought otherwise. The memory of the Empire was recent, the idea of its glory still appealed to many Frenchmen, numbers of Napoleon's old companions in arms still lived: hence the attempts of Strasbourg and Boulogne, those imitations—with variations—of the return from Elba. They failed, however, and Louis Napoleon then realized that he must adopt other methods if he were to attain his object.

It has been contended that he was not a man of action. Nowadays the world best remembers him as he was in his declining years, afflicted by a terrible disease. In his younger days, however, he combined with a dreamy and imaginative mind no little physical vigour and activity. A good swimmer, an expert shot, a skilful rider, one too who could appreciate all the points of a horse, he contended not unsuccessfully against the lymphatic side of his nature. One has only to consult the French newspapers for the years 1851 and 1852, to realize how immense was Louis Napoleon's expenditure of physical energy during the period of preparation first for the Coup d'État, and later for the re-establishment of the Empire. He was here, he was there, he was everywhere, he travelled incessantly, when he

was not riding he was receiving or banquetting, or dancing, or speaking. Few were the hours which he can have accorded to sleep during that all-important period in his life.

That he was personally brave, heedless of danger on the battlefield, is acknowledged by his worst enemies, but at the same time there were *lacunæ* in his energy. In his earlier years, although the restoration of the Empire was his fixed idea, he would probably never have made the attempts he did had he not been brought to the necessary pitch by some confederate —such as Fialin de Persigny, probably the most daring of his band. There is a tale that at the time of the Coup d'État he momentarily shrank from the prosecution of his designs, and that an adherent—Fleury, it is asserted—fearing that he and others would be left in the lurch, threatened him with a pistol, saying that it was too late to retreat, and that the business must be carried through. Even if that story were true, however, it would hardly suffice to prove Louis Napoleon a coward. Cæsar hesitated to cross the Rubicon till a portent appeared to him, and the first Napoleon hesitated at the Coup d'État of Brumaire, which might have failed had it not been for the energy of Lucien Bonaparte and Lefêbvre. Thus, if Louis Napoleon hesitated for an instant in December, 1851, he only followed a family precedent.

In later years, when General Boulanger procrastinated, and had nobody of sufficient authority beside him to compel him to act, he lost his chance irremediably. All Louis Napoleon's various postponements of the Coup d'État in 1851 were due to circumstances, such as the incompleteness of the preparations, the last one occurring because Colonel Espinasse, who was appointed to seize the Palais Bourbon, where the Assembly met, required two days to study the interior arrangements of the building, when it was that he discovered the still existing subterranean passage by which Baze, the quæstor, and the other officials of the assembly had hoped to escape in the event of a surprise.

Louis Napoleon's Coup d'État was an illegality which attendant circumstances converted into a crime. But whatever considerations guided many of his adherents, he himself was not swayed by any motives of base animosity or sordid greed.

The Bonapartist historians assert that if he had not deposed the Assembly, the Assembly would have deposed him; whereas Republican writers maintain that the Assembly had no such intention. But we believe that it really harboured that design, and that the case was simply one of Coup d'État against Coup d'État. The President, however, held the trump cards, the big battalions were on his side, and he used them.

It must be said, too, that France was not Republican at that time. There was, of course, a Republican party, but it consisted of only a fraction of the nation, for the enthusiasm of 1848 had been killed by a series of occurrences—several great blunders, and some deplorable excesses. As for the Legitimists, who wished to restore the senior branch of the Bourbons, they were not numerous enough to achieve that object. The Orleanists were still discredited, in fact, "impossible"; and thus the outlook generally was a gloomy one. France desired a stable government, such as was denied to her by the strife of politicians. The various ministries formed by Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic were constantly being overthrown by one or another parliamentary vote, and continuity of policy was extremely difficult. Two courses were open to the President. He might resign and wash his hands of the whole business, or he might follow the example of Cromwell and the first Napoleon, and make his power effective. He took the latter course, as was natural, possessed as he had always been by the idea that he was predestined to restore the Empire.

If he had resigned, however, what would then have happened, what man, what party, was there, competent to put an end to the general unrest, and guide the national life into orderly channels? We can name neither man nor party, we can only picture confusion and chaos. And in any case, although Louis Napoleon's Coup d'État was undoubtedly an illegal act, a brutal act, attended by the most deplorable circumstances, bloodshed, violent, wanton, and revengeful deeds, it solved for a time the difficulties in which France was plunged. Under all the circumstances, some such solution was, we think, inevitable. If Louis Napoleon had not seized power by force another would have attempted it. There are times when the knot in a nation's life is so inextricable that it must be cut with the sword.

Louis Napoleon, though extremely fond of military pomp, and an adept at "playing with soldiers," can hardly be accounted a warlike prince. He was, we believe, sincere when he said that the Empire would mean peace—a declaration which clenched the question of the revival of the Imperial Régime. Prior to the act of force which made him dictator, he had fought his way onward chiefly by *finesse* and stratagem, and his success in that respect convinced him that he was possessed of diplomatic abilities. In later years, after such experiences as the Crimea, the war in Italy, and the Mexican affair, he seems to have placed far more reliance in diplomacy than in arms, but he was, as all will remember, no match for Bismarck either before or after Königgrätz.

He had his good qualities. He was faithful to his friends, he was generous, he spent almost without counting, he was always desirous of finding employment for the working classes, and of improving the opportunities of the peasantry. His policy in that connection may be regarded as one of bribes, but the country undoubtedly benefited by it. Equity requires us to say that with all allowance for incidental mishaps and scandals, such as the Crédit Mobilier affair, France had never known such a period of material prosperity as that which she enjoyed between 1852 and 1870.

Before the Coup d'État Louis Napoleon did much to further public works; and during the ensuing year down to the proclamation of the Empire, the pages of the *Moniteur* literally teem with decrees and announcements relating to bridges, buildings, roads, canals, docks, and so forth, and to subventions granted with respect to them. Other decrees record more obvious and less worthy bribes, some thousands of people being appointed to the Legion of Honour solely by way of securing or requiting their political support. Curiously enough a large number of priests figured in those decrees, doubtless because Louis Napoleon intended to employ the Church as an instrument of rule. At the same time the *Moniteur* also reproduced innumerable addresses from city and town, village and hamlet, asking for the restoration of the Empire. Those addresses were not of a stereotyped pattern. We have read some hundreds of them and have not found any two couched in precisely the

same language, though all undoubtedly breathe one and the same spirit: A stable government, a return of prosperity in commerce, industry and agriculture, that was the desire of France.

The Empire came, the Prince President assuming the imperial dignity with as little delay as possible. Let us now return to what we think of him. He was, as we have said, in his forty-fourth year, and rather below the middle height. He had dark chestnut hair, and a colourless countenance. His eyes, which seldom looked one in the face, were almost black. In later years he kept them half closed and expressionless. He combined, as we have seen, considerable physical vigour and personal courage, with a dreamy, imaginative mind and a very amorous, sensual temperament. That was acknowledged by one who knew him well, and for whom he had great regard, his foster sister, Madame Cornu. Speaking of his attitude towards her sex, she said that he had no moral sense whatever, but by reason of his position exerted himself to keep his passions under control; in which exertion, as is well known, he did not always succeed. His energy in that as in other respects was intermittent. There were moments when he needed the spur or the goad, the help of Morny's "iron hand in a velvet glove," and of Persigny's unscrupulous audacity. If at times he thus lacked vigour and initiative, it was, we think, because he fully believed in predestination. He was in no wise the savage brute suggested by Victor Hugo's "Châtiments," which, while it contains many admirable lines, is altogether surcharged with invective. As was previously said, Napoleon certainly had humanitarian leanings, particularly with respect to the dissemination of the comforts of life. As for his diplomatic powers, he overrated them, and his diplomacy generally proved more mischievous than fruitful.

In spite of his literary leanings, he entertained no good opinion of the press. He often said: "The best newspaper is worth nothing." He lacked his mother's ear for music, though, like her, he was fond of pomp and display. At the same time he remained accessible, and free from haughtiness. Both before and for some years after he had become Emperor, he readily danced with one and another village girl

at a country ball, cordially offered a soldier a smoke, and chinked glasses with a peasant mayor. He could smile readily enough at the period when his destiny was still trembling in the balance. It was only some time after he had assumed the imperial purple that his countenance became saturnine, and his manners marked by distrust. He was surrounded by many devoted police-agents, but he had been a conspirator himself, and he feared conspirators, attaching, as was perhaps natural, increased value to his life after the birth of his only son, to whom he desired to bequeath a united and prosperous France. Further, he felt, we may be sure of it, the strictures passed upon him personally in connection with the Coup d'État, and brooded over them more than once. Thus, before long, he grew more and more reserved, becoming one of the most taciturn of monarchs.

Many years of his life had been spent in exile, in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, England, and America, and in spite of his education by French tutors, there was always a suspicion of a foreign accent in his speech, and some suggestion of foreign customs in his manners. He spoke English and German fluently, and his Italian was nearly as good. Cosmopolitan in his speech and his loves, he evinced a similar spirit in his dress. If his coats were French, his trousers were English—Dusautoy making the former, and the latter being supplied by Poole, who frequently despatched a representative to the Tuileries with patterns. As time elapsed the Emperor became more and more partial to civilian dress, never assuming a uniform unless occasion expressly required it, whereas before ascending the throne his uniforms were constantly in use.

In October, 1852, on his return from the long tour through southern France when he declared that the Empire would mean peace, he made a pompous entry into Paris, escorted by fifty-two squadrons of cavalry and several batteries of horse artillery. Numerous triumphal arches had been erected between the terminus of the Orleans railway line and the Tuileries, all of them bearing inscriptions which foreshadowed the approaching change of *régime*. On one appeared the words: "Vox Populi, Vox Dei," on another, "Ave Cæsar Imperator;" while on a third, at the entrance of the Tuileries Gardens, the Prince (as he

still was) could read this pompous eulogy: "To Napoleon III., Emperor and Saviour of Modern Civilization, Protector of Art, Science, Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, from the grateful Workmen of Paris." Under that arch he made his way into the garden, and so to the Tuileries Palace. At night the city was illuminated, and during the ensuing week the Prince, who had installed himself at St. Cloud, attended gala performances at the Opera and the Théâtre Français, where enthusiastic imperialist demonstrations were made.

On November 4 the Senate, having assembled to discuss the steps to be taken concerning what was styled "the proposed modification of the constitution," nominated a commission to report to it on the subject. This report, which emanated from a marshal of France, four generals, two cardinals, two dukes, and an astronomer, Leverrier, proved to be a long and learned production in which Tacitus and Machiavelli (*ben trovato*) were freely quoted. Its recommendation was that the question ought to be decided by a national vote or Plebiscitum. The Corps Législatif was thereupon convoked to control and report on the returns of this Plebiscitum, which was taken on November 21 and 22. The votes recorded for the re-establishment of the Empire were 7,864,189, while those against it were but 253,145; another 63,326 being declared null. The majority was overwhelming, but one may point out that a fairly large number of people refrained from voting. In Paris, for instance, there were 315,501 electors on the lists, but only 270,710 cast their votes, the number of ayes being 208,615. The truth appears to be that, although the opponents of the Empire were badly routed, they were more numerous than was shown by the official returns.

The result of the Plebiscitum was laid before the Prince in state at the château of St. Cloud, whither he had returned after a stay at Fontainebleau, where he had been conferring with his friend, Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador, respecting his recognition as Emperor by foreign Courts. It was at once decided that the proclamation of the new Empire should take place on December 2, which was the anniversary alike of the battle of Austerlitz, of the coronation of the first Napoleon by the Pope, and of the recent Coup d'État. For

that reason the decision was a bold one, for while it linked the new to the former Empire, and recalled the latter's military glory, it also showed that whatever protests had been raised, whatever strictures had been passed on the overthrow of the Constitution, Louis Napoleon prided himself on what had been done in that respect. As it happened, he was doomed to drag that date of December 2 after him all his life. Far from proving an advantage, it became like the heavy ball attached to a convict's chain; and if it were not for Sedan it would alone suffice to explain the anecdote related by Madame Cornu about a gipsy who once predicted to her foster-brother that he would rise to the highest eminence of power, but be killed by a *boulet*.

At seven o'clock on the morning of December 2 a salute of 101 guns burst upon Paris from the Esplanade of the Invalides. At ten o'clock the solemn proclamation of the Empire took place on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and this time the salutes were formidable. One of 101 guns came from the Invalides, a second, also of 101 guns, from Montmartre, and a third of like number from the Place du Trône, while other salvoes were fired by each of the forts around Paris.

The new Emperor left St. Cloud at noon. The whole army of Paris was on duty; the sovereign's escort alone consisted of four squadrons of Lancers, a regiment of Dragoons, a whole brigade of Cuirassiers, and another of Carabineers, with two bands of music. In addition to many generals, five Marshals of France rode in the procession: Jerome Bonaparte, Vaillant, Leroy de St. Arnaud, Castellane, and Magnan (general-in-chief);* and at the moment when Napoleon III., followed by his personal aides-de-camp, Fleury and Edgar Ney, passed under the Arc de Triomphe atop of the Champs Élysées, the winter sun—"the sun of Austerlitz," said the zealots—suddenly shone out as if in greeting. Nineteen years later, early one mild March morning, a little troop of German Hussars cantered under that same arch raised to the glory of "la grande Armée"—which was no more!

On to the Tuileries went the imperial procession, and there,

* St. Arnaud, Castellane and Magnan had been created Marshals that same morning.

on the Carrousel, all the troops were passed in review, then drawn up to hear the proclamation of the Empire which was read to them by Leroy de St. Arnaud, Minister of War, while once again there arose the deafening salvoes of 101 guns. The cost of the affair in gunpowder alone must have been considerable. In the evening Paris was ablaze with illuminations, and the first imperial reception was held at the Tuileries. Napoleon III. was never actually crowned; he preferred to distribute some £10,000 among the Paris hospitals and the various foundling establishments of France.

On the day of the revival of the Empire the appearance of the Tuileries was very different from what it had been on the occasion of the reception held there in the previous month of January.* A great deal of work still remained to be done, but an army of architects, artists, and decorators had long been busy in the palace. Naturally enough, attention had first been given to the State apartments. Entering the palace on the Carrousel side, ascending the stairs, and turning to the left into the ante-room of the Salle des Travées, or "Room of the Bays," you found the ceiling decorated with the freshly gilded sun of Louis XIV., and restored medallions of Wisdom, Justice, Science, and Power. On either side stood several short columns supporting handsome bronze and porphyry busts of Roman Emperors. In the anteroom of the Galerie de la Paix the ceiling displayed medallions of wrestling children, on a gold ground, with a central subject which depicted Glory holding a palm and a crown, and heralded by winged boys who were blowing their trumpets.† In the Galerie de la Paix itself the Ionic columns and pilasters of Philibert Delorme had been restored and their capitals gilded. Gilding was also scattered profusely over the ceiling, the doors, and the wainscotings. The marble statues of L'Hôpital and D'Aguesseau, set up here in Louis Philippe's time, had been removed, and their place taken by two huge crystal candelabra with feet of gilded bronze. Over the mantelpiece appeared a portrait of the new Emperor by Charles Louis Müller, while at the farther end of the gallery rose a fine silver statue of Peace. A few years later, after the Crimean War, when the Grand Duke Constantine of

* See *ante*, p. 7.

† The work of Vauchelet.

Russia came to France and was entertained at the Tuileries, he noticed this statue and inquired what it represented. "It is Peace—in silver," the Empress Eugénie replied. Peace, madam?" the Grand Duke retorted. "Ah, it ought to have been cast in gold."

Let us proceed, however, with our survey of the palace. The famous Salle des Maréchaux had been considerably modified. It now had six instead of four doors, the view extending beyond it into a long suite of magnificent rooms. On the walls hung fourteen large portraits of Napoleon's marshals, and below them were the busts of a score of First Empire generals, set on elegant *scabelli*. There had formerly been six imitation windows—figured by huge mirrors—on the north side of this great hall, but now there were ten, which gave increase of light. The vaulted ceiling, whence descended a huge chandelier, all gold and crystal, had become superb, intersected by four gilded ribs, which started from the four corners, where you perceived some large, gilded, eagle-surmounted shields, bearing the names of the victories gained by Napoleon personally. Between the ribs the ceiling simulated a sky, and above the gilded balconies running right round the hall, a balustrade with vases of flowers was painted. The lofty, imposing caryatides—plaster copies of Jean Goujon's work—had been gilded from top to bottom, and between four of them appeared a platform whence the new Emperor might view the revels of his Court. Green was the colour of the hangings and upholstery—perhaps because it was that of the Bonaparte family.

No little renovation had been bestowed on the adjoining Salon Blanc—a guard-room in the time of Louis XIV. The *grisaille* paintings by Nicolas Loyr, representing an army on the march, a battle, and a triumph, had been fully restored, and the mouldings of the doors, the window-recesses, the shutters, and the ceiling were all freshly gilded. On every side were costly hangings, handsome consoles, Boule cabinets, superb candelabra and chandeliers—state property, much of which had formerly figured either at the palace of Versailles or at Trianon.

In the Salon d'Apollon Lebrun's great painting of "Phæton and the Nereids," and Loyr's ceiling depicting "The God of

Day starting on his career," had been most carefully renovated; the dragons and chimeræ of the cornices were gilded; the upholstery was all fine Gobelins tapestry; there was a handsome new chimney-piece, and a superb old clock in the form of a terrestrial globe upheld by genii. Entering the next room—once Louis XIV.'s "Chambre de Parade"—one found, at the further end, the new Emperor's throne with its splendid canopy of crimson velvet, spangled with the gold bees of the Bonapartes and bordered with a design of laurel leaves. Overhead was perched a great gold eagle with outspread wings, another being embroidered in an escutcheon on the hangings behind the Chair of State. Throne and hangings alike had previously served on one occasion only—a memorable one—that of the Coronation of Napoleon I. at Notre Dame, since when they had been carefully preserved at the Garde Meuble. On either side of the throne rose lofty candelabra, bearing above their lights an orb and a crown—insignia of power; while on the vaulted ceiling, finely inlaid with enamel work by Lemoine, shone the device of the Grand Monarque, *Nec pluribus impar*.

If the decorations of the Salon Blanc, which has already been mentioned, supplied a very fair example of Louis XIII. style, those of the so-called Salon de Louis XIV., following the Throne-room, furnished an example of the Grand Siècle. The ceiling was a new and skilful copy of Lesueur's "Olympus," by Lesurgues, while the panel paintings were grotesques by the two Le Moines—all delicately restored. Three pictures were now hung in this room, one a fine portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud, another a good copy of Gérard's Philip of Anjou, and the third a copy of Mignard's painting of Anne of Austria giving instructions to her young son. On the east side of the room was a door leading into Louis XIV.'s so-called winter apartments—first the *cabinet* of his *valet-de-chambre*, secondly his own bedroom, and thirdly his private study or library. The King's bedroom had afterwards been that of Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., and the decorations were not of Louis XIV.'s time, having been much modified early in the nineteenth century, in such wise that they supplied a free example of the so-called Empire style. On the ceiling, painted in *grisaille*, appeared Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, and Minerva, amid

a number of genii and griffins. In a cavity in the wall of the adjoining sumptuous bath-room, fitted by Napoleon I., was found in revolutionary days the famous *armoire de fer*, in which the unfortunate Louis XVI. kept his compromising secret papers.

The bedroom and the dressing-room of Queen Marie Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV., became in the first Napoleon's time his study and his secretary's workroom. In the autumn of 1852 their seventeenth century decorations were carefully cleaned and renovated. The paintings were chiefly by Jean Nocret and Jacques Fouquières. Minerva was depicted on the ceiling of the dressing-room, above the doors of which appeared subjects showing women at work on embroidery, tapestry, and so forth; while over the mantelpiece Minerva again rose up, attended this time by Neptune. Beside the chimney-piece was painted a fine figure of Immortality, in front of it you saw Vigilance, then Minerva at her toilet; while on the window side History was symbolized. Mercury, the Arts and Sciences, Wisdom, and many other allegorical figures, as well as the gold sun of Louis XIV., adorned the adjoining bedroom of Queen Marie Thérèse, whence you passed into her *salon*, later that of Napoleon when he was First Consul. Here the Louis XIV. style was more marked than in the previous apartments. Fine Gobelins tapestry covered the panels, and paintings by Nocret —Glory, Fame, and once again Minerva, this time carried aloft by her priestesses—adorned the ceiling and the *cartouches* above the doors. Similar in style was the decoration of the Queen's ante-room, the subjects here symbolized by Nocret being Wisdom, Peace, and Architecture, to which were added some landscapes by Fouquières. All the paintings had literally been exhumed from beneath layers of dust, greatly to the advantage of Nocret's reputation. Unhappily everything was destined to perish at the fall of the Commune in 1871.

In the old guard-room, re-christened Salon de Mars in the first Napoleon's time, when it was decorated with *grisaille* paintings (the chief one showing Mars in his chariot, surrounded by the signs of the Zodiac), comparatively little work had to be done in 1852, but great care was taken in cleaning the fine Galerie de Diane, known under Louis XIV. as the Salon des

Ambassadeurs. This was the only apartment of the palace in which the paintings and the accessory decorations harmonized properly—everything having been conceived in the same spirit by the desire of Colbert, under whose supervision the original work was executed. Forty-one mythological paintings adorned the ceiling, the walls, and the *cartouches* over the doors—twenty-one of them being skilful seventeenth century copies of Annibale Caracci's famous frescoes at the Farnese Palace, notably the subjects showing Diana with Pan and Endymion, these giving the gallery its name. It was not an apartment seen to advantage in the daytime, for the lighting was defective, but it was used chiefly as a dining and supper-room, and on the gala nights of the Court, in the radiance shed by hundreds of wax lights burning in chandeliers and candelabra, it looked splendid indeed. When the guests were comparatively few, and would have seemed lost in such a spacious gallery, a portion of it was shut off by means of a cleverly contrived movable partition.

About two months and a half towards the end of 1852 were spent on the early restoration work at the Tuileries, such as we have described. Architecturally it was in the charge of Visconti, but Basset and Haro were chiefly responsible for the renovation of the paintings. Subsequently the private apartments of the Empress were superbly decorated by Lefuel and Charles Chaplin. Only a short time was to elapse before the installation of an Empress at the palace, but at the end of 1852 there was as yet none. With that exception, everything was ready for the revival of Court life on a splendid scale. The new Emperor had already decided who should be his great dignitaries of State, who should be added to his immediate *entourage*. Let us now see of whom that *entourage* already consisted, and then pass on to the composition of the new Court.

CHAPTER II

MEN OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT—THE NEW COURT

Napoleon III.'s half-brother, the Duke de Morny—The first Napoleon's son, Count Walewski—Marshals St. Arnaud, Magnan, and Castellane—Persigny and Fleury—The Imperial Household: its Minister Fould—The Civil List and Dotation of the Crown—The Imperial Family's Allowances—Vaillant, Great Marshal of the Court—General Rolin, Adjutant-General—The Prefects of the Palace—The Great Chamberlain, Bassano, and his subordinates—The Court Domestics—The Great Master of Ceremonies and his assistants—The Military Household—General Roguet—Aides-de-camp, Orderlies, and Cent-gardes—The Equerries—The Great Almoner and the Palace Chapel—The Emperor's Confessor—The Medical Service.

In constituting the Empire and forming both its Administration and its Court, Napoleon III. was prepared to reward right lavishly all who had helped him, first, to effect the Coup d'État of 1851, and secondly, to transform the nominal Republic into the *régime* he desired. There was, however, one man who suddenly drew aside, throwing up office and declining honours, and this was none other than the Coup d'État's chief artisan, the new Emperor's half-brother, M. de Morny. His parentage was no secret. He was the son of Queen Hortense by her lover, General Count de Flahault de la Billarderie, who was descended from an ancient Picard house. Flahault was a distinguished soldier: he received his baptism of fire at Marengo, acted as Murat's aide-de-camp at Austerlitz, and as Napoleon's after the return from Elba. He also shared the hardships of the retreat from Moscow, and, further, he fought at Waterloo, gaining successive steps in rank, titles, and other honours, at the point of his sword. Later he turned to diplomacy, becoming Louis Philippe's ambassador in England from 1842 to 1848. Already in 1815 he had tried to prevent the Bourbon Restoration and

proclaim Napoleon II., and thirty-three years subsequently he was one of the first to offer his services to Louis Napoleon on the latter's arrival in France after the downfall of the Orleans Monarchy. Flahault was in the secret of the Coup d'État, and figured conspicuously in the Prince-President's escort on that eventful morning when the coming Emperor reviewed the soldiery. His *liaison* with Queen Hortense was, of course, a very old affair. It dated from 1810–1811, when Flahault was only some twenty-five years of age. Later, in 1817, he married the daughter of Admiral Viscount Keith, who became in her own right Baroness Keith and Nairne.* This lady would never admit her husband's natural son, Morny, to her presence, in spite of his father's predilection for him, and the high position to which he attained.

Born, like his legitimate brother Napoleon III., in Queen Hortense's mansion in the Rue Cerutti—now Laffitte—in Paris (the house being at the present time the residence of the chief of the French Rothschilds), Morny was promptly removed to Versailles, and there registered as "Charles Auguste Louis Joseph Demorny (*sic*) born in Paris, October 23, 1811." He was "fathered," as the saying goes, by an old military man, described in the official register as Auguste Jean Hyacinthe Demorny, landowner on the island of San Domingo, residing at Villetaneuse, near Versailles. It is said that this Demorny had served in the Prussian army, and that he joined the allies in 1814, when, for his services against the Empire, Louis XVIII. created him a Chevalier of St. Louis. In any case, he was a very needy man, and Queen Hortense, in consideration of his "fathering" her illegitimate offspring, agreed to pay him an annuity of £240. He died, however, at the hospital of Versailles, soon after the Empire's fall. The entry of Morny's birth further stated that his mother was Louise Émilie Coralie Fleury, wife of the aforesaid Demorny, but no such person has ever been traced, and, indeed, the many researches made respecting her, need not have been undertaken,

* The Countess de Flahault was well known in Paris during the second Empire. She died at the Palace of the Legion of Honour (her husband being Chancellor of the Order) in 1867. Her daughter Emily married the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne, and became the mother of the present Marquess.

there being no doubt whatever that the child's real mother was Queen Hortense.

The name was speedily changed from Demorny to De Morny—a more aristocratic form—and the child was placed in the charge of M. de Flahault's mother, who, having married the Portuguese minister in France, was then known as the Countess de Souza. M. de Flahault himself had no great means at that time, the family having been ruined during the Revolution, when his father was guillotined; but Queen Hortense entrusted Mme. de Souza with a sum of £8000 by way of provision for the son she abandoned. Unfortunately the lady had a bad failing; she was a gambler, and, although bridge was not played in those days, she contrived to lose her ward's money either at cards or at *rouge-et-noir*. He, Morny, in later years also became a gambler (though a very successful one),* and that trait of his character may well have been inherited by him from his grandmother, Mme. de Souza.† He spent his early years at her residence in the Rue St. Florentin. Later, being taken in hand by his father's former aide-de-camp, General Carbonnel, he was sent to the Staff College, whence he emerged, in 1832, as a sub-lieutenant of Lancers. Through Carbonnel he secured the favour of some of the Orleans princes, and notably of the young Duke who met with such an untimely death in a carriage accident at Neuilly. Proceeding to Algeria, Morny there gained the cross of the Legion of Honour by helping to save General Trézel's life at the siege of Constantine. Later he became orderly officer to General Oudinot. But in 1838 he left the army and returned to Paris, where, in spite of his precarious circumstances, he began to lead the life of a *viveur*.

D'Alton-Shee, peer of France, and a close acquaintance of Morny's in those days, has described him as then being a man of distinguished bearing and extremely elegant appearance, with a shrewd, pleasant expression of face, and a way that made

* Sir Robert Peel called him the greatest speculator in Europe, at a time when the term speculator verged on one of opprobrium.

† His literary leanings may have come from the same source, for Mme. de Souza was a prolific novelist, writing many now forgotten books, such as "Adèle de Sénange," "La Comtesse de Fargy," "Eugène de Rothelin," etc.

him a great favourite with women. He had many love affairs, and was more than once the successful rival of the young Duke of Orleans. For a man of society, says D'Alton-Shee, Morny possessed considerable knowledge, he had a taste for idleness but a capacity for work, absolute faith in himself, boldness, bravery, sangfroid, clear judgment, gaiety, and wit. He was inclined more to good-fellowship than to friendship, he was disposed to protect rather than serve, he was fond of pleasure, and resolved to enjoy luxury, he was at once both prodigal and greedy, and more venturesome than truly ambitious. Moreover, while keeping his personal engagements, he was never influenced by any political creed or principles of humanity. Such princely characteristics as dissimulation, indulgence, and contempt for his fellow-men were also his portion. He subordinated everything to the object which he might have in view, not for the benefit of any religion, system, or idea, but solely for the furtherance of his own particular interests.

Women and speculation were his stepping-stones to fortune. After supplanting the Duke of Orleans in the affections of the Countess Lehon,* next door to whose mansion in the Champs Élysées he took up his abode in a smaller house, nicknamed by those who derided him *La niche à Fidèle* ("Faithful's kennel"), he obtained money from the lady to start some beetroot-sugar works at Clermont-Ferrand, and used her influence to secure his election as a deputy (1842), in which capacity he took a not inconsiderable part in debates on financial and economic questions. When the Orleans monarchy fell, Morny still remained one of its adherents. At that time he had no intercourse with his brother Louis Napoleon, indeed it is doubtful whether they had ever conversed together. It is said that whenever Morny was in London during the forties (his father, Flahault, then being ambassador there), he immediately rose and withdrew from any drawing-room in which he found himself if Prince Louis Napoleon were announced.†

Later he set himself against his brother politically. He was a declared royalist candidate at the elections of 1849, and

* They fought a duel on account of her.

† Morny was proud, however, of his descent, and indulged in *armes parlantes*, his escutcheon bearing a hydrangea (French = *hortensia*) barred.

as such he was bitterly though unsuccessfully opposed by the Bonapartists and Republicans. But he was also a shrewd man, and soon saw which way the wind was blowing. Thus he was one of the first to foretell the restoration of the Empire. His own affairs, moreover, were becoming very much involved, and, not wishing to be swept away, he felt it not only advisable but necessary to place himself on what he cleverly called the side of the broom handle. He, the illegitimate, and Louis Napoleon, the legitimate, son of Queen Hortense, were brought together then by Count Walewski, the illegitimate son of Napoleon I. by that devoted Polish mistress who clung to the fallen conqueror through the distressful days of Fontainebleau, and betook herself to him with her boy during his sojourn at Elba. Marie Lonczynska, Countess Colonna-Walewska, subsequently married General Count Ornano, by whom also she had a son, who became attached to the Court of Napoleon III.

Alexandre Florian, her son by the great Emperor, rose to be ambassador in London at the time of the restoration of the Empire, and like Lord Cowley, the British representative in Paris, he did much to secure Great Britain's prompt recognition of the change of *régime* in France. Count Walewski, though essentially his mother's son in character, was physically far more like his father than the ill-fated Duke de Reichstadt ever was; in fact, the Napoleonic cast of Walewski's countenance was only slightly less marked than that of the Emperor's nephew, Prince Napoleon Jerome. Twice married, first to an English Montagu, and secondly to a Ricci of Florence, Walewski played an important part as ambassador, minister, and president of the Legislative Body until his death in 1868. He favoured the transformation of the "personal" into the "liberal" Empire, and it was he who largely induced Émile Ollivier and the latter's band to support and effect that change.

Morny, being brought by Walewski into close connection with the Prince-President, fully espoused his interests—with a view, of course, to the furtherance of his own. He rid himself of his financial embarrassments by the sale of his house and pictures, won many men over to the imperialist cause by his address and plausibility, and, taking possession of the Ministry of the Interior at the Coup d'État, he carried that measure to

a successful issue throughout France. The vain-glorious and extolled De Maupas, Prefect of Police, in spite of his big, sturdy frame, and his healthy, florid face, was in reality a very nervous and apprehensive individual, and proved a mere instrument in Morny's hands.* Moreover, to the suggestions of the Minister of the Interior, even St. Arnaud and Magnan were largely indebted for the strategy they employed in the Paris street fighting.

Much better looking and better built, more courtly, more of a *grand seigneur* in appearance than his half-brother Napoleon III., Morny was also the abler man of the two. Had he been honest he might have been a great one. Shrewd and strong-minded, as D'Alton-Shee indicated, "a hand of iron in a velvet glove," he was also possessed of no little culture—real artistic perception, genuine literary ability, and great expertness of speech.† But the Empire was scarcely re-established when he abruptly withdrew from office. This man, who figured in many shady financial transactions, and who had not hesitated to rob his friend, the Duke of Orleans, of various mistresses, under circumstances by no means over clean, was either genuinely disgusted by the seizure of the Orleans private property—confiscated by a decree dated January 22, 1852—or, at least, he regarded that spoliation as a stupendous political blunder. The latter view is, of course, more in keeping with his character. In any case (like a few others, notably M. Rouher), he resigned,

* Maupas was rewarded for his services at the Coup d'État, during which he more than once lost his head, by being created a Senator and Minister Secretary of State for General Police, a post of more prominence than real authority. For the Prefecture of Police the right man was found in M. Pietri. Maupas was a Burgundian who had been an advocate and a departmental prefect, from which latter post he was dismissed for inventing a bogus political plot, whereupon he turned to the Bonapartist cause. Later in life, after serving as French Minister at Naples and Prefect at Marseilles, he secured the grand cross of the Legion of Honour, but the advent of the "Liberal" Empire prevented his further employment. He published two volumes of memoirs, and died in Paris, in 1888.

† He wrote numerous plays, etc., performed either publicly or at the private theatre at his residence as President of the Legislative Body. "M. Choufleury restera chez lui," with Offenbach's music, was a deserved success, and long held the stage. Other pieces were "Les Bons Conseils" and "Les Finesses du Mari," both comedies; "La Succession Bonnet," a vaudeville; and "Pas de Fumée sans un peu de Feu," a *proverbe*. Morny's literary pseudonym was St. Rémy.

and had no share in the lavish distribution of favours which attended the re-establishment of the Empire. For some time, availing himself of the influence he retained in spite of his apparent secession, he devoted himself to speculation, and it was only in 1854 that he again came to the front politically, this time as President of the Legislative Body.

From that period till his death in March, 1865, Morny was regarded as the chief pillar of the Empire, the power standing behind the throne, though he never relinquished his gambling proclivities, readily turning from politics to promote banks, railway, mining, and industrial companies, speculating, too, in land, founding the fashionable seaside resort called Deauville, and conducing, by his connection with the issue of the Jecker bonds, to the development of that unfortunate Mexican affair, which shook the *régime* so severely. Even when Morny went to Russia as ambassador extraordinary for the coronation of Alexander II., his business instincts prompted him to convey thither an immense amount of saleable property, such as jewellery and lace. He well knew that by diplomatic privilege his baggage was not liable to duty; and it followed that, as France paid for all his magnificence in Russia, he returned home wealthier than he had departed, in possession, too, of a Russian bride, for he had contrived to fascinate a young lady of a princely Lithuanian house, albeit he looked old enough to be her grandfather. The Princess Sophie Troubetskoï, as his bride was called, was a charming, slim, graceful, black-eyed blonde, with a face fit for a cameo. Subsequent to Morny's death this lady, who was much admired and esteemed, married the Duke de Sesto.*

Such, then, was the half-brother whom Napoleon III. ultimately raised to ducal rank, but who, after making the restoration of the Empire possible, preferred to stand aside for a time, officially unrewarded. Others put less restraint on their appetite for power and honour; but it so happened that several did not appear fit for the highest places, and had to remain content with subordinate ones. The three marshals created on the day of the proclamation of the Empire retained their posts —Leroy de St. Arnaud as Minister of War, Magnan as com-

* For further particulars of Morny and his wife, see *post*, p. 289 *et seq.*

mander in Paris, and Castellane as commander at Lyons. The last named, who belonged to a famous old noble family, has left an interesting "Journal," which shows that he was privy to the Coup d'État, and supported it in Southern France with alacrity and zeal. The two others have been greatly attacked by all save Bonapartist writers for their share in the events of the period. It has been stated repeatedly that Leroy de St. Arnaud was not entitled to the latter part of that name, but he, his brother and the other members of their family, were formally authorized to assume it by a decree of Louis Philippe, dated May 12, 1840, and they did so; though eleven years later only the Marshal was singled out for taking a name alleged to be "not his own." As for the standing of the family, St. Arnaud's father, Leroy (or, as he originally wrote it, Le Roy), had been an advocate at the bar of the Parliament of Paris prior to the Revolution, no mean position, and later a Prefect under the Consulate and the First Empire. He died in 1809, at which date his eldest son, the future marshal, was eight years old. Two years later Le Roy's young widow, originally a Mlle. Papillon de La Tapy, married a M. Forcade de la Roquette, and a son she had by this second marriage became President of the Council of State and Minister of the Interior under Napoleon III.—being doubtless indebted for some of his political advancement to the fact that he was St. Arnaud's step-brother.

From the foregoing it will be seen that there was really no basis for the innuendos respecting St. Arnaud's origin which were repeated in Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War" after figuring in a dozen French pamphlets by writers antagonistic to the men of the Coup d'État; but, on the other hand, it seems clear that St. Arnaud did at one moment seek to disguise his identity by assuming the Christian name of Achille instead of those of Armand Jacques, given to him at his baptism. And it appears equally clear that he wished certain episodes of his earlier life to be buried in oblivion. Some men manage to "live down" the sins of their youth, others are ever pursued by them. It is certain that St. Arnaud, while a member of the Royal Bodyguard of Louis XVIII., became financially involved, and was dismissed from that *corps d'élite* and drafted into the Corsican Legion, and later into a Line

regiment. But he joined the Bodyguard when he was only *sixteen* years of age, and he was barely a man when he was dismissed from it; and it is unfair to lay stress upon youthful folly, particularly when it can be pleaded that the transgressor was quite without parental guidance. Of St. Arnaud's military ability there can be little doubt. In that respect, General Trochu (no admirer of things imperial), who was his last senior aide-de-camp, speaks highly of him in his Memoirs, and we are inclined to think that with some guidance in his youth St. Arnaud's career might have been not only successful but distinguished.

If in 1827 he quitted the French army it was to escape dreary garrison life without prospect of promotion, for he was more or less a marked man, by reason, as his antagonists say, of his bad reputation in money matters, or, as his partisans have alleged, of the imperialist sympathies which, as the son of a former official of the Empire, he took no pains to conceal. At all events, he was anxious to see foreign service, and going to Greece, he fought there under Capo d'Istria. Later, however, he drifted into a life of adventures and shifts, a harum-scarum career in the East, in Italy, and in England, becoming at one moment a strolling player under the name of Florival, and at another earning some kind of a living as a fencing-master at Brighton.

But on the establishment of the Orleans Monarchy St. Arnaud applied—as a victim of Bourbon vindictiveness—for reinstatement in the French army, and this he secured early in 1831. He became orderly officer to General, afterwards Marshal Bugeaud, and his well-known hostility to the Bourbons (due, no doubt, to his early dismissal from the Royal Bodyguard), led to his being chosen to watch over the imprisoned Duchess de Berri after her failure to stir up insurrection in La Vendée. Later, he passed over to Algeria, where he rose to be a general of brigade, and whence, after a prearranged campaign against the Kabyles to enable him to distinguish himself (which he did by "smoking" natives in their caves, thus following Pélissier's example), he returned to France as one of the chosen instruments of Louis Napoleon's Coup d'État. Thin, pale, haggard, already suffering from an incurable malady, he looked the last

man in the world for any such adventure, but he possessed an indomitable spirit, as many have testified. Later, when he was French generalissimo in the Crimea, the battle of the Alma gave him fame, and soon afterwards he died.*

Marshal Magnan, who commanded the army of Paris at the Coup d'État and afterwards, was a man of different stamp. Tall, imperious, heavily whiskered, and loud-voiced, although originally a notary's clerk, he had enlisted as a private in the first Napoleon's time, and had fought at Waterloo; but in 1831, on being sent as a colonel to quell an insurrection against Louis Philippe at Lyons, he acted so "mildly" that he was deprived of his command by the advice of Thiers and other ministers, whereupon, proceeding to Belgium, he took service there until he was reinstated in the French army in 1839. His exclusion from it, or at least from active service in it, had been a severe lesson, which was to recoil ultimately on those who had given it to him, for he was resolved that nobody should ever charge him with mildness and fear of bloodshed again. In 1848 he tried to save the monarchy, escorting the Duchess of Orleans to the Chamber of Deputies, in the hope of securing the proclamation of her young son as King. Later, he put down "Red" risings in Paris and Lyons with vigour, sparing nobody.

Quite destitute of private means, but married, with a family of several children, he was, unfortunately, always in debt, which circumstance designated him to the attention of Louis Napoleon. One of the latter's emissaries had tried to secure Magnan's adherence to the cause already at the time of the Boulogne attempt in 1840, and it is said that Magnan then gave the envoy encouragement, but the evidence on the point is unsatisfactory, and at Louis Napoleon's trial by the Chamber of Peers, Magnan certainly protested that although he had been offered a bribe he had resolutely refused to take it. He showed himself less scrupulous at the time of the Coup d'État, for his services on which occasion he became, like St. Arnaud and Castellane, a marshal and a senator—the latter appointment alone meaning considerable addition to his income. Subsequently he was created Great Huntsman, the duties of which office he never

* We shall have occasion to speak of the St. Arnaud-Cornemuse affair hereafter.

really performed, though he carefully pocketed the large salary attached to it. Nevertheless, he was never able to extricate himself from his debts, a large part of which Napoleon III. discharged after his death.

All the foregoing men being well known to the new Emperor, he selected none of them to organize and direct his Court, nor did he choose the two boldest members of his band, men whose venturesome audacity exceeded even that of St. Arnaud and Magnan. These were Persigny and Fleury. Even as St. Arnaud's original name had been Leroy, so Persigny's had been Fialin. But there was this difference: the former had been legally entitled to his new name since 1840, whereas the second was not legally Persigny till he was created Duke de Persigny by Napoleon III. The Fialin family was, however, an old one of Dauphiné, which had passed first into the Lyonnais and later into Forez. According to a work on the last-named province,* Persigny's grandfather sold several of his fiefs in 1749, but retained the manor of Persigny in the parish of Crémeaux; and, though the father and the uncle of the third Napoleon's acolyte were simply called Fialin, the former possession of the Persigny fief was held to justify a change of appellation.

Jean Gilbert Victor Fialin de Persigny, as he claimed to be, was born in 1808. His father, according to some accounts, was a provincial Receiver for the Treasury under the first Empire, and according to others he was killed fighting at the battle of Salamanca in 1812. In any case the future adherent of Napoleon III. was brought up by an uncle, passed through the cavalry school of Saumur, and became a non-commissioned officer of Hussars. But after being dismissed the army for alleged "republicanism," he soon blossomed forth as a zealous Bonapartist, recruited a number of adherents to the cause, and helped to organize Louis Napoleon's attempts at Strasburg and Boulogne.† Briefly, he exerted himself in all ways and on all occasions in the interest of the future Emperor. He was to have been Minister of the Interior at the Coup d'État, but almost at the last moment his somewhat harum-scarum audacity and the violence of some of his writings suggested that he

* "Les Fiefs du Forez avant 1789," by D'Assier de Valenches. Paris, 1858.

† The latter in conjunction with Count Orsi.

might not be altogether acceptable to the *bourgeoisie*, and thus, though he had already signed several drafts of the intended proclamations, his place was taken by Morny. When, however, the latter retired in 1852, Persigny succeeded him. Shortly afterwards he married Mlle. Églé Ney de la Moskowa, then barely out of her teens, on which occasion Louis Napoleon made him a private present of £20,000. The bride and bridegroom seemed very much attached to each other at first, and Persigny was freely twitted for neglecting official duties and ceremonies in order to hide himself away with his young wife. But stormy days ensued, for the lady developed a trying temper and eccentric inclinations.* Persigny held office as minister and ambassador (in London) at various periods of the Empire, and became in course of time the determined adversary of Rouher, whose superior in shrewdness he undoubtedly was, though he failed to supplant him, and repeatedly found his private advice to the Emperor treated with neglect. To Persigny's credit it may be said that he was one of the very first to apprehend the dire consequences of the Franco-German war, and the errors made in the disposition of the French forces.†

Émile Félix Fleury, whom Napoleon III. made a count, a general and an ambassador, was as audacious as Persigny, but in his earlier years more of a man of pleasure. His father had amassed a handsome fortune in trade, but the property, he tells us in his "Souvenirs," was squandered by his mother, who, after his father's death, married a man of title. Fleury acknowledges that he took to dissipated courses when he was young, and that he was at last constrained to enlist as a private in the Spahis. It was Persigny who first presented him to Louis Napoleon in London in or about 1838. Eleven years later he became the Prince's orderly officer, and it was he who recruited the services of St. Arnaud, Magnan, and other strong-handed men, for the purposes of the Coup d'État. After the proclamation of the Empire, Fleury was appointed First

* Ten months after Persigny's death there was a scandalous lawsuit between her and her mother, the Princess de la Moskowa, who vainly tried to prevent her from marrying a young advocate named Lemoyne. She did so, however, and after his death married yet again, surviving till 1890, when she died at Cannes.

† He died at Nice, in January, 1872.

Equerry, and higher distinctions followed during the ensuing years. His diplomatic services were by no means despicable; he negotiated the meeting between Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph of Austria, which led to the armistice of Villafranca in 1859; he also had a good deal to do with the cession of Venetia to Italy in 1866. Later he was sent specially to Victor Emmanuel to prevent an Italian advance on Rome; and subsequently as Ambassador in Russia he sent valuable if futile warnings to France concerning the policy of Bismarck. Fleury possessed, however, one talent in particular—he was as good a judge of horseflesh as could be found anywhere. The Emperor's stables were, therefore, placed under his control, and he made them famous.

Altogether there is no doubt that he was an able man, with less cause to blush for his past than some others. His years of dissipation, as he himself calls them, were brief. Long before he entered Louis Napoleon's service he had been wounded three times in action, and mentioned five times in orders of the day—thus he was no craven. Again, his marriage with Mlle. Josephine Calley de St. Paul (whose father was long prominently connected with the Ministry of the Interior) proved extremely happy, for he became a model husband. Tall, fair, and prepossessing in appearance, ever bright, affable and ready, even after the hardest day's work, he won the good opinion of many who by no means shared his strong political views. He and Mocquard, Napoleon's Chef-de-cabinet, knew virtually all the Emperor's private secrets, and it became necessary for Fleury to intervene more than once in the *affaires de femmes* in which his imperial master entangled himself. That was one of the unfortunate obligations of his position, and he at least endeavoured to act tactfully in such matters.

All the men who have been passed in review, were either soldiers at the time of the Coup d'État or had previously seen service. In constituting the Imperial Household Napoleon III. chose a soldier for the chief ornamental position, that of "Great Marshal of the Court," held in his uncle's time by Duroc. However, he rightly placed the supreme management in the hands of one whom he knew to be an expert financier, that is his recent Minister of Finances, Achille Fould,

previously a partner in the banking firm of Benoît, Fould & Co. It had originally been intended to ask the Senate for a Civil List of £480,000 per annum, a figure which Fould favoured; but Persigny, who was one of the hungry men of the imperialist band, felt that such a sum would be quite inadequate, and by an ingenious stratagem, involving the telling of a barefaced lie (frankly admitted in his "Memoirs"), he contrived that the amount should be increased to one million sterling. In after-years, says he, the Emperor often expressed to him his gratitude for his action, exclaiming: "What should I have done if merely the amount originally proposed had been granted!"

After all, a million sterling was the sum which had been agreed upon in the case of Louis XVI. at the earlier period of the Revolution, and subsequently adopted for Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. In addition, there was the dotation or endowment of the Crown, estimated to represent £200,000 per annum. This dotation included first the palaces of the Tuileries, the Elysée, the Louvre, and the Palais Royal, with a house in the Rue de Rivoli, a mansion on the Place Vendôme, and stables in the Rue Montaigne; secondly, the palaces, châteaux, and other buildings, land, farms, woods and forests of the state domains of Versailles, Marly, St. Cloud, Meudon, St. Germain-en-Laye, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, Pau, and Strasbourg, to which were added properties at Villeneuve l'Étang, near St. Cloud, and La Mothe-Beuvron and La Grillière in Sologne, which the Emperor had previously arranged to purchase privately, and which the law required to be included in the general endowment. Thirdly, the dotation embraced the state porcelain manufactory of Sèvres, and the tapestry works of the Gobelins and Beauvais, the Garde Meuble or state furniture depository at the Ile des Cygnes on the Seine, and the woods or forests of Vincennes, Sénart, Dourdan, and Laigue. Large as the dotation may seem, it was less considerable than it had been in Louis Philippe's time, when it had further embraced all the Orleans private property, the revenue then being quite £280,000.

As "Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur," Fould had every household matter under his financial control, and exercised supreme authority over all buildings, estates, furnishings,

imperial libraries, museums and manufactories, as well as over the Paris Opera-house, the administration of which was at that period vested in the Crown. Fould also dealt with all the many horse-racing, exhibition, and other prizes given by the Emperor, with all applications for pensions, the appointment of all purveyors to the Emperor, and the granting of such privileges as the Crown could accord.

Fould was a man of very abrupt, curt ways, one who soon sent importunate solicitors to the rightabout, and who discharged his duties with zealous care. Prior to the Coup d'État he had rendered an important service to the Emperor or Prince Louis Napoleon, as he then was. The Prince had contracted a good many debts, notably in England,* and his adversaries wished to secure his unpaid acceptances and create a scandal, such as might damage him badly and even lead to his arrest for debt. A certain English printer and publisher heard, however, of what was brewing and communicated with Plon, the eminent French publisher, who was a warm Bonapartist and issued Louis Napoleon's writings. It thus happened that while the agent of the Cavaignac party, a certain Fillineau, was haggling with the holders of the unpaid bills, Plon conveyed the information he had received to Fould, whom he knew well, and Fould, forestalling the dilatory Fillineau, purchased the acceptances and tendered them to Louis Napoleon without any question of payment.

However, in spite of Fould's high ability and strictness of management as Minister of the Household, the Civil List was soon in debt. The constitution of endowments for various members of the imperial family and the expenses of the Emperor's marriage in 1853 resulted in a deficit of £280,000. When Fould resigned in 1860, the amount owing by the Civil List was still nearly £215,000, and throughout the reign the indebtedness was never extinguished. At the fall of the Empire it again stood at the figure of 1853, and was only met by the sale of all sorts of property.†

* For the purposes of the Coup d'État he borrowed £20,000 of the Spanish Marshal Narvaez. His mistress, Miss Howard, also helped him financially about that time, and others gave similar assistance.

† Alphonse Gautier's "La Liste Civile en France"—the authoritative

The Constitution formally provided for the creation of a jointure or dower in the event of the Emperor marrying; but the Empress Eugénie repeatedly refused to allow that provision to be made, for she had no desire for personal wealth; and Napoleon III., in a like spirit, declined any special allowance for the Imperial Prince. But the other members of the imperial family were very handsomely treated. Capital sums amounting to £480,000 were distributed among them, in addition to annual allowances. Apart from those made officially to the Jerome branch of the Bonapartes, whose members being in the appointed line of succession to the throne ranked as Imperial Highnesses, a large number of grants were made to the other Princes, Princesses, and family connections. We shall refer to them in some detail hereafter,* and for the moment it need only be mentioned that throughout the duration of the Empire from £45,000 to £50,000 were paid annually to relatives and connections (Bonapartes, Murats, Baciocchis, Primolis, Gabriellis, *e tutti quanti*) out of the Civil List. This, too, was in addition to special presents at times when these relatives or connections were in pecuniary difficulties, owing to their ridiculous extravagance. It was often not incumbent on the Emperor to make those allowances, but he was a genuine *oncle d'Amérique*, as one says in Paris, an ideal "rich relation," with an ever-open purse.

But let us pursue our review of the Civil List. A sum of £240,000 a year was apportioned among the various branches of the Imperial Household: the departments of the Great Almoner, the Great Marshal of the Palace, the Great Chamberlain, the Great Equerry, the Great Huntsman, and the Great Master of Ceremonies. The expenses included not only the salaries of the aforementioned officers of State and their assistants and servants, but all the outlay attendant on living, linen, plate, horses, carriages, balls, receptions, theatrical performances, the chapel and chamber music services, the medical attendance to the Crown and the Emperor's Private Cabinet. Next a sum of £480,000 was devoted to the repair

work on the subject. M. Gautier was the general secretary of the Imperial Household.

* See *post*, Chapter IX., p. 209 *et seq.*

or upkeep of the palaces and other buildings, manufactories, libraries, agricultural establishments, forests and estates of the dotation—this being £280,000 more than the dotation yielded in revenue. Further, £240,000 were allotted annually for grants, gifts, or pensions—to the aforementioned members or connections of the imperial family, to old servants of the First Empire, to members of the clergy and army, scientists, literary men and artists, workmen also, and particularly inventors, the latter receiving during the reign very considerable sums of money as well as other support. This was one of the good traits of the third Napoleon's character; he willingly received and encouraged inventors, and never wearied of doing so, though more than one tried to impose upon him. Another source of expense was the Imperial Bodyguard, known as the Cent-Gardes, which cost the Civil List from £12,000 to £16,000 per annum over and beyond a War Office grant of £12,000. Further, the Grand Opera (Rue Le Peletier) cost between £8000 and £12,000 each year from 1854 to 1866, at which latter date the management was detached from the Household. Nevertheless the Emperor afterwards granted a private subvention of £4000, by way, said he, of "paying for his box." Again, in the one year, 1867—the great year of the first Champ de Mars Universal Exhibition—a sum of £48,000 was spent on entertaining foreign sovereigns and princes, over and beyond the usual outlay of the Court.

Under Fould, the Minister, but otherwise at the head of the Household, was the Great Marshal of the Palace, Marshal and Senator Count Vaillant. In 1860, when Fould resigned, the two offices were united, Vaillant becoming Minister as well as Great Marshal.* He was an able man, a Burgundian, born in 1790, and had begun his career as an officer of engineers under the first Napoleon. He had participated in the retreat from Moscow, and had fought at the battles of Paris (when he was wounded), of Ligny and of Waterloo. He afterwards took part in the expedition to Algiers—indeed it was he who blew up the so-called "Fort de l'Empereur," thereby compelling the Dey to surrender to Marshal Bourmont. Subsequently, in

* The Ministry of Fine Arts, under the superintendence of Count de Nieuwerkerke, was then attached to that of the Imperial Household.

conjunction with Dode de la Brunerie, Vaillant directed the erection of the fortifications of Paris, all the part north of the Seine being his work. He afterwards became President of the Comité des Fortifications for the whole of France, and he was the real director of the siege of Rome in 1849. A zealous Bonapartist, bearing in his heart the memory of the great Napoleon who had decorated him on the battlefield, Vaillant naturally proved a warm partisan of the restoration of the Empire, but we do not find that he took any active part in the Coup d'État, although he soon afterwards received his Marshal's *bâton* from Louis Napoleon. At all events, nobody ever breathed a word against Vaillant's personal honour. He did not, in his later years, evince much affability or graciousness, but he was a man to whom no princely visitor or diplomatic envoy could possibly take objection. He was, moreover, learned alike in mathematics and the natural sciences, being a member of both the Académie des Sciences and the Bureau des Longitudes, as well as President of the Societies of Protection to Animals, Acclimatisation and Horticulture. Roses were his particular passion, and he promoted the raising of several new varieties.

A man who loves flowers can hardly be a bad one. Nor was Vaillant. His different offices gave him an income of over £10,000 a year, but he spent so much of the money on scientific or semi-scientific pursuits, all more or less useful in their way, that one could scarcely reproach him with the high figure of his emoluments. He was a good and careful steward of the Imperial Household, and at times he remonstrated successfully with the Emperor respecting the latter's "impulsive and inconvenient acts of munificence." The Duke de Conegliano, a prominent official of the Imperial Court, relates that in 1862 the Emperor desired that the Civil List should immediately provide £32,000 for some particular purpose. Vaillant replied that this could not possibly be done, but observing how vexed the Emperor appeared, he straightway lodged a number of his own securities with his bankers as security for a loan of the required amount, and carried out the Emperor's wishes. Napoleon III. heard indirectly of the Marshal's action, and going up to him on leaving the palace chapel on the following

Sunday, he exclaimed: "What! Marshal, are you ruining yourself in my service, as you have to borrow money of your bankers?" Then, pressing the old soldier's hand, he added: "I must certainly set my finances in order; I shall keep it in mind." Whether he did so or not, however, the Civil List, as we have previously mentioned, was never out of debt.

Vaillant's office as Great Marshal included the military command of the household and of all the imperial palaces, the exercise of a general supervision over them, the distribution of quarters to guests, officers and servants, the kitchen, table, heating and lighting services, the plate, linen, liveries, and so forth. The salary of this particular office was £2000 a year, with free quarters and table. Immediately under the Great Marshal was the Adjutant-general, this being General Alexandre Rolin, who had acted as aide-de-camp of Count Gérard, and had seen service under Napoleon I. Rolin held office at the Tuileries until he died in 1869, when he was succeeded by General de Courson. The Adjutant-general, whose Court salary was £1200 a year, with free quarters and table, transmitted the Emperor's orders to all general-officers or officers of State; he acted also as chief of the Sovereign's staff at all reviews; and the Colonel of the Cent-Gardes and the Chief of the Palace Police were under his immediate orders. General Rolin was a very amiable and obliging man, with whom the present writer's family often came in contact.

The Prefects of the Palace were civil officers under the Great Marshal's control. There were originally four of them, each receiving £400 a year, and they did duty in rotation, for a week at a time in Paris, and for a month when the Court was elsewhere. Among those who filled these prefectoral offices at various times were Counts de Lawœstine and Merle, Barons Morio de l'Isle, de Menneval, de Maussion, de Varaigne-Dubourg and de Montbrun—the last named being a son of the first Napoleon's famous cavalry general. There was also a quarter-master-accountant, M. Bidos, who received £400 a year with free quarters and board. Of the other quartermasters (*maréchaux de logis*), who prepared apartments for guests, and exercised supervision over the furniture and other appointments of the imperial residences, for which purpose they attended the Court

not only at the Tuileries, but also at St. Cloud, Compiègne, and its other places of sojourn, the chief was Colonel, later General Count Lepic, aide-de-camp to the Emperor. As First *Maréchal de Logis* he received £800 a year, and he had four assistants with salaries of £320 under him. Count Lepic, who afterwards became Superintendent of the Imperial Palaces, was a man of great artistic taste (which he transmitted to his son, the painter), learned, moreover, in all questions of furniture, tapestry, and other hangings, and under his direction the private apartments of the Empress became extremely beautiful. Major Oppenheim, one of Lepic's subordinates, was likewise a man of great artistic taste and perception, notably with respect to *bibelots* and china.

Although the palace kitchens and cellars were in the Great Marshal's department, it is preferable, perhaps, that we should speak of them elsewhere, in connection with the State banquets of the Court, and we may here pass to the "Service de la Chambre." The Great Chamberlain (with a salary of £1600 a year, free residence and table) was the Duke de Bassano, the son of the first Napoleon's Foreign Secretary, Maret. Tall and slim, carrying himself very erect, M. de Bassano looked a striking figure in his richly embroidered scarlet coat and plumed cocked hat, with the gold key of his office depending from a chain formed of gold and green acorns. He had served as French Minister at Baden and Brussels, and was married to a Belgian lady, who became one of the Empress's *dames d'honneur*. All applications for audiences came before M. de Bassano, who after preparing a list of them submitted it to the Emperor. The latter then marked the names, indicating those applicants whom he would receive personally, and those whom one or another official was to see on his behalf.

More numerous were the duties of M. de Bassano's nominal subordinate, the First Chamberlain, Count Marius Joseph Baciocchi, who was a connection of the Bonapartes through the first Napoleon's sister Élisa. Born in Corsica in 1803, Count Baciocchi had married a lady of that island, a member of the famous Pozzo di Borgo family. He occupied a small suite of rooms, decorated with a nice collection of pictures, on the ground floor of the Tuileries; and he, his secretary Bertora,

and his valet and factotum Nicolas, were besieged every morning by artists, authors, actors, dancers and vocalists, for all the artistic side of the Court, and notably its theatrical patronage and the superintendence of the Opera, etc., were in Baciocchi's department. It was his duty to attend every first performance given in Paris, and to report on it to the Emperor or the Empress. An easy-going, good-natured man, Baciocchi was extremely partial to the stage, and also to pretty actresses; but as time elapsed he became bloated and unwieldy, afflicted also, says the Duke de Conegliano, with a disorder which kept him perpetually on the move, in such wise that he could no longer sit down of an afternoon to play his favourite game of piquet at the Cercle Impérial, and those who interviewed him had to pace up and down the room by his side.

In addition to the Great and the First Chamberlains there were at first eight, and eventually twelve, others, each of whom was in receipt of £480 a year. Among those who thus held office during the reign there were not only numerous members of the Imperialist *noblesse*, but also several scions of the old French aristocracy, who went over to the Empire often to the great disgust of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the cult of the Legitimist Monarchy was piously preserved. Among the third Napoleon's chamberlains one found, then, not merely such Bonapartist names as Macdonald, Duke of Tarento, Count d'Ornano, De Labédoyère, and Moncey, Duke of Conegliano, but such others as Marquis de Chaumont, Marquis de Gricourt, Marquis de Belmont, Marquis d'Havrincourt, Count de Riencourt, Count d'Ayguesvives, Viscount Walsh and Viscount de La Ferrière. The last named, an ex-hussar officer and a very handsome and courteous man, has, since those days, made himself a high literary reputation by his historical writings. He served, we remember, at one time as chamberlain to the Empress, and was promoted to Baciocchi's post after the latter's death in 1866.

There will be occasion to speak of the officials of the Emperor's Private Cabinet in describing the usual course of the sovereign's daily life. Those officials were only nominally under the control of the Great Marshal and the Great Chamberlain. The palace ushers, however, should be mentioned here. The

chief one, who always took the head of the imperial *cortège* to announce the Emperor, was a tall, finely built man named Thovex, in receipt of £196 a year. He had ten subordinates, whose wages ranged from £100 to £110, with allowances for quarters. The Emperor's private usher, Félix Werwoort, who had followed him from England, and who, by the way, always carved for him at dinner, received as much as £240 per annum, but then he was quite a confidential servant. The wages of the *valets-de-chambre* (six of the first and six of the second class) ranged from £80 to £100; while £82 was the stipend of the chief of the *garçons d'appartement*, who had eight men under him.

Besides the servants already mentioned there were eight *suisses*, who with powdered hair, cocked hats with green and white plumes, red baldricks and short side-swords, stood at the doors of the chief rooms in the palace, and struck the floor with their staves while exclaiming aloud, "The Emperor!" "The Empress!" "The Imperial Prince!" whenever one or the other passed in or out. Then, too, there was the little army of footmen, forty, divided into two classes, with four brigadiers at their head. The *suisses* received £70, the brigadiers of the footmen £72, and the footmen themselves, according to their class, from £58 to £63 a year. Very splendid looked the footmen on gala occasions, with their powdered hair, their gallooned and plumed hats *en bataille*, their green coats *à la française* with gold on every seam, their gallooned scarlet waistcoats and breeches, their gold garters, their white-silk stockings and their patent-leather shoes with buckles again of gold.

Another branch of the Imperial Household was that of the Great Master of Ceremonies, the Duke de Cambacérès, a nephew of the Archchancellor of the First Napoleon's Empire. Tall, thin, clean-shaven and solemn, the Duke was the very man for his post. With some assistance from Fleury he regulated all the ceremonial at the imperial wedding, the baptism of the Imperial Prince, the State receptions of Queen Victoria and other sovereigns and royalties, the presentation of the Golden Rose to the Empress Eugénie, and the conferring of birettas on various French cardinals appointed by Pius IX. He was also to the fore whenever addresses were presented by the

Legislature and other public bodies. With a large private fortune of his own and a wealthy young wife of *bourgeois* birth, who was as short, as lively and as amiable as he was long, frigid and severe, M. de Cambacérès, besides being lodged by the crown, received £1600 a year for his services.

Under him was a First Master of Ceremonies, Count Rodolphe d'Ornano * (salary £800), and several subordinate masters, assistant-masters, and secretaries, among the first being Baron Feuillet de Conches, chief of the Protocole at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and also—as testified by his many writings and compilations—a most fervent, zealous admirer of Marie-Antoinette, to which circumstance, in particular, he owed the favour of the Empress Eugénie. M. Feuillet de Conches retained office after the fall of the *régime*, becoming Introducer of Ambassadors to both Thiers and MacMahon.

The Emperor's Military Household was composed of a Commander and several aides-de-camp and orderly officers. The aides-de-camp, who were generals of divisional or brigade rank—or occasionally vice-admirals—received £480 per annum for their attendance on the sovereign, which, as there were always four (and at times six) in office, and each performed a week's duty in rotation, did not cover a period of more than three months in any year. The position of the Commander of the Military Household was permanent, however, being held from 1852 till 1865 by General Count Roguet, originally an officer of engineers and son of a distinguished soldier of the First Empire. General Roguet was in attendance on the Emperor on the occasion of Orsini and Pierri's attempt at assassination, and was somewhat seriously wounded by one of the bombs which were then thrown. He belonged essentially to the inner circle of the Tuileries, being one of the men in whom Napoleon placed most confidence, and his services were rewarded with a senatorship and the rank of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

Three officers who became Marshals of France † were aides-de-camp to the Emperor at one or another time. These, to

* The son of Countess Walewska (sometime mistress of Napoleon I.), by her second marriage. See *ante*, p. 27.

† For the Marshals generally, see *post*, p. 345 *et seq.*

give their names in order of merit, were Niel, Canrobert, and Lebœuf. It was the first named (originally an engineer officer) who adopted the Chassepot rifle, and armed the French infantry with it, besides devising the force known as the Garde Mobile, which, however, owing to his untimely death, was not organized as he had intended it should be. Canrobert's name is more familiar, perhaps, to most readers on account of his survival until comparatively recent times, and of his prominence in the Crimea, where he succeeded St. Arnaud. Originally a light infantry and zouave officer, he was noted for his dash and zest, but he was a much overrated man, deficient in the ability required for high command. His appearance was eccentric, for he had a short figure and a big head, which looked all the larger owing to the mass of long hair waving around it. Canrobert often showed himself to be a rattling *racontcur*, but his language was usually better suited to a guardroom than a *salon* by reason of the unnecessary expletives with which he interlarded what he said. He was married to a lady much younger than himself, a Macdonald, who rightly ranked as one of the beauties of the Empire. Lebœuf, the third Marshal whom we have named, became War Minister, and a little later "Major-General" of the Army of the Rhine, for neither of which offices he was fitted. But he was a superb-looking man, with wonderful moustaches, and it should be acknowledged that he was a clever artillerist. He ought never to have left that branch of the service.

Among other aides-de-camp to the Emperor were General Count de Goyon (who at one time commanded the French army of occupation at Rome), Generals Lannes de Montebello, Count Pajol (in attendance at Sedan), de Castelnau, and Mollard. The last named, a native of Savoy, had a very distinguished record in the Sardinian service, having commanded a brigade both at the Tchernaya in the Crimea, and at Solferino in 1859, when with a handful of men he for several hours kept some thousands of Austrians under Benedek at bay. Mollard was largely instrumental in promoting the annexation of Savoy to France, and became a French senator as well as a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.*

* He was a near relative of the present writer's wife. In 1870, despite his

Another notable aide-de-camp of the Emperor's was General Favé, a distinguished scientist, who (like Reffye) had much to do with the invention of the mitrailleuse and the general transformation of the French artillery. He also largely assisted Napoleon in writing the Life of Cæsar. Then, too, General Félix Douay, who commanded the 7th Army Corps at Sedan—the corps whose fortunes are chronicled in the novel "La Débâcle"—had served for a time as an imperial aide-de-camp. So too had Frossard, the beaten commander at Forbach in 1870, before he became (in 1867) Governor to the Imperial Prince.* So also had M. de Failly, who defeated Garibaldi at Mentana—when, said he, "the chassepots did wonders"—and who in his turn was routed at Beaumont just before Sedan. Again, among the ex-aides-de-camp to the Emperor, one finds the unlucky Bourbaki, who commanded the Army of the East during the latter part of the Franco-German War; while yet another who became prominent at that time, as commander of the 12th Army Corps, was Lebrun, a diminutive, simple, modest, hard-working man, who fought gallantly at Bazeilles, and whose revelations during these later years have proved that although Prussia may have forced on the war in 1870, France and Austria fully intended to attack her early in the following year, by which date their armies were to have been ready. It was as Napoleon's aide-de-camp and secret envoy that Lebrun entered into all the arrangements at Vienna. Finally, among the notable aides-de-camp to be mentioned in connection with the war was Count Reille, who carried the Emperor's letter of surrender to the King of Prussia, on whom he had been in attendance in Paris in 1867. Such is the irony of fate.

Plentiful as were the aides-de-camp who became conspicuous in 1870–71, only three, inclusive of Canrobert, had figured prominently in the Coup d'État. The other two were Espinasse and Béville. The former, who then seized the Palais Bourbon, became Minister of the Interior and General Safety after the

advanced age, Mollard again took service, and placed Grenoble in a state of defence.

* Frossard was in many respects a very able man, and his defeat in 1870 was due, we believe, far more to the scattering of the French forces, and the lack of support which he had a right to expect, than to any personal incompetence for command.

Orsini affair, when his harshness made him so unpopular on all sides that his death at Magenta a year afterwards seemed a positive deliverance. General Baron de Béville, for his part, had occupied the National Printing Works at the Coup d'État, and directed, in conjunction with St. Georges, the printing of Louis Napoleon's proclamations. In addition to a military position beside the Emperor, Béville became chief of the private topographical service. Among the naval aides-de-camp one need only record the name of Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, sometime Minister of Marine, but best remembered, perhaps, as a writer on naval history and warfare.

The Emperor's orderly officers were selected from among captains in the army set down for promotion. They usually served two years in the Imperial Household, which they quitted with a step in rank. On appointment they received £400 for an outfit, and besides the ordinary pay of officers of their rank stationed in Paris, they had an annual salary of £320 and were lodged and boarded when on duty. Each, however, was required to provide two horses of his own. Many distinguished names are to be found in the long list of Napoleon's orderlies: Cambriels, Berckheim, Espeuilles, Aubigny, Ney d'Elchingen, Clermont-Tonnerre, La Tour d'Auvergne, Friant, Quélen, Excelmans, Schmitz, Verchère de Reffye, Stoffel, and last but not least, Galliffet.

It was Captain, eventually General, Schmitz who attended Napoleon III. in Italy and brought back and presented to the Empress Eugénie, in solemn audience, the various Austrian flags taken at Magenta and Solferino; whereupon, in accordance with State ceremonial, she rewarded him for his mission with what was officially styled an accolade, *vulgo* a kiss. He was, we believe, the only man so distinguished during the reign. Schmitz also served as Chief of the Staff to Cousin-Montauban (otherwise Palikao) in China, when the Summer Palace was looted; and during the siege of Paris in 1870 he became General Trochu's right-hand man. Verchère de Reffye for his part became director of the Meudon artillery-works and the inventor or perfecter of mitrailleuses, breech-loading and rifled guns, besides assisting his imperial master with the latter's Life of Cæsar. Stoffel is best remembered as French military *attaché*

at Berlin, whence he forwarded to Paris such valuable but unheeded reports respecting the military progress of Prussia. As for the Marquis de Galliffet, Prince de Martigues, his service as an Imperial orderly dated from the early sixties after he had won a captaincy in the Spahis in Algeria. He quitted the Court when he volunteered for service in Mexico, where, as we shall presently have occasion to relate—in his own words—he was very seriously wounded by an exploding shell. That, however, as we all know, did not prevent M. de Galliffet from resuming duty, and subsequently participating in—we do not say commanding—the great cavalry charge at the battle of Sedan. That the Marquis had a sound constitution and much physical vigour was shown already in his early years by his ardour in the pursuit of pleasure. Of average height, with an elegant figure, and a bright face, almost as full of colour as MacMahon's, he was indefatigable both as a rider and a dancer, and could sit up night after night, playing cards, and supping at matutinal hours, without, to quote a popular expression, "turning so much as a hair." His wife, a woman of most gentle and amiable disposition, was one of the chief beauties of the Empire, and, after the Empress herself, one of the foremost leaders of fashion of the time.* The marriage was not satisfactory, and eventually Mme. de Galliffet lived apart from her husband.

In addition to the aides-de-camp and orderlies, the Emperor's military household included a cavalry corps, which, though known as the Cent-Gardes, or "Hundred Guards," † was at no time of exactly that strength, its numbers having varied from 54 to 208, or 221 inclusive of ostlers and farriers. The organizer of the corps was Lieut.-Colonel Count Lepic, who in 1859 was succeeded in the command by Major, later Colonel, Baron Verly, an officer of Creole origin, who had risen from the ranks in the Guides, and who, with his lofty figure, his martial face, and his splendid uniform, all aglitter with foreign decorations, was a conspicuous figure at the Tuileries until the war of 1870, when he accompanied his sovereign, and was taken prisoner at Sedan with three of his subordinate officers and half of the

* See *post*, p. 275 *et seq.*

† See *ante*, p. 39; and *post*, pp. 121 *et seq.*, and 130.

1st squadron of the corps.* This was instituted by a succession of decrees in 1854, the quarters assigned to it being the Caserne de Panthémont in the Rue de Bellechasse. The officers were twelve in number; the chief commander received £400 and the men £40 a year. The minimum stature necessary for incorporation was fixed at about 5 feet 11 inches; but although some of the men were 6 feet 2 inches, and even 6 feet 4 inches in height, it was at first difficult to recruit a sufficient number reaching the minimum figures, as only cavalry "non-coms." of the most irreproachable character were eligible. Eventually several drum-majors with cavalry experience were incorporated, as well as privates with good records.

The men's duties were a great deal more arduous than was generally supposed by those who merely saw them escorting the Emperor. A detachment guarded the Tuileries inside and out every night, and the men were in constant requisition for reviews, public ceremonies, official receptions, imperial visits to the theatres, and journeys into the provinces. They attended the Emperor not only in 1870, but also during the war in Italy in 1859. They were helped with respect to the grooming of their horses, but their superb uniforms demanded close personal attention. These Cent-Gardes were, of course, quite distinct from the Imperial Guard, which was also instituted in 1854,† its first commander being Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, and its last Bourbaki. The Guard was a mixed division of infantry, cavalry, and horse artillery—the first named including two regiments of Grenadiers, two of Voltigeurs, and one of Chasseurs; the second, a regiment of Cuirassiers, one of Horse-Gendarmes and one of Guides—light cavalry of the Hussar type, but armed with carbines.

These Guides were first organized and commanded by Count Fleury, who, as previously indicated, also held the office of First —and eventually of Great—Equerry to the Emperor, the higher post being originally assigned to Marshal St. Arnaud. It carried with it a salary of £1800 a year, with £480 for expenses and residential quarters at the Louvre.‡ St. Arnaud's duties

* The other half, which escorted the Imperial Prince to the Belgian frontier, was commanded by Lieut. Watrin.

† We mention it here, but it did not belong to the Household.

‡ In the histories of the Second Empire it is frequently asserted that St.

were merely nominal, all the work from the outset being done by Fleury * and his coadjutors, among whom was an Englishman, Mr. Gamble, who was long in direct charge of the horses ridden by the Emperor personally. Respecting them and the splendid equipages of the Court we shall have something to say as our narrative proceeds. Among the equerries under Fleury were M. de Valabrègue, who was in attendance on Napoleon III. when Pianori attempted the latter's life in the Champs Élysées; M. Raimbeaux, who, when Berezowski fired at Czar Alexander II. in the Bois de Boulogne in 1867, rode forward to screen the monarch, and whose horse was thereupon shot through the nostrils; Count Davillier, who was on duty at Sedan, Baron de Bourgoing, Baron Lejeune, Count de Castelbajac, Mr. de Burgh (an Irishman—perhaps of the Clanricarde family †), and the Marquis de Caux.

The name of the last is well remembered from the fact that he became the first husband of Madame Adelina Patti, now Baroness Cederström. The Marquis de Caux, who when quite young inherited a large fortune, was of a very gay and impulsive disposition, and ran through most of his money in a few years. He thereupon turned to diplomacy for a livelihood, and was attached to the French embassies at Florence and Rome. After becoming an equerry to the Emperor, he added no little gaiety to the Court life. An expert dancer, he conducted the cotillons at the State balls during several successive seasons. It was his passion for music, and his consequent intimacy with the Strakosch family, which led to his acquaintance with Madame Patti. At the time of their marriage, whatever the difference of fortune might be, there was every reason to believe that the union was one of genuine affection on both sides. But separation eventually came.

Yet another branch of the Imperial Household which we

Arnaud, like others, received £4000 a year for his Court post. That is quite erroneous. All the figures we give are the official ones as they are to be found in the Civil List.

* Before he became Great Equerry he received £1200 a year, with a residence adjoining the Imperial stables in the Avenue Montaigne.

† We have not been able to identify him fully. The Duke de Conegliano states that he was "honorary equerry," received £480 a year, and came to France from time to time to ride in State processions.

must mention was that of the *Vénerie* or Hunt. Though Marshal Magnan held the post of Great Huntsman, the duties were always discharged by Count Edgar Ney, who took Magnan's place in 1855, and on the death of his elder brother two years later assumed by imperial decree the title of Prince de la Moskowa. The subordinate officers of the Hunt (of which we shall have to speak in connection with the Court's sojourns at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere) were the Marquis de Toulongeon, Colonel Baron Lambert, the Marquis de la Tour Maubourg, the Baron de Lâge, and M. de la Rue. Prince Edgar de la Moskowa was a good-looking, unaffected man, on the most intimate terms with the Emperor, who invariably "thee'd" and "thou'd" him, and addressed him by his Christian name.

We have yet to speak of both the Almonry and the Medical Service of the Court. Louis Napoleon's first chaplain—at the Élysée in 1848—was Abbé Laisne, a curate of the Madeleine church. In 1853 the Emperor appointed Mgr. Menjaud, Bishop of Nancy, to be his First Almoner, and four years later a "Great Almoner or Archchaplain of the Imperial Chapel" was instituted by a Papal brief, the post being assigned to Archbishop Morlot of Paris, and later to his successor, Mgr. Darboy, the high-minded and unfortunate prelate who was murdered by the Paris Communards in 1871. Among the salaries attached to the Almonry and chapel services were the following: Great Almoner, £1600; First Almoner, £800; Almoner,* £480; chaplains (all canons of St. Denis and in receipt of salaries as such), £240. Auber, the famous composer, also received £600 a year as Director of the Imperial Chapel and Chamber Music. He chose all the pieces which were to be executed, presided at all rehearsals, organized the concerts given at the Tuileries during Lent (when dancing was not allowed), and was very regular in his attendance at the palace chapel on Sunday mornings.

From 1848 onwards the tall, ascetic-looking but devoted

* This was Mgr. Tirmache, Bishop of Adras, who had known Louis Napoleon when the latter was a prisoner at Ham. It was Mgr. Tirmache who, in conjunction with Abbé Laisne, actually discharged most of the duties of the Almonry.

Abbé Laisne, Vicar-general of the Imperial Chapel, acted as confessor to the Emperor, whom he accompanied to Italy in 1859. In 1870, however, as he had then become Chaplain-general of the French Army, M. Laisne deputed his confessorship to Abbé Métairie, who followed the sovereign to Sedan. Napoleon always figured at divine service on Sunday mornings in full uniform, and attended by the officers of the Household. It was on his behalf that every year, on August 15 ("St. Napoleon's Day"), the Prefect of the Palace on duty presented the consecrated bread at mass at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Tuileries parish church. It was then borne thither processionally by footmen of the Household in gala liveries, preceded by ushers also in gala attire.

The most notable clerics who preached before the Court in the Tuileries chapel were Fathers de Ravignan and Ventura, Archbishop Darboy, Mgr. Bauer, and Abbé Deguerry of the Madeleine.* Although Darboy was a learned theologian, his Court sermons were marked by great simplicity of diction, and imbued with a spirit of plain, straightforward Christianity, based on the teachings of the Gospels. No political allusion ever passed his lips, and all disputations were reserved for his private chats with Marshal Vaillant, who was somewhat of a free-thinker.

The first physician of the Court Medical Service was Dr. François René Conneau, the trusty friend who had attended Queen Hortense in her last moments and had enabled Louis Napoleon to effect his escape from the fort of Ham. Born at Milan, Conneau married a Corsican lady of the Pasqualini family, and their son, brought up at the Tuileries, became the playmate and friend of the Imperial Prince. Conneau's own medical attainments were not of the highest order, as he himself freely acknowledged, saying that it was more as a friend than as a doctor that he remained beside the Emperor. However, he fully organized the medical service, in which he enlisted some of the ablest men of the time. Adjoined to him, and residing also at the Tuileries, was Dr. Baron Corvisart (a great nephew of the first Napoleon's medical attendant), who

* The last named was murdered at the same time as Darboy, by the Communards of 1871.

accompanied the Emperor during the campaign of 1870, and was one of the three men in close attendance on the despairing monarch when, riding forth from Sedan to La Moncelle, he advanced beyond the brick and tile works there, into the open, shell-swept space, where he long but vainly courted death. The two who accompanied Napoleon and Corvisart were General Count Pajol, aide-de-camp, and Count Davillier, first equerry. The escort was formed of Cent-Gardes. As will be remembered, both Corvisart and Conneau were present when the Emperor died at Chislehurst.

The Medical Service also included four physicians and surgeons in ordinary, each receiving £320 a year, among them being (at one or another time) Arnal, Andral, Darralde, Fauvel, Baron Larrey, and Nélaton. There were also six honorary consulting physicians and surgeons, including Bouillaud, Lévy, Ricord, Sée, Velpeau and Tardieu—celebrities of the healing art. Then, after the imperial marriage, Dr. Baron Paul Dubois, son of the Dubois who attended Marie Louise at the birth of the King of Rome, was appointed surgeon-accoucheur to the Empress Eugénie.* For the *personnel* of the Court there were eight medical men doing duty in rotation, and each in receipt of £240 a year. Two of them, with one of the head doctors, were always in attendance at the Tuileries. Court officials and domestics were also visited free of charge at their homes, accounts being kept too with pharmaceutical chemists in various parts of Paris. But there was also a well-appointed pharmacy at the Tuileries, in the charge of M. Acar, whom the Emperor had known at Ham, and who, in addition to permanent quarters and board, received £240 a year.

As the reader will have perceived, we have not here entered fully into the cost of maintaining the Imperial Court—we have postponed, for instance, such matters as the Emperor's private cabinet, the palace kitchen and table, the equipages, horses, and hunt, and we have not yet come to the organization of the households of the Empress and the Imperial Prince; but enough has been said already to show that Napoleon III. had

* Subsequently a medical attendant in ordinary to the Imperial Prince was appointed, with a salary of £320. We should have mentioned that £1200 was Conneau's and £800 Corvisart's salary.

few, if any, opportunities for saving money. Large emoluments certainly went to men of very indifferent character; but, taking the Court in its *ensemble*, the artisans of the Coup d'État were decidedly in a minority, and death soon thinned their ranks. The majority of the others were neither better nor worse than the average Frenchman of those times, while some were men of real distinction and merit. The legend that the Court of the Tuileries was formed exclusively of profligate *banditti* is utterly absurd. The Court had its scandals undoubtedly, and of some, including the worst, we shall have occasion to speak; but if only a quarter of all the alleged scandals had been true, the *régime* would have been swept away long years before the downfall of Sedan. To imagine the contrary would be a gross libel on the French nation.

CHAPTER III

THE IMPERIAL MARRIAGE—THE EMPRESS AND HER HOUSEHOLD

The Emperor's first Matrimonial Negotiations—Opposition to the Alliance with Mlle. de Montijo—The Speculations of Fould and St. Arnaud—The tragic Camerata Scandal—Mlle. de Montijo's first glimpse of Louis Napoleon—Her juvenile sympathy with him at Ham—Intercourse of the Montijos with the Prince during his Presidency—The Proposal of Marriage—Position of the Jerome Branch of the Bonapartes—The Parentage of the Empress Eugénie—The Empress's Beauty at the time of her Marriage—Her sister, the Duchess d'Albe—The Wedding Preparations—The Civil Marriage—Prince Napoleon in Mourning—The Bridal Dress and Jewels—The Ceremony at Notre Dame—Favourable popular Impression—The Empress's Household—The Great Mistress, the Lady of Honour and the Ladies of the Palace—The Maids of Honour and the Lady Reader—The Great Master of the Household and the Chamberlains—The Secretary and the Librarian.

SOME time elapsed before the Imperial Household was completely constituted and set in working order; but it had been planned by Count Fleury (who, as he tells us, took the Court of Napoleon I. as his model), and the plans had already been largely carried out, prior to the Emperor's marriage. On the other hand, Louis Napoleon had turned his thoughts to matrimony even before the restoration of the Empire was officially proclaimed. There is a legend that he asked Mlle. de Montijo, later the Empress Eugénie, to become his bride prior to the Coup d'État; but the facts are different. It is known that Count Walewski, French ambassador to England, approached Queen Victoria, in December, 1852, on the subject of a marriage between the new Emperor and the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, a niece of her Majesty, and that although the Queen did not seriously object, the Princess's

father did, on account not only of difference of religion, but also of Napoleon's reputation from the moral standpoint. Further, about the same time, the Emperor's cousin, Count Tascher de la Pagerie,* carried on some negotiations elsewhere, perhaps in Bavaria, to which country he had for many years belonged; while Fleury, as recounted by himself in his "Souvenirs," set out on a mission to secure the hand of Carola Frederika, Princess Wasa, daughter of Prince Wasa, the son of Gustavus IV. of Sweden.† Whatever Fleury may allege to the contrary, it seems that Napoleon III. hoped to succeed in that quarter, for the Princess Carola's grandmother, on the maternal side, was a Beauharnais, a daughter of Count Claude of that name, and a first cousin of Queen Hortense. Napoleon I. had adopted her, and she had espoused the Grand Duke of Baden.‡ Nevertheless, however favourably she might be disposed towards Louis Napoleon, Fleury's mission failed, because, says he, the Princess Carola's hand had been virtually promised already to Crown Prince Albert of Saxony. That may be so, for six months later she married that Prince, and eventually rose with him to the Saxon throne.

Napoleon, according to Fleury, was relieved by the failure of the negotiations, but the case is very suggestive of the fable of the fox and the grapes. It is certain that the majority of the Emperor's advisers wished him to marry a foreign Princess. When the alliance with Mlle. de Montijo was first mooted, it was opposed by Persigny, then Minister of the Interior; Drouyn de Lhuys, the Foreign Secretary; Abbatucci, the Keeper of the Seals; Fortoul, the Minister of Public Instruction; Bineau, the Minister of Finances; Troplong, the President of the Senate; Walewski, and several others—in fact, by far the greater part

* Of the family of the Empress Josephine. See *post*, p. 74.

† The reader may be reminded that Gustavus IV. was deposed and succeeded by his uncle, Charles XIII., who adopted as his successor Bernadotte, from whom the present Swedish royal house is descended. According to legitimist doctrine, the Prince Wasa mentioned above was by right King of Sweden.

‡ Her record, as regards the occupation of thrones by her posterity, is almost as remarkable as that of the Danish royal house. From the Grand Duchess Stéphanie are descended the Kings of Saxony, Portugal, and Roumania, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Princes of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the Prince of Monaco, and the Count of Flanders, as well as the Dukes of Hamilton.

of the administration; its only partisans being Fleury, Morny, St. Arnaud, Edgar Ney, Toulongeon (the Emperor's orderly), and Fould, the Minister of the Imperial Household. Fould, however, seems to have played a double game in the affair. Aware as he was that the outside world anticipated that the new Emperor, should he decide to marry, would contract some great alliance, he resolved to profit by what would happen, and when the public announcement of the marriage with Mlle. de Montijo almost led to a panic on the Bourse—a fall of two francs in Rentes, and a drop in most other public securities—he, having played for the fall, reaped very large profits, whereas St. Arnaud—an inveterate gambler—who had done his utmost to support the market, was hit so badly that (according to the Archives of the Prefecture of Police) he narrowly escaped "execution," and was only extricated from his difficulties by the liberality of the Emperor, to whom he excused himself for his misfortune by attributing all the blame to the "bearing" tactics of Fould.*

A connection of the imperial house, young Count Camerata, a grandson of the first Napoleon's sister Élisa, also speculated disastrously on that occasion, and after vainly appealing for assistance both to his mother, Princess Baciocchi, and to Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who, it has been asserted, owed him money at the time, he committed suicide. His death was followed a few days afterwards by that of a promising young actress of the Vaudeville Theatre, Élisa Letessier, who appeared professionally under the name of Mlle. Marthe. She and Camerata were much attached to each other, and she would not survive him, but put an end to her life by means of a pan of charcoal. All the theatrical notabilities of Paris followed the young *artiste* to her grave.

But we must not anticipate. The early matrimonial negotiations with foreign Courts having failed, Napoleon was evidently of opinion that others would have a similar result, and he thereupon seriously turned his thoughts to the question of wedding Mlle. de Montijo. She and her mother, the

* Fleury tells the story in his own fashion, and informs us that he defended St. Arnaud against the charge of being a gambler. But it was Fleury's business to defend his Coup d'État confederates.

Countess, were frequently in France. They had first gone there during some of the troubles in Spain in 1834, when, as Marshal de Castellane relates in his "Diary," he met them at Perpignan. During Louis Napoleon's presidency of the Republic they had been frequent guests at his entertainments. The first time, however, when they caught sight of the future Emperor was after the Strasburg affair in 1836, when, being in Paris, they happened to call at the Prefecture of Police to see the Prefect's wife, Mme. Delessert, a Spaniard by birth and a family friend, on which occasion they saw the Prince passing in the custody of several policemen. Eugénie de Montijo was then only a child, some ten years old, but the incident impressed her, and when Louis Napoleon was imprisoned at Ham, after the Boulogne affair, she, "being always inclined towards those who suffered, interested in all the oppressed, and nourishing a secret sympathy for the Prince, urged her mother to go and carry the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess de Montijo had decided on that pious pilgrimage when she was diverted from her object by unlooked-for circumstances."* The first actual meeting only took place during the Prince's Presidency at a dance at the Élysée Palace, to which Mme. de Montijo, by her connections in society, easily obtained an invitation.

Virtually, from that time forward, wherever the Prince President stayed, whether at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne, the Montijos were among his most frequent guests. One constantly finds their names in the various lists of *invités* published at the time. They also attended all the reviews, whether at the Carrousel, the Champ de Mars, or Satory. Castellane, meeting them one day at St. Cloud, remarked with some surprise that the fair Eugenia was still unmarried, although extremely *à la mode.* The position of the young lady was certainly somewhat invidious, though then, as ever, she conducted herself with great propriety. Ill-natured people are apt to talk, however, when a young lady is long in "going off," and Mlle. de Montijo was no longer a mere girl in years. Whether

* From an article in Napoleon III.'s organ, *Le Dix Décembre*, December 15, 1868. The MS. of this article, in the Emperor's own handwriting, was found at the Tuileries after the revolution of 1870.

she made it her express purpose to fascinate Louis Napoleon—as many French and English writers have asserted—or whether she did not, he at all events fell in love with her. We ourselves do not think that she needed to exert herself in order to please. Napoleon was extremely susceptible to female charms, and she was extremely beautiful. And we are quite ready to believe that, while she was willing to become Empress of the French, she was also prepared, as Fleury states, to quit France and return to Spain at the slightest sign of disrespect.

When Napoleon first told his friend Fleury that he was in love with Mlle. de Montijo, Fleury at once advised him to marry her. But knowing what we do of the third Napoleon's character—he was still entangled with an English mistress, Miss Howard—it is certain that love in his case did not necessarily mean marriage. It appears from Fleury's narrative that the Marchioness de Contades, daughter of Marshal de Castellane, sounded her friend Mlle. de Montijo respecting her sentiments towards Napoleon, and communicated the result to Fleury; and when the matrimonial negotiations with foreign Courts had failed, the Emperor suddenly made up his mind and asked for Mlle. de Montijo's hand. It is said that in the first instance he addressed himself to the young lady herself on a favourable occasion in the reserved park of the Château of Compiègne. But the definite official proposal was made by the Minister of his Household, Fould. It would have been more in accordance with French social usage if Mme. de Montijo had been approached by a Princess of the Emperor's house; and, indeed, the Princess Mathilde, daughter of the first Napoleon's brother, Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, was thought of, and it is stated in several works that the official proposal was actually made by her. Even Fleury asserts it in the first volume of his "Souvenirs," but, corrected by the Princess herself, acknowledges his error in the second. The fact is, that the duty would not have been a pleasant one for the Princess Mathilde, for the Emperor's marriage was likely to deprive her brother, Prince Napoleon, of his chance of succeeding to the throne.

For that very reason many people were delighted that the Emperor should have decided to marry. In framing the Constitution of the Empire, the Senate had deliberately modified

a proposed clause setting forth that in the event of no direct issue the crown should pass to the Jerome branch of the imperial family. In lieu of adopting that stipulation, the Senators had left to the Emperor the duty of designating his successor, taking that course because they were unwilling to co-operate in the selection of Prince Napoleon, whom most of them cordially detested on account of his pretensions to radical republicanism and free-thought. The result was that old Prince Jerome, then President of the Senate, resigned that post in a huff—while, of course, assigning another reason for his action—and that he, his son Prince Napoleon, and his daughter Princess Mathilde, were only placated by a decree, which the Emperor himself issued, establishing the succession in their branch of the family in the event of his demise without leaving a son. That decree was dated December 18, 1852, but the pleasure of the Jeromites was short-lived, as on the 22nd of the following January, Napoleon III., having overridden the objections of the majority of his Ministers, announced to the great bodies of the State assembled at the Tuileries his approaching marriage; the *Moniteur* adding, almost unnecessarily, on the morrow, that Mlle. de Montijo was the sovereign's choice. It is true that the Emperor had not named her in his speech, but he had designated her clearly enough.*

Several years ago a number of French newspapers were convicted of publishing an erroneous, even libellous, account of the Empress Eugénie's origin. They wrongfully asserted that she and her sister, the Duchess d'Albe (Alva), were the daughters of Doña Maria del Pilar de Penansanda, who, after marrying Don Joaquin de Montijo, captain in the Regiment of Segovia, in February, 1810, was divorced from him in France in 1813, but, on the divorce being annulled in Spain, lived with him

* It was an impertinence on the Emperor's part, after vainly soliciting the hands of two foreign princesses, to sneer, as he did, in the marriage announcement at alliances with European royalties. In remarkably bad taste was the allusion to the Duke of Orleans (son of Louis Philippe), whom the new ruler pictured as having fruitlessly solicited an alliance with one and another sovereign house, and "securing at last the hand of a princess of only secondary rank and a different religion." He, Napoleon III., had been refused even by princesses of less than secondary rank. On the other hand, his reference to himself as a *parvenu* was not misplaced, though it was greatly disliked by many leading imperialists.

again until his death on October 30, 1823. The date of the Empress Eugénie's birth being 1826, it followed that she could not be the daughter of Don Joaquin. That story,* and the conclusions which were drawn from it, met, however, with annihilation during the legal proceedings which took place, it being shown that the Empress had never claimed to be the daughter of the aforesaid Don Joaquin and Doña Maria del Pilar. In an anonymous *brochure*, issued by the Empress's desire and written, it is believed, by M. F. Masson, the real facts were set forth, with certificates of birth, baptism, and other documentary evidence. Nevertheless, in later years another romantic account of the Empress's origin has appeared in some French works, it being asserted that she and her sister were no Montijos at all, but the children of Queen Christina of Spain—the wife of Ferdinand VII. and mother of Isabella II.—who induced the Countess de Montijo to bring them up as if they were her own offspring! Queen Christina is not accounted a virtuous woman by historians, but not a shred of evidence of the slightest value has ever been tendered in support of the above story. The facts, indeed, are such as were stated in the legal proceedings and the pamphlet already mentioned.† The father, then, of the Empress Eugénie was Don Cipriano Portocarrero, Palafox, Lopez de Zuniga, Rojas y Leiva, Count of Montijo (Conde del Montijo), Duke of Peñaranda, Count of Miranda del Castañar, etc., and grandee of Spain. He inherited most of his titles from his elder brother, Don Eugenio, seventh Count of Montijo, who died without issue in 1834. Before then Don Cipriano was generally known by the names of Guzman, Palafox y Portocarrero. He was a Napoleonist Spaniard, served in the French artillery as Colonel Portocarrero, received the Legion of Honour, was severely wounded at Salamanca, and again at the battle of Paris in 1814. He ultimately became a Spanish senator, and died at Madrid on March 15, 1839.

On December 15, 1817, he had married Doña Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick y Grévigné, the daughter of William

* We refer to it chiefly because it is still preserved in certain books, notably in Hamel's "Histoire du Second Empire"—in spite of the legal proceedings.

† "L'Impératrice: Notes et Documents," 8vo, Paris, 1877.

Kirkpatrick * y Wilson, Consul of the United States at Malaga. Kirkpatrick's wife was Doña Francisca Grévigné, whose family had originally belonged to Liége, and whose sister, Doña Catalina, married Count Mathieu de Lesseps, Commissary-General of the French Republic in Spain from 1800 to 1802, and father of the famous Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was thus a second cousin of the Empress Eugénie on the maternal side.

By his marriage with William Kirkpatrick's daughter, Don Cipriano de Montijo had two children, both born at Granada: the elder, Maria Francisca de Sales Cipriana, on January 29, 1825, and the younger, Maria Eugenia Ignacia Augustina, on May 5, 1826. It was the latter who became Empress of the French. Her sister, Francisca de Sales, was married in February, 1844, to a lineal descendant of James II. of Great Britain, that is, Don James Stuart FitzJames, Ventimiglia, Alvarez de Toledo, Belmonte y Navarra-Portogallo, eighth Duke of Berwick, fourteenth Duke of Alva, Duke of Leiria, Jerica, Galisteo, Montoro and Huesca, Count-Duke of Olivares, Count of Lemos, senior grandee of Spain, twelve times a first-class grandee, constable of Navarre, etc. The bride's father, it may be mentioned, had been eight times a count, twelve times a viscount, four times a grandee; but in giving the Count de Montijo's name we spared the reader a full enumeration of his titles. It is certain, however, that his two daughters were of high lineage, coming as they did on his side from the ancient houses of Guzman and Palafox.

It will be seen that the elder daughter married the Duke of Berwick and Alva when she was only nineteen,† whereas her sister was nearly twenty-seven when she espoused Napoleon III. In all the official documents of that time Eugénie de Montijo is described (like her mother) as "her Excellency," and the title of Countess de Teba and other places is assigned to her. Both designations were correct. When her father succeeded his elder

* He belonged to the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, and seems to have been born at Dumfries.

† She died young, in 1860, as we shall have occasion to relate; her husband, who was about four years her senior, survived till 1881. In France they were always known as the Duke and Duchess d'Albe [Alva], by which titles we propose to refer to them.

brother as Count de Montijo, certain entailments, which stipulated that the countships of Montijo and Teba should never be held by the same person, had compelled him to relinquish the latter to his younger daughter.*

The bride of Napoleon III. was more beautiful than her sister, the Duchess d'Albe, and, though on placing photographs of them side by side one is immediately struck by the resemblance of one to the other, this was not in reality so marked as might be supposed. Not only were the Duchess's features less delicately chiselled, not only was her figure slighter than the Empress's, but her hair was dark, whereas her sister's was of a golden chestnut hue. In all respects, indeed, the Empress Eugénie was of a fairer complexion, with skin of a transparent whiteness, delicately tinted cheeks, and fine, bright, blue eyes, shaded by drooping lids and abundant lashes. Her nose, if somewhat long, was slender, aristocratic; her mouth was small, and lent itself to an engaging smile. Slightly above the average height of Frenchwomen, she had a graceful and supple figure, an easy and yet dignified carriage. Her neck, her shoulders, and her arms were delicately statuesque, her feet worthy of her Andalusian birth. But to many she suggested rather the famous Venetian type of beauty, and it was often said that if Titian had been alive he would have gone on his knees to beg her to sit to him. It is, perhaps, a pity that the great painter was not a contemporary, for we might then have been spared the *fadeurs* of Winterhalter and others. On the other hand, the Empress had less ease of manner, gaiety, and charm of disposition than her sister. The Duchess d'Albe was a woman whom everybody immediately liked and appreciated, while often contenting themselves with admiring the Empress.

The marriage having been decided on, all open hostility to it among the Emperor's *entourage* ceased immediately, that is to say, excepting in one quarter: Miss Howard,† who had aspired to the *rôle* of La Pompadour, was extremely irate. Money, huge sums of money, did not pacify her, and at the time of the ceremony the devoted Mocquard, the Emperor's

* Teba is in the heart of Andalusia, north of Ronda, whereas Montijo is in Estremadura, between Merida and Badajoz.

† For some account of Miss Howard, see *post*, p. 182 *et seq.*

private secretary and *confidant*, had to keep her away from Paris. The preparations were pushed on with all possible speed. While the bride-elect and her mother took up their residence at the Élysée, Fleury, the chief stage-manager of the *régime*, exerted himself to organize the nuptial *cortège* with proper splendour. Nearly all the gala carriages of the State dated from the time of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and bore the Bourbon or Orleans arms, which had to be effaced. Moreover, the gilding, the painting, the upholstery required renovation, while there was also a deficiency both of horses and of trappings. As for horses, Fleury ingeniously met the difficulty by hiring a large number of the best animals which the London jobmasters could supply. They were promptly sent across the Channel, while at the State carriage dépôt at Trianon and in Paris a little army of painters, gilders, decorators, embroiderers, saddlers, and so forth, worked zealously both day and night in order that all other requisites might be ready in time.

The civil marriage took place at the Tuileries on the evening of January 29, 1853. At eight o'clock, Cambacérès, Great Master of Ceremonies, went to the Élysée to fetch the bride and her mother. They entered the Tuileries by the Pavillon de Flore, and were received in the vestibule by St. Arnaud, Fleury, two masters of ceremonies, and others, who conducted them upstairs, first to the family drawing-room, at the door of which they were welcomed by Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde. Of all those assembled on the occasion, Prince Napoleon was the only man who wore neither uniform nor official costume of any kind. He was simply attired in black evening dress, as if, indeed, he were in mourning for his chance of succession to the throne. But that was a fashion which, with pretended Republicanism, he affected during the early period of the Empire, and the story runs that when he was suddenly created a General of Division, though he had never served a single hour in the army, the Emperor took that course chiefly in order to compel him to wear a uniform on official occasions.*

* We have given the above anecdote because it is amusing; but Prince Napoleon became, we think, a senator at an early date, and had no real excuse for not wearing at least the senatorial dress on official occasions. Several writers of the time agree in stating, however, that the Prince affected plain

The Prince revenged himself on his cousin, however, by taking the matter seriously and insisting on being sent to the Crimea, whence he returned to Paris with a reputation which was anything but favourable.

Uniform or no uniform, however, gay at heart or secretly mourning, Prince Napoleon contrived to do his duty at the imperial wedding. He and his sister conducted Mme. and Mlle. de Montijo from the *salon de famille* to the *salon d'honneur*, where the bridegroom, wearing the order of the Golden Fleece and the collar of Chief of the Legion of Honour (which had belonged to Napoleon I.), was awaiting them. Marshals, admirals, ministers, officers of State and of the Household, pressed around, and finally, a procession being formed in strict accordance with the rules of precedence and etiquette prescribed during the first Empire, the whole company betook itself to the Hall of the Marshals.

Thither had been brought the old Register of the Imperial House, preserved since the great Napoleon's downfall. The last signed entry in it recorded the birth of the King of Rome. Achille Fould, as Minister of State and the Household, officiated. He went through the usual formalities, inquired of the bride and bridegroom if they were willing to take each other in marriage, and on receiving their assent, pronounced them to be man and wife: "In the name of the Emperor, the Constitution and the law, I declare that his Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French by the Grace of God and the National Will, and her Excellency Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Countess de Teba, are united in marriage." Then the register was signed, and the newly married pair and the whole company passed into the palace theatre to hear a cantata, specially composed by Auber, with verses by Méry, the Provençal writer, who congratulated Spain on having formed the new Empress out of one of its splendid sunrays.

After the concert the bride was re-escorted to the Elysée, where early on the morrow she attended a low mass. But at noon she returned to the Tuileries amid the roar of the guns

black. Perhaps, remembering the instance of Wellington and the decorations at the Congress of Vienna, he imagined that somebody would repeat Metternich's remark: *Ma foi, c'est bien distingué!* If so, he was mistaken.

of the Invalides. Her long-trained bridal gown was of rich white silk, covered with exquisite Alençon. As she had legally been Empress since the previous evening, the Crown jewels of France had been placed at her disposal, and she thus wore a *boucle de ceinture* simulating a sun, the historic Regent or Pitt diamond* forming the planet, and three hundred other brilliants figuring its rays or hanging as *aiguillettes*. Further, a diadem of six hundred brilliants bedimmed the effulgence of her hair, whence, from under a spray of orange-blossom, fell a veil of Brussels point. A rope of pearls, her own property, was wound four times around her fair young neck. And to all the splendour of jewels and raiment was added the grace of a born queen.

A decree constituting the new Empress's Household had been signed, and she was attended by her Great Mistress, the Princess d'Essling, Duchess de Rivoli, of the Masséna family, her Lady of Honour the Duchess de Bassano, and her first Chamberlain, Count Charles Tascher de La Pagerie. The Great Master of her Household, the senior Count Tascher de La Pagerie, nephew of the Empress Josephine, and her Equerry, Baron de Pierres, were in attendance on the Countess de Montijo. We lack the space to describe in detail the *cortège* which proceeded by way of the Carrousel, the Place du Louvre, and the Rue de Rivoli to Notre Dame. Fleury, whose resplendent regiment of Guides figured conspicuously on the occasion, had planned such a show as the Parisians had not witnessed since the earlier years of the century. The Emperor and Empress—he in full uniform and again wearing the collar of the Legion of Honour and the Golden Fleece—went together in a great coach, surmounted by an imperial crown and elaborately gilded and adorned with paintings, which had been built for the wedding of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. But at the outset a curious and ominous mishap occurred. The bridal pair had taken their seats, and the vehicle was passing from under the vaulted entrance of the Tuileries into the courtyard, when the imperial crown suddenly fell from the coach to the ground. The eight horses were at once halted, the crown was picked up, and in some fashion or other set in place again.

* An inch and a half long, an inch wide; weight 136 carats.

Meantime, as the Emperor, surprised at the delay, inquired the cause of it, Fleury, approaching the coach, quietly informed him, whereupon the Emperor replied that he would tell him an anecdote some other time. But the First Equerry knew it already. A virtually identical accident had occurred with the same coach and the same crown at the marriage of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. *Infaustum omen!*

It was not the only inauspicious augury that day. A Spanish lady who witnessed the wedding expressed her amazement that the Empress, being a Spaniard, should have ventured to wear a rope of pearls, for, according to an old Castillian saying, "The pearls that women wear on their wedding-day symbolize the tears they are fated to shed."

Fifteen thousand candles were burning in the fane of Notre Dame de Paris, and the ancient edifice was crowded with dignitaries, officials, diplomatic representatives and ladies, when the procession arrived there. According to the poets, on the coming of Helen to Troy, the inhabitants who flocked to contemplate her recoiled in amazement, wonderstruck, almost frightened, by the sight of such incomparable beauty. In somewhat similar fashion, a great wave of emotion swayed the spectators in Notre Dame when they saw the young Empress enter. Slowly, to the strains of grave soft music, the bridal pair stepped along the nave under a canopy of red velvet lined with white silk. Holy water and incense were offered them, and they took their places on a throne-like platform, whither Archbishop Sibour of Paris * came to salute them. Then they proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony began. The Bishop of Nancy presented the offering of gold pieces, tendered the wedding ring for the Archbishop's blessing, and with the Bishop of Versailles held the canopy over the bridal pair, who, at the conclusion of the marriage rites, returned to the platform while mass was celebrated. The register was afterwards signed, the witnesses to the Emperor's signature being Prince Jerome and Prince Napoleon, and to the Empress's, the Marquis de Valdegamas, Spanish ambassador, and several

* Four years later, Mgr. Sibour was stabbed to death in the church of St. Étienne du Mont by a priest named Verger. We shall have occasion to recount that crime.

grandees. It was to the strains of Lesueur's *Urbs beata* that the Emperor and Empress quitted the cathedral, and when they appeared at the entrance deafening applause arose from the waiting crowd. They returned by way of the quays to the Tuileries Palace, where a State banquet, a concert, and many presentations ensued. Finally, the newly wedded pair escaped to the little château of Villeneuve l'Étang, adjoining the park of St. Cloud, and there, and in excursions to Versailles and Trianon, they spent the first days of their union.

On the whole the marriage was certainly popular. The Parisians, however lively they may be as a community, are but poor applauders, as everybody knows. On that first day and for some time afterwards, however, the Empress's beauty repeatedly stirred them from their wonted reserve. Said one man of the people to another on the wedding day, as the *cortège* passed: "Well, at all events, he [meaning the Emperor] has good taste. He can tell a pretty woman when he sees one." "*Sapristi*, yes," the other replied; "shouldn't I like to be in his place!"

Apart, however, from the bride's attractiveness, a distinctly favourable impression had been created by her refusal of a diamond *parure* which the Administrative Commission of Paris * proposed to offer her at a cost of £24,000, which sum she preferred to see devoted to some charitable work, and notably, said she, to the establishment of a school where poor girls might receive a professional education. Eventually the money was used to found the Orphelinat Eugène-Napoléon. With respect to a sum of £10,000 which the Emperor placed in his bride's *corbeille de mariage*, she divided it among various hospitals for incurables and maternity societies. Apart from those pecuniary matters, however, the marriage had a good effect because the Emperor deigned to "pardon" 3000 persons who had been arrested, transported or exiled for daring to oppose or disapprove of his illegal Coup d'État. For that offence 41,000 persons had been apprehended or prosecuted, and

* There was no real Municipal Council in those days. Paris was not allowed to have elected representatives. It was ruled by a Prefect and a Commission, which was appointed by Government and composed exclusively of fervent Bonapartists, on whom the supreme authorities could rely.

29,000 of them convicted and sentenced by courts martial, or ordinary courts, or arbitrary mixed commissions.* The figures had been diminished by successive decrees of pardon, but at the time of the imperial marriage there still remained some 6000 persons imprisoned at Lambessa, at Cayenne or in France, or else exiled from the country. It was with satisfaction therefore that people heard of the new decree which considerably reduced the number of the Coup d'État's victims.

It has been mentioned that a Household had been constituted for the new Empress. The Princess d'Essling, who was appointed its Great Mistress with a salary of £1600 a year, was a daughter of General Debelle. Short and slight of figure, with fair curly hair, she nevertheless had a very dignified bearing, in fact she was inclined to frigidity and curtness of manner. She did not live at the Tuileries, but called there every day to take the Empress's orders. She attended her, of course, at all state ceremonies, banquets, and receptions, and was charged with the presentation of ladies at Court. In her absence her duties were undertaken by the Empress's Lady of Honour, a post held at first by the Duchess de Bassano, *née* Hoogworth, wife of the Emperor's Great Chamberlain, and a lady who contrasted strikingly with the Princess d'Essling, for, like a true Fleming, she was tall and buxom, and possessed of a very amiable smile and disposition. Even the most scurrilous of the scandal-mongers of the Empire never assailed the Bassano *ménage*. Husband and wife were regarded as patterns for the whole Court, and the Duke was grievously afflicted when Mme. de Bassano died still young, leaving three children in his charge. She was succeeded in her office by a beautiful Florentine, Countess Walewska, who was very amiable, indeed (according to Lord Malmesbury and others) too amiable—particularly with the Emperor. Of no lady of the Court have the *anecdotiers* of the Empire related more amazing and, probably, mendacious stories.

Besides the Great Mistress and the Lady of Honour there were six so-called Ladies of the Palace (with salaries of £480 a year) in attendance on the Empress. Among their duties were those of accompanying her when she went out, and of

* Report discovered at the Tuileries after the fall of the Empire.

introducing lady visitors into her presence. They did not reside at the Tuileries, but attended in rotation week by week, there being always one "Dame de grand service" and one "Dame de petit service" on duty. Among the first appointed was the Countess de Montebello, *née* de Villeneuve-Bargemont and wife of General de Montebello, sometime ambassador at the Papal Court. A fervent catholic and a great friend of the Empress's sister, the Duchess d'Albe, Mme. de Montebello was extremely attractive and elegant; but towards the end of the Empire she fell into a decline, and passed away almost on the eve of the Franco-German war. Next one may mention the Baroness de Pierres, wife of the Empress's first Equerry. She was of American birth, her father, Mr. Thorne, having been one of the early millionaires of the United States, one who had dazzled Paris with his wealth during the reign of Louis Philippe. It was through Mme. de Pierres that more than one American lady obtained the *entrée* to the Court of the Tuileries, for it must not be forgotten that beauties and heiresses of the new world were cordially welcomed there very many years before they succeeded in invading the Court of St. James. The Baroness de Pierres was a splendid horsewoman—in fact, one of the best riders in France.

Another Lady of the Palace, the Marchioness de Las Marismas, was a famous Court beauty, with fair golden hair, a bright dazzling complexion, and a most graceful figure. But she was gradually borne down by successive misfortunes. First her husband, a naturalized Frenchman of Spanish origin and extremely wealthy, lost his reason, whereupon she would not suffer him to be removed to any asylum, but watched over him until his death. A new life seemed to be opening for her when by special dispensation she married her deceased husband's brother, Viscount Onésime Aguado, but she lost in succession her lovely daughter Carmen, Duchess de Montmorency, then both her sons, and her second husband also. It is not surprising that she should have ended her life in close and sorrowful retirement. At one time, however, the Aguado mansion in the Rue de l'Élysée witnessed some of the most splendid entertainments given in Paris, while the Aguado equipages were renowned.

Among the very first Ladies of the Palace who were appointed was the Countess Féray, daughter of Marshal Bugeaud, who, being extremely proud of her birth, found Court duties and habits of deference irksome. She therefore soon withdrew from the post. The Countess de Lezay-Marnésia, a very amiable woman, who was another of the first ladies-in-waiting, also resigned, but in consequence of failing health; whereupon the Empress selected as her successor the beautiful Madame Carette, grand-daughter of Admiral Bouvet, and for some years her Majesty's reader. Mme. Carette's husband was a prominent landowner and agriculturist of northern France. Of recent years she has penned various volumes of recollections, which we have consulted and quoted from in this narrative.

The Marchioness de Latour-Maubourg, a granddaughter of Marshal Mortier, was also a Lady of the Palace. She was tall, good-tempered, and witty, had little taste for display, but was extremely attached to her husband, a tall and handsome man, who held office in the Imperial Hunt. A succession of misfortunes, similar to those of the Aguados, fell upon the family, and Mme. de Latour-Maubourg, the last survivor, ended by seeking refuge in a convent. Among her colleagues at Court were the two daughters of the Marquis de la Roche-Lambert, sometime Ambassador at Berlin—first the Countess de La Bédoyère, and secondly the Countess de La Poëze.* The former, a radiant blonde with a fine figure, is often mentioned by the *anecdotiers* of the time. Becoming a widow, she married Edgar Ney, Prince de la Moskowa, but after her second marriage she was always ailing, and died comparatively young. Her sister, Mme. de La Poëze, was of slighter build and less beauty, but she possessed a very lively wit.

The Baroness de Malaret, noted for her taste in dress, was only for a short time in attendance on the Empress, having followed her husband to Turin when he received a diplomatic appointment there. Mme. de Sancy de Parabère, a daughter of General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and therefore a family connection of the Bonapartes, appeared upon the scene in 1855, when she was still very young. A woman of the highest distinction, witty and high-minded, expert too in retaining

* See p. 355 for further references to these ladies.

her beauty in spite of the lapse of years, she became one of the Empress's favourites. Her colleague, Mme. de Saulcy, a daughter of Baron de Billing, was very charming, tall, slim and graceful, with a gentle face. Her husband was a writer of repute on the Holy Land and Jewish history. The Baroness de Viry de Cohendier, a handsome young woman with large dark eyes, for which Marshal Vaillant very bluntly expressed his admiration,* only became a lady-in-waiting after the annexation of Savoy, to which province she belonged. She was, without reason, very jealous of her husband, a tall, pale, frigid man, who was appointed an honorary chamberlain and mooned about the palace, making friends with nobody.

The Countess de Lourmel, another Lady of the Palace, was, says the Duke de Conegliano, plain, but very gay and amiable. Perhaps so—with gentlemen. But Mme. Carette, while mentioning that the Countess was quite destitute of beauty, differs from the Duke in other respects, for she rather spitefully describes Mme. de Lourmel as vain and irritable, and endeavouring fruitlessly to become the Empress's favourite. She was generally known as the "lady with the emeralds," owing to a wonderful *parure* which she was fond of wearing, and which was supposed to be composed of false stones, as her private circumstances were slender. She died towards the end of the Empire after losing her reason. The Tuileries was an unlucky palace, as we have said before.

There were two Maids of Honour in office. At first Mlle. Bouvet (Mme. Carette) and Mlle. de Kloeckler, who were succeeded by Mlle. Marion (later Countess Clary) and Mlle. de Lermont. The post of reader to the Empress was occupied at various periods by Mlle. Bouvet, the Countess de Pons de Wagner, a somewhat eccentric old lady,† and Mme. Lebreton

* According to Mme. Carette's "Souvenirs," he told the lady that she reminded him of "Juno with the cow's eyes." If he had left out the last four words the Baroness would have felt flattered, but she disliked the allusion to a four-footed animal, particularly the one mentioned.

† Mme. Carette relates that Mme. de Wagner usually wore a plain dark wig, but that on one occasion, when Hortense Schneider was turning everybody's head in Paris with her golden tresses as la Belle Hélène, the old lady arrived at the Tuileries wearing a new and curly wig of the fashionable aureate hue. Mme. Carette rushed from the room laughing at the sight, and the Empress, who met her and ascertained the cause, sent orders that Mme. de

(sister of General Bourbaki), the well-remembered and devoted attendant who followed the Empress Eugénie into exile. The Maids of Honour (and eventually the Empress's reader) lived at the Tuileries, and one or other was on duty every morning, and accompanied her Majesty on her private visits to hospitals and charitable establishments. Much time was also given to classifying and putting away the Empress's correspondence, the greater part of which is still in existence, in her Majesty's custody. It may be added that the reader never actually read to the Empress—who preferred to do her reading herself, perusing several newspapers regularly—but she penned many letters such as the Empress did not care to have written by her "Secrétaire des Commandements."

It was a rule that the Court ladies should wear low-necked dresses every evening, but that their toilettes should be simple and their jewels few, unless there happened to be some grand entertainment. The rank of the Great Mistress of the Household was indicated by a superb medallion which she wore on her breast, and which had a portrait of the Emperor on one side and of the Empress on the other. After the birth of the Imperial Prince the "Governess of the Children of France" displayed a similar medallion. The Ladies of the Palace, for their part, wore, on the left side of their bodices, a jewel bearing the Empress's initial in diamonds set in blue enamel. All the insignia mentioned were surmounted by the imperial crown in brilliants, and hung from ribands striped blue and white.

The men of the Empress's Household were first Count Tascher de la Pagerie, the Great Master, and his son, Count Charles, the First Chamberlain. They received £1600 and £1200 a year respectively. The former, born at Martinique in 1787, had fought at the battle of Eylau and in Portugal under Junot. He had subsequently attached himself to the fortunes of Eugène de Beauharnais, and followed him to Bavaria. He returned to France in 1852 at the request of

Wagner was to take off her golden wig at once and never come to the palace in it again. M. de Piennes, one of the chamberlains, persuaded the astonished old lady (who had expected to be much admired) to take the wig back to the *coiffeur* of whom she had purchased it.

Napoleon III., who thereupon made him a senator. He had spent so many years in Bavaria, however, that he had become more a German than a Frenchman. His duties as Great Master were few and light, but being very gouty he left them almost invariably to Count Charles, who was still more of a German, having been born in Bavaria in 1822. Very ill favoured as regards his looks, and fond of grimacing, he had, as the Duke de Conegliano rightly says, no taste at all, as was shown when he arrayed the male members of the Household in vivid Bavarian blue. He was very intimate with all the secretaries and *attachés* of the various German embassies in Paris, and entertained them freely at his residence. His sister, Countess Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie, a Canoness in Bavaria, was far more tasteful and much brighter. She held no Court office, merely residing with her father at the Tuileries, but she organized several of the most successful entertainments given at the palace, and has written an interesting account of her life there.*

The chamberlains of the Empress, each in receipt of £480 a year, were Count de Lezay-Marnésia, husband of the lady we previously mentioned and a connection of the Bonaparte family, the Marquis de Piennes and Count Artus de Cossé-Brissac. The Marquis d'Havrincourt also served for a short time. The three others were all of artistic tastes. The first painted in oils, the second was a sculptor, the third a good draughtsman. M. de Marnésia, who was tall, fair, and very good-looking, succeeded Count Charles Tascher as First Chamberlain in 1869. He was fond of dabbling in politics, like his colleague M. de Piennes, who married the daughter of Marshal MacMahon. Count Artus de Cossé-Brissac belonged to a famous house with which Court functions were hereditary under the old French monarchy; for in addition to the four of its members who became Marshals of France, one was Great Almoner, four were Great Falconers, while no fewer than ten successively became Great or First Pantlers to the King—the last only giving up his office in 1789. Count Artus, the Empress's chamberlain, was a man of lively and

* Both the Counts Tascher de la Pagerie died at the Tuileries, the elder in 1861, the younger in 1869.

open disposition. His wife was *née* La Mothe-Houdancourt, another famous name in the days of the old *régime*.

It is said that when the selection of a Secrétaire des Commandements to the Empress was mooted, she suggested Mérimée for the post, and that Napoleon III. was unwilling to appoint the author of "Carmen" and "Colomba." The story runs that the suggestion really emanated from Madame de Montijo, with whom Mérimée's name was often associated in a very invidious manner. In any case the appointment was not made, the post being given to a certain M. Damas-Hinard, a little, bald-headed, smiling old man, who was always faultlessly arrayed in a glossy dress-coat and a white cravat, while that of librarian went to a M. de St. Albin, who delighted in very ancient hats and well-worn clothes, so creased and untidy, that it seemed as if he slept in them.

The Empress's chief maid was Mme. Pollet, her assistants including the Demoiselles Bayle, daughters of the Emperor's jailer during his imprisonment at Ham. Something will have to be said of Mme. Pollet when describing the routine of the Empress's daily life. It is now best to pass to some of the chief incidents which marked the Court's earlier years.

CHAPTER IV

QUEEN VICTORIA IN PARIS—BIRTH OF THE IMPERIAL PRINCE

The Corps Législatif and its Dancing Bears—The Crimean War and the "Entente Cordiale" with Great Britain—The Prince Consort at Boulogne—The first Paris International Exhibition—The Emperor and Empress visit Queen Victoria—The Despair of the Empress's Hairdresser—The first Lord Mayor seen by the Parisians—Queen Victoria's State Visit to France—The Emperor's narrow Escape from Death—The Queen's Reception in Paris—The Visit to the First Napoleon's Tomb—Queen Victoria and the Battle of Fontenoy—The Great Fête at Versailles—The Queen's Departure—Victor Emmanuel in Paris—Chevalier Nigra—The Birth of the Imperial Prince—Mishaps of the Empress Eugénie—The Layette and the Cradles—The Pope's quandary about baby-linen—The Governesses and Nurses—Twenty Hours of Suspense—The Guns of the Invalides—Appearance of the Imperial Prince—Théôphile Gautier and Camille Doucet celebrate his birth—Civil List Benefactions—The Private and the Public Baptism—The Empress and the Golden Rose.

However great were the gaieties of the Second Empire, there was always a little rift in the lute even amid festivities which seemed the most likely to prove harmonious. Not long after the imperial marriage the deputies of the Corps Législatif gave a ball in honour of the Empress. The hall of the Palais Bourbon where they met was transformed for the occasion into a magnificent dancing saloon, and both as an entertaining spectacle for those who did not dance and as a source of personal physical enjoyment for those who did, the *fête* was a brilliant success. Rabelais' "uncomfortable quarter of an hour" ensued, however. It had been arranged that the entertainment should be a subscription affair, each deputy paying his quota of the expenses. The total outlay being about £4,800, it followed that the deputies were called upon to pay some sixteen guineas apiece. At that time they were being remunerated

at the rate of £100 a month for as long a period as any session lasted; nevertheless a good many of them made somewhat wry faces when their dancing bill was presented. Ultimately, with but one exception, they all "paid up"—the exception being the famous Catholic politician the Count de Montalembert, who, having refused to attend the entertainment on the ground that it was quite indecent for deputies to disport themselves on the light fantastic toe, also refused to pay any subscription. At the same time, not wishing to appear niggardly, he decided to send sixteen guineas to the mayor of Besançon (which town he represented in the Chamber), requesting him to add the amount to some apprenticeship fund which had been recently established there. The mayor, however, dreadfully shocked at the idea of dealing in that fashion with money which, said he, ought to have been employed in ministering to the pleasures of the Empress, immediately sent it back to M. de Montalembert, who had to expend it in private charity. Such was the press *régime* of those times that the newspapers scarcely dared to comment on the affair either one way or the other; still one of them ventured to remark: "It used to be said that the National Assembly of the defunct Republic was like a bear-garden, and indeed we remember many occasions when the representatives of the people were within an ace of clutching and clawing one another. We have progressed since then, as everybody is aware. And frankly, for our part, we infinitely prefer to see our bears tamed and dancing." That season, in those circles of Parisian society which were inimical to the Empire, the deputies of the Legislative Body were freely called "the dancing bears."

In September that year (1853) the Emperor and Empress went on a tour through parts of Normandy and northern France. They next betook themselves to Compiègne and Fontainebleau, where for a while no little gaiety prevailed. But clouds were gathering, and early in the following year the Crimean War began. The French Republicans were not displeased to see the Empire (which was to have been Peace) already embroiled with a foreign power, for they anticipated complications that would give them an opportunity to overthrow the *régime*. Victor Hugo, "perched on the rock of

Jersey," expressed himself in that sense in some grandiloquent apocalyptical verses; while others declared that the Empire was evidently in sore straits, as it recognized that it must speedily collapse unless it could secure a baptism of glory.

No matter what may have been said, however, by the "irreconcilables" of that time, or by Frenchmen generally in these later years of the more or less stable Russian alliance, it is certain that the Crimean War was popular with the great mass of the nation. Moreover, the *rapprochement* with England which had been going on ever since the Coup d'État (in spite of the outspokenness of the English press with respect to the Emperor and many of those around him), was gradually meeting with greater and greater favour. Several little incidents contributed to that result. The British Government had presented the will of Napoleon I. to the new Emperor; cordial speeches had been exchanged on the occasion of the visit of some of the chief London merchants to Paris; a project for the piercing of a Panama canal with British capital and French support had been mooted with some success; and pleasant courtesies had attended the reception of the English colony at Boulogne during an imperial visit to that town.

Various matters of that kind, coupled with the agreement of the French and English Governments on the Russo-Turkish question, helped to draw the two nations together. There was, of course, no unanimous approval of the *rapprochement*. Unanimity was impossible. There were still, on both sides, too many people alive who retained a vivid memory of Waterloo, which was then only thirty-nine years old. Besides, Frenchmen barely of middle age readily recalled all the trouble over Mehemet Ali, the Spanish marriages, the Pritchard affair and other matters, which had repeatedly endangered the *entente cordiale* of the two countries during the reign of Louis Philippe.* But Waterloo alone was a terrible memory, such as it is hardly possible for people of the present generation to conceive; and, curiously enough, while on the one hand the Second Empire

* According to Littré, the expression *entente cordiale*, as applied to the relations of France and Great Britain, was first employed in 1840, in an Address of the French Chamber of Deputies to the Crown. We believe, however, that it originated a few years previously.

sought to obliterate it, on the other it lent it continuity of life by its repeatedly declared ambition to "tear up the treaties of 1815." We now live at a much faster pace than we did then. Never was the saying "here to-day and gone to-morrow" more appropriate than it is at present. Yet there are things which remain unforgotten even amid the helter-skelter of these quick-change days. In France the memory of Sedan abides even as did the memory of Waterloo, and who can tell when it will pass away? Not, perhaps, for many years. Little interest may now attach to the Crimean War, but it is a question whether Lord Salisbury's dictum, about putting "money on the wrong horse," ought not to be qualified. In any case, that war was not without its happy consequences, for it did more than anything else to bring Frenchmen and Englishmen together. There was trouble again between them not long afterwards, but only passing trouble. The sting of Waterloo was virtually healed by Alma and Inkermann.

In the autumn of 1854 the Emperor was at Boulogne inspecting and reviewing the forces there. In one of his addresses to the troops at that time he remarked, sagely enough: "Any army whose different parts cannot be united in four and twenty hours is an army badly distributed." The aphorism was based on the dicta of the first Napoleon, and it was a pity for France that the third one did not remember it sixteen years afterwards. While he was at Boulogne he received a visit from the Prince Consort, in whose honour various manœuvres took place. A little later the Empress arrived from Biarritz, and accompanying Napoleon on horseback, participated in the reviewing of the troops. Then came a brief period of rejoicing, for the victory of the Alma tended to the belief that the war would be short. But St. Arnaud died, the Russians retired on Sebastopol, and in spite of Inkermann all hope of a speedy peace departed. Thus there were no *fêtes* at Compiègne or Fontainebleau that autumn; the Court was almost in mourning.

In the spring of 1855 public attention was in a measure diverted from the Crimea by the first of the Paris international exhibitions, for which a company erected, at a cost of half a million sterling, the huge building, some 900 feet in length, known as the Palais de l'Industrie and for many years a

conspicuous feature of the Champs Élysées.* A month before the inauguration of this world-show (in which Russia, naturally, did not participate) the Emperor and Empress went to England on a visit to Queen Victoria. This was quite an event. In attendance on Napoleon were Marshal Vaillant, the Duke de Bassano, General de Montebello, Edgar Ney, Count Fleury, and M. de Toulongeon, while the Empress's retinue included the Princess d'Essling, the Countess de Montebello, the Baroness de Malaret, and Count Charles Tascher de la Pagerie. Fleury, who made all the arrangements for the journey, blundered badly by dividing the retinue into various sections, for, as the yachts in which the imperial party crossed the Channel became separated, the Emperor and Empress had already reached London when some of their attendants were barely landing at Dover. A special train conveyed the belated ones at full speed to the metropolis, though not in time to overtake the others, who had already left for Windsor.

As Fleury was getting into the court-landau which was to carry him to Paddington he was accosted by an individual with a greenish hue and woebegone expression of countenance whom he did not recognize, but who earnestly entreated permission to get up behind with the footmen. "But who may you be?" Fleury somewhat sharply inquired. "I am Félix, her Majesty the Empress's hairdresser," was the reply, "and I am in despair at being left behind! What her Majesty will do without me I cannot tell, but I feel like cutting my throat!" The position was indeed serious: the Empress already at Windsor and no *coiffeur* to dress her hair for dinner! What a disaster! "Quick, then, get up behind," said Fleury, and away the party went. When they arrived at Windsor Fleury hastened to inform the Empress of the incident. "Tell Félix not to distress himself," said she, laughing; "he must on no account commit suicide. We want no affaire Vatel here.† My maids have done their best for me in his absence."

* Other buildings, costing another quarter of a million sterling, were also erected. The enterprise, though successful in many ways, resulted in a heavy deficit for the company, which was only extricated from its difficulties by the purchase of the Palais de l'Industrie by the State.

† The reader will remember that Vatel, the Prince de Condé's cook, spitted

At this time Napoleon appears to have created a favourable impression on Queen Victoria, and she was especially pleased with the Empress, whose manner was "the most perfect thing" she had ever seen, "so gentle and graceful . . . the courtesy so charming, and so modest and retiring withal." The stay at Windsor was marked by a review of troops under Lord Cardigan of Balaclava fame, and by a council of war which pronounced unanimously against a project then entertained by the Emperor of proceeding in person to the Crimea, in order to hasten the military operations. For the time he was unwilling to relinquish that scheme, though he ultimately abandoned it, as we shall see. During his sojourn at Windsor he was installed with all pomp and ceremony as a Knight of the Garter, a distinction which, as a *parvenu* Emperor, he rightly prized. The French *Moniteur*, when publishing a grandiloquent account of the proceedings, laid particular emphasis on the fact that Queen Victoria had distinguished his Majesty by giving him the accolade on either cheek, instead of merely tendering him her hand as was her custom when other Knights of the Garter were installed. Later, upon the Emperor and Empress going to London, they were banqueted by the Corporation of the City, when the most cordial speeches were exchanged in celebration of the Franco-British alliance. All this had effect on public opinion, not only in England and France, but also on the continent generally. The authority of Napoleon III. as a sovereign was enhanced, consolidated, both among his own people and in foreign states—such was the benefit reaped by those who secured the favour of Great Britain, such her prestige under Palmerston.

But there was more to come. After the opening of the Paris Exhibition on the return of the imperial party to France, the Lord Mayor of London and numerous members of the corporation went in state to the French capital, where their visit awakened great interest and curiosity. The Lord Mayor of that time, Sir Francis Graham Moon—the famous fine-art publisher who did so much to popularize Wilkie, Eastlake, Landseer, Roberts, Stanfield, Cattermole, and others—had often been in France

himself with his sword because the fish was late in arriving on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s famous visit to Chantilly.

previously as a private individual, but this was the first time that the Parisians were privileged to gaze upon a "Lor' Maire" arrayed in all his pomp and glory, with his chain of office hanging from his shoulders, and his attendant mace-bearer, sword-bearer and trumpeters, besides all such satellites as sheriffs, aldermen, and common councillors robed in scarlet or mazarine. Frenchmen knew very little about the Corporation of London, but their novelists had taught them to regard it as a wonderful, mysterious survival of the middle ages, and Milor' Maire's authority in England was supposed to be second only to that of the Queen herself. Sir Francis Moon and his family were sumptuously lodged at the Hôtel de Ville, the other visitors were suitably provided for, and receptions, balls, and banquets, in which the Imperial Court as well as the Parisian municipality participated, became the order of the day.

If that were the first time that Paris had ever gazed upon a Lord Mayor, some four and a half centuries had elapsed since a reigning sovereign of England had set foot within the city's walls. Since the departure of the infant Henry VI., crowned at Notre Dame, only two exiled English sovereigns—Charles II. before the Restoration and James II. after the Glorious Revolution—had been seen in the French capital. Now, however, Queen Victoria, still further cementing the alliance of the two countries, came to visit Paris and the Exhibition. Accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales (now, of course, Edward VII.), she crossed the Channel from Osborne to Boulogne, where she was received by Napoleon III., who had resolved to escort her to his capital.

On the morning of August 18, before the royal yacht and the attendant British squadron were sighted from the port, the Emperor, accompanied by Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, rode to the heights to ascertain if from that point of vantage anything could be discerned of his visitors' approach. Halting his horse at a short distance from the overhanging cliff, he let the reins hang on the animal's neck, while, with both hands, he raised a pair of field glasses to his eyes. All at once, the horse, startled perhaps by some action on the part of a few men who were digging a trench near by, bounded forward, the Emperor's hat flew off, and he precipitately dropped his glasses in order to

seize the reins and check the impetuous animal. He was an expert equestrian—indeed, little as he might look it, he had been quite a dare-devil rider in his younger days, as Lord Malmesbury and others who then knew him have testified—still his danger was real, and it was only with the very greatest difficulty and by the combined force of skill and muscles that he was able to pull his horse back upon its haunches when it was within but a foot or two of the depths yawning beyond the cliff. In after years Napoleon referred more than once to that incident. He had never feared, said he, the bombs or bullets of would-be assassins, but, for just one second, on the cliff of Boulogne, he had felt that he could see death staring him in the face.*

That same afternoon at two o'clock the Queen landed at Boulogne, and shortly before seven she made her entry into Paris. For several days people had been flocking into the city; £12 was the lowest price for a window overlooking the Boulevards, and the footways were packed for miles with enthusiastic sight-seers. The decorations inside and around the railway station, the triumphal arches on the Boulevards, were such as only Parisian taste can devise. It is unnecessary to dwell on the undoubted warmth of the reception given to the Queen as she drove by in an open carriage drawn by four horses—the Princess Royal sitting by her side, and the Prince Consort and the Emperor sharing the front seat. Cannon boomed, flags fluttered, bands played the National Anthem, soldiers presented arms, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs, while Paris cheered as, within the memory of its oldest inhabitant, it had never cheered before. Night was setting in when the procession

* It is unprofitable to speculate on the "ifs" of history, but it may be pointed out that a curious situation would have arisen had the Emperor met with a fatal accident on the occasion referred to. The Empress was then *enceinte*, but as yet the Constitution contained no provision respecting a Regency. Such provision was only made in 1856 (Senatus-consultum of July 17). As matters stood in 1855, it seems as if the Ministers in office would have had to form themselves into a "Government Council," which would have exercised Regency powers—perhaps until the Imperial Prince attained his majority. Even the Senatus-consultum of 1856 left several points in uncertainty, to dispel which the Emperor, on February 1, 1858, expressly issued Letters Patent designating the Empress Eugénie as Regent in the event of his death.—"Organisation politique de l'Empire Français." Paris, 1867.

reached the Bois de Boulogne, but the troopers of the escort had been provided with torches, which they lighted and carried aloft as they rode before, beside, and after the carriages through the broad avenues going towards St. Cloud.

It was there that the royal party was to stay, there that the Empress, then in an interesting state of health, was waiting. Beautiful rooms had been assigned to the Queen, and every possible provision made for her comfort, one of the State upholsterers having proceeded some time previously to Windsor in order that the appointments of the royal bed-chamber might include everything to which the Queen was accustomed. In fact, the Emperor carried his solicitude so far as to order careful replicas of her favourite reading-chair and table—the sight of these replicas on her arrival at St. Cloud filling her with astonishment. General de Montebello, the Marquis de La Grange, Count Fleury, Mme. de Saulcy, and the Countess de La Bédoyère were attached to the Queen's person during her stay, which was spent in a round of sight-seeing, receptions and entertainments. Wherever she appeared, at the Exhibition, in the streets of Paris, or in the grounds of Versailles, she was received with the warmest acclamations, but, as usual, there was a little rift in the lute.

It became known at the Tuileries that the Queen wished to visit the tomb of Napoleon I. at the Invalides, of which old Prince Jerome was Governor. At that time he was staying at Hâvre, and when the Emperor requested him to return to Paris, in order that he might do the honours of the Invalides to the Queen, he feigned illness to avoid obeying the command. Unfortunately, he could not control his tongue, and the truth leaked out. "He had fought at Waterloo," said he, "and he was not going to exhibit his brother's tomb to the descendants of those who had sent the great man to perish on the rock of St. Helena. He had no fancy for crocodile's tears, such as those English royalties would doubtless shed." Meantime, the Emperor had suggested to Marshal Vaillant that he, in default of Prince Jerome, should receive the Queen at the Invalides; but that old soldier of the first Empire, though frequently in contact with the royal visitors, was apparently influenced by feelings akin to Jerome's. At all events, he eluded the duty by pleading

that it was surely one which a Prince of the Imperial House ought to discharge. Eventually, the visit was made in privacy, and just before the Queen's departure, Prince Jerome, alarmed by threats of the Emperor's displeasure, came from Hâvre to St. Cloud to pay her his respects.

Apropos of those incidents, mentioned here because they illustrate previous remarks on the memory of Waterloo, it may be added that on one occasion, when the Queen was confronted by the souvenir of former hostilities between the two nations, she met the difficulty in a happy manner. It was in the Galerie des Batailles at the Palace of Versailles. "And what is that engagement?" she inquired, as she passed along, indicating a painting in which an army was shown retreating in disorder, hard-pressed by a victorious foe. Napoleon III. was momentarily embarrassed. He replied, however, "It is the battle of Fontenoy. Your Majesty must overlook it—such subjects are scarce with us." "I wish," the Queen retorted, "that for the sake of both our countries all such warlike subjects were scarcer still."

The three principal entertainments which marked the royal visit were a gala performance at the Paris Opera-house, a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and another at Versailles. The scene on the last occasion was magical. For a few hours the great deserted palace became as animated, as crowded, as full of state and splendour as in the palmiest days of Louis XIV. There were flowers everywhere, banks of flowers lining every staircase, festoons of flowers hanging around every room. The great Galerie des Glaces—where fifteen years later the victorious King of Prussia was to be hailed as German Emperor—presented, amid the blaze of thousands of wax candles, as brilliant a scene as Cochin depicted in that engraving which is his masterpiece. True, no cardplay was in progress, there was no Louis Quinze turning up the ace of hearts, no Madame de Pompadour beside him, no bewigged courtiers standing around, with their hands thrust in their muffs. But the ladies in their crinolines recalled the old-time ladies in their lace-flounced hoops, particularly as, that year, 1855, white silk and satin covered with the costliest Chantilly were the *grande mode* for evening wear. And at Versailles the Queen, the Empress, and

all the other ladies displayed as many diamonds as ever flashed upon any great gala gathering of the old *régime*. The Queen danced, as she had done at the Hôtel de Ville, opening the ball with the Emperor, while the Prince Consort and the Princess Mathilde were their *vis-à-vis*. The Empress, however, was not allowed to disport herself in that fashion. She had contrived to attend the *fête* in defiance of her physicians, but they asserted their authority when the question of dancing was mooted. After all, the ball was only one part of the entertainment, for the gardens of Versailles, like the palace itself, were wonderfully illuminated. The fountains seemed to be throwing myriads of rubies, topazes, emeralds, and sapphires into the air, and the basins, across which glided the gondolas of fairyland, coruscated like rippling, seething masses of molten gems.*

During her stay in France, Queen Victoria was at the Tuileries on various occasions. She lunched there one day, and afterwards called there to take formal leave of the Empress and the French Court. Her departure was an imposing ceremony. On quitting the palace, although she was simply attired in a plain grey silk travelling costume, she entered the great state coach, all gilding and carving, which had done duty on the occasion of the imperial wedding. This time, fortunately, the crown on the summit did not fall off. At measured pace went the huge vehicle, drawn by eight splendid horses, richly caparisoned, and bestridden or attended by postilions and grooms in gala liveries. Other superb equipages followed, and there was a dazzling escort of Carabineers and Guides and Hussars commanded by Marshals and Generals arrayed in full uniform, and mounted on milk-white chargers, all going in pompous procession towards the railway station, amid plaudits every whit as enthusiastic as those which had greeted the Queen's arrival. The Emperor and Prince Napoleon accompanied the royal visitors to Boulogne, where 50,000 troops were reviewed before the farewell dinner at the imperial pavilion. At last, at eleven o'clock that night, the Queen, amid the crash of artillery,

* There was also a great display of fireworks, the principal set-piece of which was a representation of Windsor Castle, with the royal standard waving over it, and the legend, "God save the Queen." The Imperial Civil List spent £20,000 on this one *fête* at Versailles.

went on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and the memorable visit was at an end.

There were again gay doings in Paris a few weeks later, the news of the fall of Sebastopol being received with popular rejoicings and a solemn "Te Deum" at Notre Dame. Another great pageant ensued in November, when the Emperor distributed the awards to the prize-winners of the Exhibition. About this time the Duke and Duchess of Brabant (the former now King of the Belgians) came on a visit to the Tuileries, and were followed by Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, attended by his astute minister Cavour. The Italian party afterwards crossed over to England, but when Cavour was returning to Turin he left his young secretary, Chevalier Nigra, behind him in Paris to act as Sardinian Minister there. Possessed of several artistic gifts, and somewhat of a Bohemian in his ways, Chevalier Nigra was nevertheless a diplomatist of great talent—one who as Cavour's *alter ego* at the side of Napoleon III. contributed in no small degree to the Liberation of Italy. A conspicuous figure at the Court of the Tuileries, he contrived to secure the favour of the Empress Eugénie, although he was the unflagging supporter of political interests which were absolutely opposed to those she had at heart. Many a secret battle was waged between them over the Italian question in its relations to the independence of the Pope, yet Nigra with his bright smile, his clean-cut face, his triumphant moustache, and his soft voice, was ever *persona gratissima* in the *petits appartements* when the Empress gathered her more particular friends around her. At the supreme hour of her distress in 1870 he, like Prince Richard Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, hastened to her help. It was they who escorted her out of the Tuileries to the vehicle in which she drove to Dr. Evans's, an Empress no longer but a fugitive.

Victor Emmanuel had an enthusiastic reception in Paris, less (at that period) on account of French sympathy with the cause of Italian independence than on account of the participation of the Sardinian contingent in the Crimean campaign. A little later (in December, 1856) the Parisians celebrated the return of the Imperial Guard from the war. Then, early in the new year, while the Peace Conference assembled at the Quai d'Orsay,

public attention was turned to the Empress, who was known to have been *enceinte* since the previous summer. There had been reason for her to expect the birth of a child twice previously, but a mishap had occurred on each occasion. As early as April 30, 1853,* the *Moniteur*—the official journal of the Empire—published the following announcement: "Her Majesty the Empress, who had been *enceinte* for two months past and who during the last few days had been feeling somewhat indisposed, had a miscarriage yesterday evening, April 29. Her Majesty's state of health is as satisfactory as is possible under the circumstances." This announcement took everybody by surprise, for no official notification of the Empress's condition had ever been issued, and Viel Castel, in his "Memoirs," very properly trounces the Court functionaries for publishing the mishap to the world in the way they did. We believe that on the second occasion there was no official announcement at all, either one way or the other, though of course the truth leaked out and became known to a considerable number of people. Those two mishaps, it should be mentioned, had awakened the kindly interest of Queen Victoria, who when the Emperor and Empress visited Windsor insisted that the latter should consult Sir Charles Locock, one of the royal physicians. Further, if we remember rightly, the Queen sent the Marchioness of Ely to France to be in attendance on the Empress when, early in 1856, she again expected the birth of a child.

Throughout the first fortnight in March Paris did not cease wondering whether the Emperor would be presented with a son or a daughter. The birth of a girl would make no difference in the appointed order of succession to the throne, for the Second Empire had retained the Salic Law which adjudges women to be unworthy of the crown. Thus, if a Princess should be born, the Jerome branch of the Bonapartes would retain the right of succession, and such was its unpopularity that everybody hoped the expected babe would be a boy. Meantime all needful preparations were made for the auspicious event. Day after day the Rue Vivienne was blocked with the carriages of ladies anxious to view the costly *layette*, which had been ordered

* The marriage, it will be remembered, had taken place on January 29-30 that year.

of the renowned Mme. Félicie, and which included everything that a child, boy or girl, could possibly require until it was two years old. There was also an ormolu bassinet costing £1000, with hangings of blue silk and Mechlin lace, sheets edged with Valenciennes, and a white satin coverlet embroidered with the imperial crown and eagle in gold—these representing another £1600. The state cradle was, however, a far more expensive affair, being a marvel of the goldsmith's art executed by Froment Meurice at the expense of the city of Paris, in whose name it was presented to the Empress. A ship, it will be remembered, appears on the city's escutcheon, and this cradle took the form of a vessel, at whose poop stood a silver figure of Paris robed in gold and raising an imperial crown of the same precious metal, whence fell the cradle's curtains. Beneath the figure of Paris were two sea-deities glancing in a kindly protecting way towards the interior of the cradle, while lower still, at each corner of the hull, appeared mermaids with tails entwined. Right at the stern a shield of gold was emblazoned with the arms of Paris, around which went a scroll with the city's motto, *Fluctuat nec mergitur*. The ship's prow was supported by a golden eagle with open wings, and on either side of the rosewood hull, inlaid with silver, were medallions of blue enamel figuring Prudence, Strength, Vigilance, and Justice. The interior was lined with pale blue satin; and the most beautiful lace formed or adorned the curtains, coverlet and pillow.

Prior to the Empress's *accouchement* the widow of Admiral Bruat, the gallant officer who had commanded the French fleet in the Black Sea, was named "Governess of the Children of France," the widows of General Bizot and Colonel de Brancion —both killed before Sebastopol—becoming "Under Governesses." Further, from among a large number of candidates from all parts of France the Court physicians carefully selected as wet-nurse a bright, comely, intelligent peasant woman of Macon, who, pending the Empress's delivery, continued suckling her own child, a boy about two months old. The Emperor, however, as will be remembered, had long lived in England, and had there formed a very favourable opinion of the manner in which English children were reared, so he decided that an English woman should be chief nurse, and engaged a lady, named Shaw, for the post.

So general was the anticipation that the expected child would be a boy that thousands of people signed a petition praying the Emperor to bestow the title of "King of Algeria" on the infant, in imitation, of course, of that of "King of Rome" given to the son of Napoleon I. The latter title would naturally have been out of place in the case of the third Napoleon's heir—the more so as it had been arranged that Pope Pius IX. was to be godfather of the expected babe. An amusing story was circulated respecting that sponsorship. Although, as we have already mentioned, a very sumptuous *layette* had been ordered in Paris, his Holiness thought it his duty also to provide one; but when the question of the articles which it ought to include and their cost was mooted at the Vatican, neither the Pope nor any of the Cardinals who were called into council was able to give an opinion. Had they been married men they would soon have been extricated from the difficulty by their wives, but they had none, and when it was suggested that a certain Monsignore should make inquiries at a Roman baby-linen warehouse, the poor man nearly succumbed to an attack of apoplexy in his alarm as to what might be thought of him if he were to carry the suggestion into effect. Eventually one of their Eminences remembered that he had a married sister, whose services were duly requisitioned.

On the morning of Saturday, March 15, 1856, it was believed that the birth would take place before the day had elapsed. The Princess d'Essling, as Great Mistress of the Empress's Household, at once sent word to the Princes of the Imperial Family, who betook themselves in all haste to the Tuileries. The news sped through Paris like lightning, and while crowds of people assembled on the Place du Carrousel, in the Tuileries garden, and in the Rue de Rivoli, preparations for illuminating the city in the evening were hurried forward in every direction, and all day long the old artillerymen of the Invalides stood to their guns, with matches in readiness to fire the salute directly the signal flame should go up from the Tuileries. None was seen, though hour after hour went by. The whole day passed, the Emperor, the Countess de Montijo, the Princess d'Essling, the doctors and the nurses staying with the Empress all the time, while the

Princes of the Bonaparte family, the great dignitaries of the Empire, the aides-de-camp and other officers remained in adjacent rooms, installed there virtually *en permanence*, and scarcely venturing to absent themselves for a few minutes to snatch a bite of food. The evening fell, then night, and still everybody was waiting. Special services were held in the churches, special prayers were offered up on the Empress's behalf. At last, about half-past two o'clock on the morning of the 16th (Palm Sunday), the decisive moment seemed to be near, and, in accordance with the prescribed ceremonial, the Minister of State and the Keeper of the Seals, with Prince Napoleon, Prince Charles Bonaparte,* and Prince Lucien Murat, were ushered into the Empress's chamber, that they might witness the birth of the imperial offspring. The sudden arrival of so many people, however, had a most unfortunate effect on the patient, the course of nature was suspended, and the doctors were compelled to resort to surgical treatment. At last, at a quarter past three o'clock, the child, a boy, was brought into the world.†

For hours and hours, all through the day and through the night, the crowd had been waiting outside the Tuileries. Suddenly two lights appeared at a window of the palace on the Carrousel side, and a loud acclamation immediately arose. If there had been but one light it would have meant that a Princess had been born, but two lights signified the birth of a Prince. However, the people who were massed on other sides of the palace and who saw nothing of those lights were still in uncertainty, and waited for the salute. At last the guns of the Invalides began booming, and, as on March 20, 1811, when the King of Rome came into the world, and September 30, 1820, when the widowed Duchess de Berri gave birth to the "Child of the Miracle," so now, again, the attentive multitude counted report after report. A salute of twenty-one guns would mean a girl, a salute of a hundred and one a boy. One

* Representing his father, Prince Louis Lucien, who had met with a bad accident.

† Baron Dubois, the Empress's surgeon-accoucheur, received a fee of £1200 for his services. Although the Empress appeared in public again within a few months, a very long time elapsed before her health was completely re-established.

after another the detonations rang out with the utmost precision, under the wild March sky. Twenty-one—then silence. For a moment the listeners felt grievously disappointed. But all at once a twenty-second report was heard, and then the salute continued with the same precision as before. As the Parisians finally turned their steps homeward, many of them wondered why there had been a pause after the twenty-first report. On the morrow the newspapers enlightened them. An old wooden-legged artilleryman of the first Napoleon, who was among those firing the guns at the Invalides, had stumbled and fallen at the critical moment of the salute, and this had caused the brief delay.

The etiquette of the Tuileries Court did not require that a newly born infant of the imperial house should be at once deposited on a gold salver and exhibited to all the assembled functionaries of the State, as we once saw an Infanta of Spain exhibited immediately after her birth; nevertheless Mme. Bruat ceremoniously presented the Imperial Prince to his father and the relatives and ministers assembled in the Empress's apartments. Then due entry of the birth was made in the imperial register, and telegrams were despatched to the Pope, the Queen of Sweden (the godmother), the Grand Duchess of Baden, Queen Victoria, and others. It was then barely four o'clock in the morning, and it was regarded as a curious circumstance that congratulatory answers to the telegrams should have been received within a couple of hours—for this testified to the activity of the world's great personages at a time when the community at large is usually wrapped in slumber. The members of the Senate and the Legislative Body had remained waiting at their respective palaces until half-past one o'clock—having their wives and daughters with them to keep them company, and indulging both in music and champagne to beguile the tedium of the hours. At last a message from the Tuileries sent them home, but at 8 a.m. they re-assembled to receive official notification of the great event.

The ill-starred Imperial Prince, whose advent was enthusiastically celebrated in so many directions, was at birth a well-developed child, with an abundance of dark hair, resembling his father's, and features that in an infant seemed of an unusually

marked character. During his early childhood, indeed, the Empress often said of him to Count Fleury: "Louis will be dreadfully ugly; he already has a nose like a man's." But it happened that he grew up fairly good looking, with a virile face, no doubt, yet with something of his mother's expression to soften the features which he had derived from his father.

After mass in the chapel of the Tuileries at noon that day, the *ondoiement*, or private baptism, of the new-born "Son of France" took place there. Four Cardinals, all the great dignitaries of the State, the Emperor, and the Princes of the Blood were present. It was the Bishop of Nancy, First Almoner of the Household, who officiated, pouring the baptismal water on the infant's head from a golden ewer. The boy was named Napoleon and Louis after his father, Eugène after his mother, Jean after the Pope, and Joseph after the Queen of Sweden, his godmother, her name being Josephine. At the conclusion of the ceremony he was carried in state to his apartments, and this time a whole host of officials was able to catch a glimpse of the new heir to the throne. Paris, of course, illuminated her monuments and her houses that night, though the rain fell incessantly; and in the meantime addresses of congratulation poured in from all parts of the provinces. It was a repetition of what had happened when the King of Rome and the Duke de Bordeaux and the Count de Paris were born. They, also, had been saluted as the hope of the country, as its future rulers, yet none of them had reigned. Still, in that month of March, 1856, people fancied that Fate must surely be weary of pursuing the heirs of France. The poets, for their part, entertained no fears for the future. In the *Moniteur*, on the morrow of the Imperial Prince's birth, Théôphile Gautier sang as follows:—

Au vieux palais des Tuileries,
Chargé déjà d'un grand destin,
Parmi le luxe et les féeries,
Un enfant est né ce matin.

Aux premiers rayons de l'aurore,
Dans les rayons de l'Orient,
Quand la ville dormait encore,
Il est venu, frais et riant. . . .

Et le canon des Invalides,
Tonnerre mêlé de rayons,
Fait partout aux foules avides
Compter ses détonations.

Au bruit du fracas insolite,
Qui fait trembler son piédestal,
S'émeut le glorieux Stylite
Sur son bronze monumental.*

Les aigles du socle s'agitent,
Essayant de prendre leur vol,
Et leurs ailes d'airain palpitent,
Comme au jour de Sébastopol.

Mais ce n'est pas une victoire
Que chantent cloches et canons.
Sur l'Arc de Triomphe l'Histoire
Ne sait plus où graver les noms.

C'est un Jésus à tête blonde,
Qui porte en sa petite main,
Pour globe bleu, la paix du monde
Et le bonheur du genre humain.

La crèche est faite en bois de rose,
Ses rideaux sont couleur d'azur,
Paisible, en sa conque il repose,
Car *fluctuat nec mergitur.*

Sur lui la France étend son aile.
A son nouveau-né, pour berceau,
Délicatesse maternelle,
Paris a prêté son vaisseau.

Qu'un bonheur fidèle accompagne
L'enfant impérial qui dort,
Blanc comme les jasmins d'Espagne,
Blond comme les abeilles d'or ! †

Camille Doucet was yet more emphatic with respect to the destiny of the imperial infant, and declared roundly that the days of mischance and instability were quite past:

Trois fois, depuis quarante années,
S'est rempli le berceau des rois;
Et trois fois se sont détournées
Les infidèles destinées,
Qui l'avaient salué trois fois.

* Napoleon I. on the Vendôme column.

† The bees of the Bonapartes. Gautier was wrong, however, in calling the Prince *blond*. He had a fresh, clear complexion, but his hair was dark.

Pareil au berceau de Moïse,
Sur les flots battu sans espoir,
Toujours une vague insoumise,
Lui fermant la terre promise,
L'emportant sans qu'il pût la voir :

La France, après mille naufrages,
Impatiente de repos,
S'élançait vers tous les rivages,
Souriait à tous les présages,
S'abritait sous tous les drapeaux.

C'est la fin des heures de doute,
Des folles instabilités,
Plus de périls que l'on redoute,
Plus de berceaux perdus en route,
Plus de trônes déshérités ! . . .

Dors, enfant, et que Dieu t'inspire !
Dormez aussi, mère sans peur.
La France, qui pour vous conspire,
Vous donnait naguère un empire,
Vous lui donnez un Empereur !

In celebration of the Prince's birth, the Emperor and Empress offered to act as godfather and godmother to all the children born in France on the same day as their son. The number was no less than 3000, nevertheless presents were sent to all the parents. There were also handsome donations from the Civil List to the poor relief-offices of the municipalities, and to the various associations of authors, composers, painters, and actors. A still more pleasant feature was the granting of freedom or of permission to return to France to all the remaining political prisoners or exiles of the Coup d'État who would undertake to submit to the Government of the country and respect the laws. A good many accepted that condition, but the irreconcilables, led by Victor Hugo, contemptuously spurned the Emperor's offer. It was the little rift in the lute again. Some jarring note always made itself heard amid the most enthusiastic strains of the Empire's partisans.

Early in April, 1856, the Treaty of Paris being at last signed, the Court and the city celebrated the restoration of peace. Then, disastrous inundations occurring in the south of France, the Emperor hastened thither for the purpose of alleviating the

distress, which was great indeed.* But he was back in Paris for the state baptism of his son, which had been deferred until June 14. Pius IX. had despatched a special legate, Cardinal Patrizzi, to officiate at this pompous ceremony, which filled Notre Dame with as large and as splendid an assembly as that which had witnessed the imperial wedding. The procession started from the Tuileries about five o'clock in the afternoon. Eleven carriages, each drawn by six horses, conveyed the high officers of state, the Princes of the imperial family, and the Court guests, including Prince Oscar of Sweden, the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden (representing the royal godmother), and her daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton. Then, preceded by a squadron of Guides, came a great gilded state coach, which had served for the coronation of King Charles X. It was drawn by eight horses, each with a groom at its head, and in this pompous coach sat Madame Bruat, a still young and beautiful woman, carrying on her lap the infant Imperial Prince, around whom was cast a mantle of purple and ermine. Beside the coach rode two newly created Marshals of France, Canrobert on the right, Bosquet on the left. Behind came yet another splendid eight-horse state carriage, that of the imperial wedding, containing the Emperor and Empress, he attired, as usual, in a general's uniform, she in a cloud of light blue silk and gauze and lace, while from the crown upon her head the blazing Regent diamond scattered flakes of lambency.

Over the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville and through a great triumphal arch erected there, then across the bridge to Notre Dame, went the procession. Under the vaulted roof of star-spangled azure, the interior of the ancient cathedral was all crimson and gold. In the centre of the transept appeared a large stage, on which were set the altar, the throne of the Emperor and Empress, that of the Legate, and the seats for the Canons of Notre Dame. Behind the Cardinal's throne were ranged the seventy-five Archbishops and Bishops of France in their gemmed mitres and full canonicals. [Where sit their successors now?] Up the nave went the imperial *cortège*, the Empress, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the Princesses, with long trains upheld by pages. When all was in readiness the

* Nearly £40,000 were collected in Great Britain and sent to France.

Cardinal Legate descended from his throne to the altar and chanted the *Veni Creator*, accompanied by a full orchestra, while the Empress's ladies glided softly to the credence tables in order to deposit on them the various articles provided for the baptismal rites. The Countess de Montebello carried the candle, the Baroness de Malaret the chrism cloth, the Marchioness de Latour-Maubourg the salt, the Countess de La Bedoyère the ewer, the Countess de Rayneval the basin, and Madame de Saulcy the napkin. Meantime, the little Prince was sitting up in Madame Bruat's arms, looking around him as fearlessly, in his infantile simplicity, as years afterwards, in his young manhood, he looked on the Zulus who struck him down.

The *Veni Creator* being ended, the Master of Ceremonies bowed to the altar, then to the Emperor and Empress, and approached the Cardinal, followed by Madame Bruat with her charge. Then the baptismal rites were performed, and the register was signed, first by the Legate, next by the Sovereigns, and afterwards by several of the Princes present. At last, making a slight obeisance, Madame Bruat approached Napoleon III. and placed the Imperial Prince in his arms. As his uncle had done at the time of the baptism of the King of Rome, the Emperor turned towards the brilliant assembly, proudly raising his son aloft. This was the formal presentation of the Heir to the Throne to the representatives of the French people. Meantime, an Assistant-Master of Ceremonies had stepped to the centre of the choir, and there he thrice raised the cry, "Vive le Prince Impérial!—Vive le Prince Impérial!—Vive le Prince Impérial!" Thousands of voices took up that *vivat*, while the orchestra burst into music. On receiving the infant Prince again from the Emperor, Madame Bruat retired to a side chapel, which had been fitted as a withdrawing room, and shortly afterwards, escorted by Guides and Cuirassiers, she and her charge returned to the Tuileries, while in the cathedral the Legate celebrated the *Te Deum*, and, when the *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem* had been chanted, bestowed with all solemnity the Pontifical benediction on France, her ruler, and her people.

That evening at the Hôtel de Ville there was a great banquet at which the Emperor and Empress were present, and Paris

once more blazed with illuminations. A few days later another solemn ceremony took place before the Court, assembled on this occasion in the chapel of the château of St. Cloud. This was the ceremony of the presentation, by Cardinal Patrizzi, of the Golden Rose which Pius IX. had sent to the Empress Eugénie, thereby singling her out as a pattern of piety and virtue. It is said that in the earlier centuries of Christianity filings of certain chains, alleged to have bound St. Peter's wrists, were blessed and then presented to distinguished upholders of the faith, and that later the rite was performed with gold and silver keys emblematical of the apostle's. Subsequently a golden rose appears to have taken the place of the keys. It has usually assumed the form of a miniature rosebush bearing flowers of wrought gold, and emerging from a gold pot or vase—the whole representing a value of about £400. On the fourth Sunday in Lent, at high mass at St. Peter's or in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican, the topmost flower of the bush is anointed with balsam, sprinkled with musk, incensed, and then solemnly blessed by the Pope. It is afterwards sent to some sovereign, eminent personage or famous church, or if no worthy recipient be found at the time, the presentation is deferred until the following year. The vase of the rosebush sent to the Empress Eugénie was mounted on a stand of lapis lazuli, in which her arms and those of Pius IX. were incrusted in mosaic work. On the vase itself were bas-reliefs, representing the Birth of the Virgin and her Presentation at the Temple. That the consort of Napoleon III. was not unworthy of the gift may be readily granted; but unfortunately the same Pontiff also sent a Golden Rose to Isabella II. of Spain, a Queen whose life was, from the standpoint of common morality, an example to be shunned. But then Pius's predecessors had sent Golden Roses not only to the Empress Maria Theresa, but also to Henry VIII. of England, who, indeed, received no fewer than three of them—though that did not prevent the Reformation.

Here let us pause. We have just had a glimpse of the Empire in its pride and splendour, in the heyday of success and triumph, which seemed full of fair promise for the future. We will now glance at what was lurking so menacingly beneath all the imperial power and pomp.

CHAPTER V

CONSPIRACIES—THE TUILERIES POLICE—A CRIMINAL CENT-GARDE

Attempts on the Emperor's Life—Association of the Paris Theatres with those Crimes—The Plots of the Hippodrome and the Opéra Comique—The Kelch Affair and Griscelli—Pianori's attempt on Napoleon III.—Demonstration in Paris—Why the Emperor never went to the Crimea—The Attempt of Bellemare the Lunatic—The Murder of the Archbishop of Paris—Mazzini's Letters, the Tibaldi Plot, and the Countess de Castiglione—The Orsini Attempt—The Opera Programme—The Scene in the House and the Tragedy outside—The Culprits, their Trial and Punishment—A Reign of Terror in France and Trouble with England—Consternation of the French Court—The Special Tuileries Police—The Spy system in the Palace—The Cent-Gardes and the story of Prévost.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Many were the dangers to which the life of Napoleon III. was exposed, particularly during the earlier years of his rule. Six months after the Coup d'État, and before he had actually become Emperor, there was a plot to assassinate him in Paris, and a little later (September, 1852), during his journey through Southern France, an unfinished infernal machine was discovered at Marseilles—"providentially," said the Bonapartist journals of the time, "before his arrival in that city." Some people suspected the affair to be a bogus one, concocted by the police to stimulate public sympathy with the Prince President, but whatever may have been the facts in that particular instance, there can be no doubt of the genuineness of many subsequent plots or individual attempts on his life. The list of those which secured publicity is no mean one, but the Archives of the Prefecture of Police contain indications of many others, either suddenly abandoned by men who took to flight, or else

nipped in the bud and dealt with in a secret arbitrary fashion by the authorities. The latter, indeed, often thought it best to hush up one or another affair for fear lest public confidence, already tried by what came to light, might be too severely shaken if the nation should learn the whole truth about the persistent hatred of the Emperor's enemies. But, however careful the authorities might be, there was often a little leakage. Mysterious rumours circulated in whispers in one and another circle of Parisian society, tending to a vague haunting sense of insecurity, such as was suggested by an English versifier of the time:—

"The years had fled,
The old King * was dead;
An Emperor governed the land in his stead—
A gentleman famed for a very long head.
Things went on much better: the people were fed;
The city had grown
From mud unto stone;
The monarch seemed pretty well fixed on his throne.
But still there was something, an undefined dread,
As you feel when the sides of Mount Etna you tread;
And sorely the Emperor puzzled his head,
Ever seeking in vain
For some means to restrain
The dim, hidden dangers that threatened his reign."

It is by no means pleasant for a man to know that he cannot visit a public place of entertainment, spend an evening at a theatre, without incurring the risk of assassination, as was the case with Napoleon III. The present Paris Opera-house has not been associated with crime except in the pages of a well-known novel by Fortuné du Boisgobey, but matters were different with its predecessors. The first Napoleon had scarcely become Consul when there was a plot—an ill-contrived and half-hearted one, it must be admitted—to stab him to death with daggers at the Opera-house of that time, which occupied the site of the present Place Louvois in the Rue de Richelieu. A little later, on Christmas Eve, 1800, as Napoleon was repairing to the Opera to attend a performance of Haydn's oratorio "Saul," an infernal machine was exploded in the Rue Nicaise, near the Tuileries; and the future Emperor only escaped injury,

* Louis Philippe.

and perhaps death, owing to the semi-drunken condition of his coachman, who drove with reckless rapidity, and the miscalculations of Robinet de St. Réjant by whom the machine was fired, he having expected that a guard of cavalry would precede the carriage. Twenty years afterwards the Opera-house was again associated with a crime, for at its very door Louvel stabbed Louis XVIII.'s nephew, the Duke de Berri, who died a few hours afterwards. Then, in 1835, when Fieschi fired his infernal machine at Louis Philippe and his escort on the Boulevard du Temple, the Opera figured even in connection with that terrible affair, for it was there that on the previous evening the police were vainly warned of the contemplated attempt upon the King.

Under Napoleon III. there was at first a change of venue on the part of the would-be regicides, though they still selected places of entertainment for the accomplishment of their designs. In spite of the vigilance of the imperial police under Maupas and Piétri, some of the secret societies, which had sprung up under Louis Philippe and flourished under the Republic of '48, were still in existence or had been merged into other associations, better adapted to the new order of things. Among them was one called "The Consuls of the People," another "The Sanitary Cordon," and a third "The Two Hundred." The two first-named were composed of old Republicans, the last of Republican students of the Quartier Latin. In the spring of 1853, those three societies entered into a league and covenant for the purpose of ridding France of the new Emperor. The more ardent members desired to kill him, the others thought that the seizure of his person would suffice to bring about the fall of the Empire and the restoration of the Republic. The views of the former prevailed, and as it had been publicly announced that the Emperor would attend a performance at the Paris Hippodrome on June 7, the conspirators resolved to attack him on that occasion. But there was a traitor in their ranks who revealed everything to the police. Precautions were therefore adopted by the authorities, and the attempt became impossible. Moreover, two of the leaders, named Ruault and Lux, were arrested, while a printing press and a quantity of revolutionary papers were seized at the abode of a Moldavian refugee named

Bratiano, one of whose brothers was a member of the "Central European Revolutionary Committee" installed in London.

Nevertheless, the other plotters did not relinquish their purpose. At the suggestion of one of their number, a Belgian named de Merens, they resolved to fall upon the Emperor as he quitted the Opéra Comique on the night of July 6. Once again, however, they were betrayed to the police, and after the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the theatre, a dozen of them were arrested among the crowd lingering outside. About this time, it may be mentioned, a vigorous pamphlet warfare was being carried on against the Empire, not only by such writers as Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Edgar Quinet, and Colonel Charras, but also by a London organization "La Commune Révolutionnaire," which was directed by three refugees—Félix Pyat, Boichot, and Caussidière. Those men were beyond the reach of the Imperial Government, but several of their unfortunate acolytes in France were apprehended and sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment. Four months later, when the plotters of the Hippodrome and the Opéra Comique were brought to trial at the assizes, seven of them were sentenced to transportation for life, one to ten, three to seven, six to five, and one to three years' imprisonment, while three others were banished from France for eight years. Six prisoners, acquitted on the main charges, were detained for having belonged to secret societies and tried with forty others for that offence. Of those thus indicted only four secured acquittal, the others being sent to prison for periods varying from five years to one.

There was also another strange affair in that same year, 1853. An ex-lieutenant of the French army named Frédéric Kelch arrived in Paris from London and secured lodgings over a wine-shop at Montrouge. Two refugee Italians had quarters in the same house, and they and Kelch were suspected of designs on the Emperor's life. When a detachment of detective police descended on the place to arrest them, they offered a most desperate resistance, and were badly wounded before being secured. They were never brought to trial, but shipped by "administrative orders" to Cayenne. Some time afterwards, however, according to official data, Kelch was for some mysterious reason released, and made his way to China, where he became

one of the officer-instructors of the "Ever-Victorious Army." However, an Italian named Griscelli, calling himself "Baron de Rimini," and for a time one of the secret police who watched over the safety of Napoleon III., declares in his "Memoirs" that he himself shot Kelch dead in the wine-shop, where he had gone to arrest him; that he received in reward for his deed £400 from the Emperor, £40 from M. de Maupas, and £60 from M. Piétri; and that the Empress Eugénie defrayed the cost of his daughter's education at a convent at Issy. It is just possible that there may be some little truth in Griscelli's narrative, but that, instead of shooting Kelch dead, he only wounded him.

Kelch's acolytes were Italian revolutionaries, and before long it was from men of that class and nationality that Napoleon III. stood in most need of protection.* About five o'clock on the afternoon of April 28, 1855, the Emperor, attended by an aide-de-camp and an orderly officer (Edgar Ney and Lieut.-Col. Valabrègue), was riding up the Champs Élysées in order to join the Empress, who was driving in the Bois de Boulogne, when a man suddenly sprang towards him from the footway near the corner of the Rue de Balzac. This man, who was armed with a double-barrelled pistol, fired at the Emperor twice, but without hitting him, whereupon he flung his weapon away and took another from his coat. He had been perceived, however, from the other side of the avenue by a vigilant plain-clothes police officer, a Corsican named Alessandri, who, drawing a dagger which he had about him, rushed forward to seize the man. There was a slight delay as a carriage passed at that moment, nearly running over Alessandri, who had to make a *détour* to avoid it. However, before the Emperor's assailant could fire a third shot the

* It was generally supposed that Napoleon was pursued by the hatred of Italian Carbonari, he having previously belonged, it was said, to their organization, and having failed to keep his oath. The Emperor laughed when he heard this tale, and remarked, in the presence of several members of his Court, that he had never been a Carbonaro or supported the Carbonaro cause; all that had been written and said on the subject was, he declared, a profound mistake. He had been confused with his elder brother, and the error had largely arisen, said he, from the circumstance that his own Christian names and his brother's were identical, though they did not follow the same order. This statement, it will be perceived, refutes the assertions made by Count Orsi in his "Recollections."

detective was upon him. They rolled over on the ground together, and in the frantic struggle which ensued the man was twice stabbed by Alessandri. Nevertheless he fought on, and was not definitely secured until the arrival of other policemen. The Emperor, meantime, had remained quite calm, and went his way to join the Empress, who burst into tears upon hearing of what had happened.

Reports of the attempt sped like wildfire through Paris, and when the Emperor and Empress repaired to the Opéra Comique in the evening, they were enthusiastically acclaimed by dense crowds of people, as is acknowledged even by Viel Castel, that great sneerer at things imperial. "I must say," he writes in his "Diary," "that if I were to read what I have just seen I should not believe it, I should charge the newspapers with flattery and *courtisannerie*. But the shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' thundered forth like discharges of artillery, continuing farther and farther away. The emotion was general; I saw not one person but twenty, thirty people weeping. . . . Inside the theatre the Empress looked pale and anxious, in spite of her efforts to appear calm. The Emperor also was thoughtful. On the return to the Tuileries they were greeted with the same ovation as before, and the houses they passed were resplendent with illuminations."

That is the usual outcome of such attempts. They stir even an ordinarily callous population to sympathy with the intended victim.

The Emperor's assailant was named Giovanni Pianori. Born at Fuenza in the Papal States, in 1827, a shoemaker by profession, and the father of several children, he had served under Garibaldi, at Rome, during the revolutionary period. The French police tried to show that, under another name, he had been sentenced to twelve years at the galleys for political assassination in Sicily, whence he had escaped to Genoa; but that conviction was never clearly established. It would seem that, after the French expedition to Rome in 1849, Pianori took refuge in Piedmont, and, under the name of Liverani, made his way to Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris, thence passing over to England, where he may well have met various political refugees. Mazzini and others were mentioned at his trial, but there was

no proof that they had instigated his crime, though it was certainly very strange that, while the prisoner's circumstances were plainly precarious, his wants were supplied in some mysterious way, that he wore attire far superior to his real position, and that he had returned from London to Paris only five days before making his attempt. But this, he asserted, had been suddenly conceived and as suddenly carried out. He had been ruined, he said, by the French occupation of the Papal States, and had bethought himself of all the misery prevailing there since the Pope and the priests had regained power. He had also pictured the distressful situation of his wife and children, whom he had been obliged to leave behind him; and on remembering that it was Napoleon III. who had robbed Italy of Rome, and thereby brought about all his misfortunes, he had lost his head and resolved to shoot the Emperor. He was sentenced to death for his attempt, but there is reason to believe that he was offered his life in exchange for revelations, which he did not make, however, adhering to his original statement that he had no accomplices. The Emperor being deemed "the father of his country," Pianori suffered sentence as a parricide, that is, going to the guillotine bare-footed in a long white shirt, and with a black hooded veil hanging from his head. "Vive l'Italie! Vive la République!" he cried, as he ascended the scaffold steps, displaying until the last moment the utmost fortitude.

Pianori's attempt had a result of some importance, for had it not occurred the Emperor would have carried out his design of proceeding to the Crimea, in spite of the views which had been expressed at the War Council of Windsor.* In fact, at the time of the attempt the preparations for the imperial departure were being quietly hastened. But the sovereign's *entourage* became alarmed both for his safety at the seat of war and for the *régime* itself in the event of any outbreak in his absence. Pressure was therefore brought to bear on him by the Empress and the Ministers, as well as by his old confederates of the Coup d'État, and he reluctantly yielded to it. Officially, of course, other reasons were assigned for the abandonment of the imperial plans.

* See *ante*, p. 82. Fleury's Memoirs confirm the statement made above.

Some four months elapsed, Queen Victoria paid her visit to Paris, and the Affaire Pianori was almost forgotten, when on the evening of September 8, 1855—the day of the victorious attack on the Malakoff—as one of the imperial carriages drew up outside the Théâtre des Italiens in the Place Ventadour, a young man drew a pistol from his pocket, placed the muzzle close to the window of the vehicle, fired, and broke the glass. Immediately afterwards he raised a second pistol, but before he could fire it a *sergent-de-ville* struck his arm down, and the charge entered the ground. It so happened that the carriage did not contain the Emperor, but three of the Empress's ladies, and that the would-be regicide had been deceived by a sudden shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" which an impetuous bystander, an old First-Empire pensioner, had raised on recognizing the imperial liveries. The ladies, at whom the pistol was discharged, escaped unhurt, but they were quite unnerved by the occurrence; while Madame Ristori, the famous *tragédienne*, who was giving her last performance of the season that evening (and who, as it happened, was to be associated, in a similar way, with the subsequent and more famous attempt of Orsini and his confederates), fainted on hearing that the Emperor's life had been threatened, and was scarcely able to appear in her *rôle* as Phædra when, shortly afterwards, Napoleon III. arrived. The acclamations with which he was received were so pronounced that he inquired the cause, and on hearing of the outrage remarked: "Let nothing of this be communicated to the Empress. Stop all telegrams about it." *

The would-be assassin was a young fellow of two and twenty named Bellemare, a native of Rouen, and, curiously enough, a bootmaker by calling, like Pianori. Of a low physical standard, slight, pale, and scrofulous, he had been sentenced, when he was barely sixteen, to two years' imprisonment for robbing his employer, most of his punishment being remitted, however, by the Emperor (then Prince President) on account of his youth. Nevertheless, according to his own statement, Bellemare had taken no small part in the resistance to the Coup d'État, when he had figured, he asserted, among the defenders of the Rue de Rambuteau barricade, and composed

* She was then *enceinte*.

and posted a placard bearing the title of "Reasons why Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is Condemned to Death." Briefly, he gloried in having done so many things—most of which, in all probability, he had never done at all—that he was arrested and sent to Belle-Ile-en-Mer as a political offender. Released in January, 1855, he then returned to Paris, where, finding no work as a shoemaker, he entered the employment of a *huissier* or process-server. Evidence at his trial showed that his behaviour at Belle-Ile had been very strange indeed, and that he had quite a maniacal craving for notoriety. Finally he was adjudged to be insane, and was sent as such to an asylum.

In the following year, 1856, the regicides allowed the Emperor breathing time, that is to say, although plotting still went on there was no open attempt at assassination. In January, 1857, Paris was horrified by an abominable crime, the murder of Archbishop Sibour—a broad-minded and popular prelate—in the church of St. Étienne-du-Mont. The culprit was an interdicted priest named Verger, whom the Archbishop had frequently befriended, and who at one moment had been attached as cross-bearer to the Tuileries chapel, under the acting-Almoner, Mgr. Tirmache. Verger had no grounds for personal animosity against Archbishop Sibour (for it was the Bishop of Meaux, his diocesan, who had "interdicted" him), but his mind had been affected by repeated brooding over the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin,* which he deemed contrary to true Christianity. Thus it was with a cry of "No goddesses! Down with the goddesses!" that he plunged his knife into the unfortunate prelate, while the latter was advancing, processionally, up the nave of the church. There can be little doubt that Verger was insane, nevertheless he was guillotined.

During the ensuing summer the "Black Cabinet" of the French Postal Service seized a letter which was found to contain three notes written by Mazzini and intended for certain of his friends named Massarenti, Campanella, and

* It was not a new dogma, having been known to the Church for many centuries, and confirmed by Paul V., Gregory XV., and Alexander VII.; but in December, 1854, Pius IX. had issued a bull again declaring it to be an article of faith, and pronouncing all who might speak against it or doubt it to be guilty of heresy.

Tibaldi. The French police promptly concluded that these communications referred to a plot against the Emperor's life. Massarenti and Campanella were in London, out of the reach of the imperial authorities, but Tibaldi, an optician by profession, was in Paris, where he was immediately arrested, as were also two men named Bartolotti and Grilli, who were mentioned in one of Mazzini's notes, and who, like Tibaldi, had lately arrived from London. Further, in a room occupied by a female acquaintance of Tibaldi's the police found a valise containing fourteen double-barrelled pocket-pistols, five daggers, a horse-pistol, and one of the then newly invented American revolvers. When the three men were brought to trial, Tibaldi, who denied all guilt, explained his connection with the others by asserting that they had been introduced to him by an acquaintance as compatriots in distress, for whom he had therefore tried to find employment. Indeed, he had secured a situation for Grilli at a hatter's in the Rue du Temple. But Grilli and Bartolotti told a different story. They asserted that they had each received £40 from Mazzini as a retaining fee to assassinate the Emperor, and that Tibaldi had undertaken to provide them with weapons, and select the best opportunity and spot for the perpetration of the crime. Not content with these disclosures, the prosecution made great efforts to connect the French Republican exile, Ledru-Rollin, with the plot. Grilli and Bartolotti asserted that they had seen a man whom they believed to be Ledru-Rollin at Mazzini's when they called there, and a witness named Gérault also made a statement respecting some money which Ledru-Rollin had handed to him in 1853 for an individual named Beaumont, a connection of the Lieutenant Kelch, whom Griscelli claimed to have killed. But, all considered, there was no evidence against Ledru-Rollin, who, after the proceedings, protested vigorously against the charges levelled at him, and offered to stand his trial in England if the Imperial Government would prosecute him there: a suggestion which the Parisian authorities did not entertain.

With respect to Mazzini, the case was different. His letters could not be denied, and they were significant enough. It has been claimed, however, that in any case he did not seek out

Grilli and Bartolotti, but that they sought him, playing the part of *agents provocateurs*, and leading him, Tibaldi, and others into a trap. That might, in a sense, slightly lessen the culpability of Mazzini, but the fact remains that he entertained the proposals made to him, and, while freely acknowledging that he was a great Italian patriot, it is, we feel, impossible to hold him guiltless in this affair. Tibaldi, condemned to transportation for life, was promptly shipped to Cayenne, where he was still in durance at the fall of the Empire in 1870; while Grilli and Bartolotti, who throughout the trial protested that poverty alone had induced them to take Mazzini's money, and that they had never intended to carry out their mission, were sentenced to fifteen years' solitary confinement. Some writers have asserted, however, that, like Lieutenant Kelch, they remained but a short time in prison, that an order suddenly came for their release, and that they disappeared.

That would certainly tend to confirm the view that they had merely acted as *agents provocateurs*. But there is another point to be considered. Not the least curious feature of the affair was the selection of the occasion when the Emperor was to be attacked. This was to have been either on his arrival at or his departure from a certain house, which, throughout the trial, was invariably referred to as "No. 53"—no street being mentioned. It so happened, however, that No. 53, Rue Montaigne, was at that time the residence of a young and beautiful Italian, daughter of the Marquis Oldoini of Florence, and wife of Count Francesco Verasis di Castiglione of Piedmont, King Victor Emmanuel's First Equerry, whom she had married when only fifteen years of age. The Countess—whose Christian name, Virginia, was in marked contrast with her real nature—had been for a short time one of Victor Emmanuel's many mistresses, and had taken up her residence in Paris with the express object of becoming that of the Emperor. Whether she acted, as some have asserted, at the instigation of Cavour, and for the purpose of bringing pressure to bear on Napoleon III. in connection with the deliverence of Northern Italy from the Austrians, has never been established; and, in fact, it may well be doubted, for although the Countess was extremely beautiful, wearing on her face an expression of juvenile

innocence which completely concealed her depravity, she displayed no mental gifts. Such wit or shrewdness as she possessed was apparently only that of a courtesan. She posed, she exhibited herself, but she never evinced any conversational power in public, and it seems unlikely that so able, so shrewd a man as Cavour would have selected as an emissary a woman devoid of rudimentary ability. On the other hand, the Countess was remarkably extravagant. Like a true Florentine she had a passion, a craving, for jewellery, for splendour of every kind—on which, indeed, in comparatively few years she squandered her husband's handsome fortune. And we incline to the belief that, far from being inspired by any high political motives in her designs on Napoleon III., she was merely actuated by base and sordid desires. That she became for a short time the Emperor's mistress is well known, and that he visited her in the Rue Montaigne is equally certain. The affair was notorious; and, as the Countess had several Italians round her, it is not surprising that Bartolotti and Grilli should have been sufficiently informed as to the possibility of falling upon the Emperor on the occasion of one of his visits to the Rue Montaigne.

It is this design, admitted at the trial (though neither the street nor the Countess was actually mentioned), that prevents us from regarding the affair as a mere bogus conspiracy. If it had been simply "put up" by the police, there would have been no compromising mention of any mysterious "No. 53" —such as induced Viel Castel, writing at the time, to remark that everybody knew what house was meant, and that the secret was merely "Polichinelle's." In fact, if, as some have alleged, Grilli and Bartolotti were mere police spies, they would never have made statements in court in any degree likely to cast reflection on the morality of the Emperor. That they were regarded as mere instruments in the affair, and released and sent out of France in return for their denunciations of Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin, seems the best explanation of their subsequent disappearance.

Some five or six months elapsed, and at last, in January, 1858, came the most famous of all the attempts on the life of Napoleon III. Both he and the Empress Eugénie were partial to theatrical performances, and there were, of course, "imperial

boxes" (sometimes two) at every Paris theatre of any consequence. When the sovereigns visited the Comédie Française they entered by way of the Pavillon Montpensier of the Palais Royal, and passed through some of Prince Jerome's *salons* (later his son's) to a doorway which gave admittance to the theatre on a level with their box. At the Opera-house, which was then in the Rue Le Peletier, there was a special entrance near the public one, with private stairs conducting to a *salon*, beyond which you found the chief imperial box—a large *avant-scène* on the left of the spectators seated in the body of the house. On the right of that principal box there was another which was usually occupied by members of the Imperial Household, while on the left there was a little stage-box to which the Empress often withdrew during the entr'actes, for it amused her to watch the performers and privileged subscribers conversing in the slips, the stage-managers giving their orders, and the scene-shifters preparing everything for the next act. On the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the Opera-house they were always received by the First Chamberlain (Baciocchi, who took care to arrive in advance) and by the director, who awaited them at the foot of the private staircase, carrying a lighted candelabrum which he held aloft as, stepping backward, he preceded their Majesties up the stairs. Behind the gilded armchairs which the Emperor and Empress occupied in the chief box, were other seats for the First Chamberlain, the acting Chamberlain, the Aide-de-camp, and the Lady of the Palace on duty. These attendants remained standing during the first few minutes, after which it was usually suggested to them that they might sit down. The sovereigns themselves also remained standing while they acknowledged the bows or acclamations of the spectators; but it was not the custom, as in England, for the orchestra to honour their arrival by playing the national air of the time—"Partant pour la Syrie"—though on the occasion of the State performance during Queen Victoria's visit in 1855 she made her entry to the strains of the British national anthem.

On January 14, 1858, the "bill" of the Opera-house was of an unusual character. A notable baritone, Massol, a faithful servant of the "Académie de Musique" for thirty years, was

retiring from the stage, and a performance had been organized for his benefit. The most distinguished members of the musical profession had promised to rally round him; the chief exponents of the choregraphic art, the Ferraris, Rosati, and Richard, were also prepared to contribute to the entertainment; and in particular it had been arranged that Adelaide Ristori should figure in the performance, which the Emperor and Empress had promised to attend. For several days all tickets had been at a premium, and when the appointed evening arrived the auditorium was crowded with the leading members of Parisian society, ambassadors and marshals, senators and bankers, exquisites of the Jockey Club, *littérateurs*, ladies of rank and notorieties of the *demi-monde*. Briefly, there was a splendid "house," and an enjoyable evening was anticipated.

Yet the programme was of a strange description, and looking back one wonders by what remarkable chance such a succession of ominous "items" was ever chosen. First on the bill was the third act of "Guillaume Tell," a conspiracy; next the third act of "Massaniello," a revolution; then (with La Ristori) the execution scene of "Maria Stuarda," a political murder; and finally the masquerade or assassination act of "Gustavus III." How Count Baciocchi, the First Chamberlain and Superintendent of the Imperial Theatres, allowed such a bill to be adopted, knowing that the Emperor and Empress were to attend, has always been a mystery. It was a fateful circumstance, for we know that the very character of the performance, announced some time in advance, was a powerful factor in the choice of this occasion for yet another attempt on the life of Napoleon III.

The house, as we have said, was crowded, and on the arrival of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who preceded the Emperor and Empress, Baciocchi gave orders for the performance to begin. All at once, amidst the finale to the third act of "Guillaume Tell"—the great scene when Arnold von Melchthal swears to avenge his country—a violent detonation was heard, and everybody at first imagined that some explosion of gas had taken place in the slips. But again and again there came a loud report, and the whole audience quivered with alarm. Amid the confused hubbub which ensued, a sharp

imperative voice suddenly rang out: "On demande des médecins —à l'instant!"—"Doctors are wanted, at once!" It was a Commissary of Police who called, and such members of the medical profession that happened to be present immediately hurried out. Everybody now realized that something dreadful had happened. The most terrible suspicion flashed on one and all. Excited men rushed from their seats to ascertain the facts. Women sobbed, some of them even fainted. Anxious ejaculations arose on every side. The Emperor—was he killed? The Empress—what of her? There was yet another moment of suspense. Then all who were not overcome by their feelings sprang excitedly from their seats, turned towards the imperial box, and burst into acclamations. Before them stood the Emperor and Empress acknowledging their plaudits. "The Man of Mystery," as Napoleon III. was then so often styled, looked as composed as ever—neither paler nor redder than was his wont. Not a quiver either of any facial muscle or of hand, not a sparkle in his side-glancing eyes, was to be detected. As somebody said at the time, if there were any man in the world who could bear being blown up with gunpowder without changing countenance, it was Napoleon III. The Empress, in spite of her efforts, was much less composed; she looked as pale as death, and had quite a scared expression on her beautiful countenance. Her cheeks had been slightly grazed, and there were drops of blood on her white silk bodice. Some time elapsed before the prolonged plaudits allowed the sovereigns to sit down, but at last they did so, and the performance proceeded in spite of the frightful tragedy which had marked their arrival at the theatre.

This is what had happened. The imperial carriage had stopped outside the house, and the Emperor and Empress were about to alight when four small hand-bombs were thrown in succession at the equipage. Three of them exploded with terrible effect. One of the carriage horses was killed on the spot, the other injured. General Roguet, who accompanied the sovereigns, was wounded in the neck, the coachman in the head, and the three footmen also received slight injuries. At the same time a splinter of one of the bombs pierced the Emperor's hat, and another tore the collar of his cloak. The

slight injury to the Empress's cheek was due to the broken glass of one of the carriage windows. But all that was of little moment. The worst was that eight people were mortally wounded, including two of the Lancers of the imperial escort. Serious injuries were inflicted on seven other Lancers, five more being hurt less severely. The roll of those who were seriously wounded included also seventeen civilians, eleven men of the Paris Municipal Guard, and thirty-two police officers of various categories. But altogether no fewer than a hundred and fifty people were struck and bruised. Moreover, twenty horses of the escort were injured, seven of them fatally.

The plot is too well known to require detailed recital here. We need only glance at the main points. One of the culprits, Pierri, recognized as a man who had previously been expelled from France, and who was already suspected of regicidal designs, was arrested on the spot a few minutes before the attempt occurred, in such wise that he did not actually take part in it. But his intentions were manifest, for a bomb, a dagger, and a pistol were found on him. However, the chief culprit, Felix Orsini, had been able to act. Injured himself by one of the explosions, he repaired to a chemist's shop for treatment, and after his return to his lodgings, some inquiries which his servant Gomez made at the chemist's, led to the arrest of both. Moreover, a search at the hotel where Pierri was residing resulted in the apprehension of a fourth culprit, one Charles de Rudio, who went under the name of Da Silva. If the chief police authorities had acted on the warnings of a detective officer named Claude, who had been on the track of the band for some days previously, the attempt would never have taken place. However, Claude's acumen and foresight were subsequently rewarded. He became chief of the service of which he had long been a zealous and capable officer. He was, perhaps, the greatest detective that France ever produced, and he served as the prototype of the famous "Monsieur Lecoq" —the "hero" of Gaboriau's novels.

Although, as we have mentioned, the performance at the Opera proceeded in spite of the painful tragedy which had occurred outside, the spectators generally paid little attention to what took place on the stage. The one point of interest

was the imperial box, whither functionaries of one and another category betook themselves in succession, either to tender their congratulations or to report on the condition of the wounded, or the progress made by the police with respect to the arrest of the culprits. Prince Napoleon, moreover, hastened to the theatre from the Palais Royal, where he had been entertaining a number of friends with, curiously enough, a performance of Alfred de Vigny's "proverb," *Quitte pour la Peur*. It was midnight when the Emperor and Empress rose to retire. They were then again acclaimed by the audience, and on their way back to the Tuileries they found most of the houses illuminated and the foot pavements thronged with people, whose applause the Empress acknowledged by impulsively waving her handkerchief from the carriage window. At the Tuileries all was excitement, the Salle des Maréchaux was thronged with Princes, ambassadors, and high dignitaries, who had repaired thither to offer their felicitations and denounce the outrage. On the morrow the Emperor and Empress drove through Paris in an open carriage without escort, and again met with a great reception.

The men who had been arrested were in due course brought to trial. Their leader Orsini, born at Meldola in the Papal States, was about thirty-nine years old, tall, handsome, with a curly black beard and piercing eyes. His father had served the first Napoleon, and had subsequently figured in that same insurrection in the Romagna, in which the elder brother of Napoleon III. had participated.* In time Orsini the younger likewise became an insurgent and conspirator, bent on ridding Northern Italy of the Austrians, and Rome of priestly rule. At the Roman Revolution of '48 he became a member of the Republican Convention, and was sent by the Triumvirate to Ancona to put down some serious troubles there, on which occasion he roundly denounced political assassination, declaring that it was not a proper course to pursue even for the purpose of securing liberty. But the French expedition to Rome modified his views. Like Pianori, he conceived a deadly hatred for Napoleon III. Falling into the hands of the Austrians in 1853, Orsini was sent to the citadel of Mantua, but he escaped

* See *ante*, p. 7.

and made his way to England, where he endeavoured to enlist public sympathy in the cause of Italian independence. At last, feeling that the French Emperor was the great obstacle to the realization of his desires, Orsini decided to act against him. His original intention was to do so alone, unaided; but he came into contact with his compatriot Pierri, a native of Lucca, who had been living at Birmingham as a professor of languages for some years. Pierri was then about fifty years old, and his career had been a chequered one. He had served in turn in the French Foreign Legion, in the Piedmontese Bersaglieri, and in the Roman Republican forces, in which last he held the rank of colonel. Thus he was as much a partisan of Italian independence as Orsini, and of a far more excitable, violent nature. Gomez, Orsini's servant, who likewise figured in the plot, was a Neapolitan partisan of "the cause;" while Rudio, who was only five and twenty years of age, belonged to Belluno in the States of Venice, and had served as a youth under Manin during the siege of *la città unica*. The quartette symbolized, then, four of the chief divisions of Italy: Venetia, Naples, Tuscany, and the Roman States.

Orsini was the first to arrive in Paris for the purpose of assassinating the Emperor, being followed by the others about three weeks later. The imperial authorities, according to their usual tactics, tried to implicate various French Republican exiles in the affair, but except as regards Dr. Bernard, of whom we shall speak hereafter, there was not a scrap of evidence to support that view. Moreover, the only link by which even Mazzini could be connected with the affair was a manifesto of his on the subject of Italian independence, which had been issued in the *Italia del Popolo* of Genoa, five days prior to the attempt. As for an Englishman named Allsop, who was indicted (by default) at the same time as the others, Orsini, while admitting that this person had lent him his passport and helped him to make the bombs, declared that he had not known the real purpose for which they were intended, but had been led to believe that they were to be used in some rising in Italy.*

* Allsop, whose whereabouts in England were discovered, found it prudent to go to America.

Orsini's behaviour at the trial was frank and dignified; he stated his reasons for the crime, and acknowledged the essential facts without casting undue responsibility on his fellow-prisoners. He asserted that he had had another confederate unknown to them, an Italian, who had actually thrown one of the bombs, but he refused to give this individual's name. Pierri, for his part, denied everything, even the most patent facts; while Gomez and Rudio, fearing for their heads, confessed their guilt with an air of craven repentance. The result was a foregone conclusion. The eloquence of Jules Favre, who appeared for Orsini, could be of no avail in such a case. Thus Orsini, Pierri, and Rudio were condemned to death, and Gomez to hard labour for life—to which latter penalty the sentence on Rudio was ultimately commuted. The Emperor at first wished to spare the lives of all four prisoners, holding, and perhaps rightly, that a broad act of clemency would deter other Italians from similar enterprises; but the Ministers and the Court would not hear of it. So many people had been killed or injured, they said, that leniency was out of the question. There must be no weakness, but unflinching severity, and that view prevailed, as France soon learnt to its cost when it awoke one morning and found a Minister of Public Safety in office, and hundreds of absolutely innocent persons arrested and consigned to prison. Under the unscrupulous Espinasse * a perfect Reign of Terror set in and continued until the Emperor, alarmed at seeing his Minister going so far that the national discontent threatened the very *régime*, rebuked him in such a manner as to compel him to resign.

While Orsini was awaiting his trial he had written the Emperor a remarkable letter, urging him to restore the independence of Italy. In a second missive, penned from his condemned cell, and published after his execution, he acknowledged that bomb-throwing was a fatal error, offered his blood in atonement for that of his victims, and called on his fellow-countrymen to reject henceforth all methods of assassination and win their "freedom and independence by unity of effort and sacrifice, and the practice of true virtue." That appeal was printed in large type in King Victor Emmanuel's official organ,

* See *ante*, pp. 11 and 47.

the *Turin Gazette*, where its appearance created no slight sensation.

But trouble had arisen with England. The crime having been planned there, the British Government was roundly denounced for harbouring assassins. Many colonels of the French army, whose addresses congratulating the Emperor on his escape were published in the *Monitcur*, availed themselves of the opportunity to upbraid and threaten the British nation. Thereupon British public opinion rose against the French Imperialists. The Government of the time was swept away for introducing a Crimes Bill intended to placate Napoleon III. Dr. Bernard, an ex-ship's surgeon, who had introduced Rudio to Pierri, who had been intimate with Orsini, and who was known to have been in the possession of bombs, not exactly identical, however, with those used in Paris, was acquitted by an English jury of all complicity in the attempt against the Emperor; and although Queen Victoria and Napoleon afterwards had a cordial meeting at Cherbourg, the *entente* of the two nations, so conspicuous at the time of the Queen's Paris visit, received a blow from which it only partially recovered when a few years later Cobden negotiated the Treaty of Commerce.

Orsini and Pierri, arrayed in the garb of "parricides," suffered death on March 13, 1858. Few civilians actually witnessed the execution, for 5000 troops were massed on the Place de la Roquette. On reaching the foot of the scaffold both men kissed the crucifix. Then Pierri ascended the steps, leaning on a priest, and singing the old chant of the first French Revolution: "To die for one's country is the most splendid fate, the one most deserving of envy." At the moment when his black veil was raised he cried to the distant spectators: "Long live Italy! Long live the Republic!" Two minutes later his head fell into the basket. Then came Orsini's turn. Of a much less excitable nature than Pierri, he remained quite composed, merely exclaiming, "Vive la France!" when the executioner's assistants seized him.

As we have already mentioned, the immediate result of the Orsini affair for France was the prompt establishment of a reign of terror under the provisions of an abominable enactment, called "Law of Public Safety," which was drafted

expressly for the occasion, and which swept away almost every vestige of individual liberty and trial by jury. The adoption of this law was a profound mistake, for it revived all the memories of the Coup d'État, and deprived Napoleon III. of much of the sympathy which had gone to him as a result of Orsini's deed. Yet only a handful of deputies voted against the measure when it was discussed by the Corps Législatif, and only one senator dared to take a similar course—this, curiously enough, being General, later Marshal, MacMahon. However, the members of the Emperor's *entourage* had lost their heads; it was they who, in their consternation, had induced him to make General Espinasse chief Minister, and of course the Law of Public Safety had their approval.*

Those were dark days at the Tuileries. Everybody became suspicious of everybody else. Any unusual incident aroused apprehension. Jealous, in particular, was the watch kept over the little Imperial Prince. He was strongly guarded on all sides, both in the palace and whenever he drove out. On those occasions he was invariably brought to the Empress, who, after kissing him, made a sign of the cross on his forehead. Until she learnt that he had returned safe and sound to the Tuileries, she remained in a state of anxiety.

Strict watch was kept over the great army of servants on duty at the Palace. There were so many of them, that however carefully they might have been selected, it was possible that some black sheep or other had crept, here and there, into the fold. Thus the special Police Service of the Tuileries was ever on the *qui vive*. For some years it was controlled by M. Hyrvoix, but he, though a very zealous and able official,

* There were some later conspiracies against the Emperor's life. About the end of December, 1863, four Italians, named Greco, Trabucco, Imperatore, and Maspoli—*alias* Scaglioni—were arrested in Paris, and found possessed of bombs, revolvers, and daggers. The two first-named were transported for life to Cayenne, each of the others being sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Again, in 1870, under Émile Ollivier's administration, another plot—this time a French one—was discovered, but it would seem to have been in part the work of *agents provocateurs*. The chief culprit was a young man named Beaury, a deserter from the army, and an acquaintance of Gustave Flourens, the well-known revolutionary; but quite a number of prisoners were tried at Blois for being more or less connected with the conspiracy, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

contrived to offend the Empress in one or another way, and thereupon received an appointment in the provinces. His successor was Lagrange, who remained in office till the fall of the Empire. The duties of the Palace Police or "Police du Château," as it was usually called, were multifarious. It was requisite that some of its members should watch over the personal safety of the Emperor, the Empress, the Imperial Prince, foreign royalties, and other distinguished visitors. It was necessary also to keep a watch on all the functionaries in office—chamberlains, aides-de-camp, orderlies, equerries, and so forth. Many a time was an eye or an ear applied to a key-hole, many a time was a mental note made of some incautious remark, which was communicated to the "Chief," and by him to Mocquard, the confidential secretary at the head of the Emperor's Private Cabinet. Among the servants, at least one of each department really belonged to the Palace Police, and reported on the behaviour of his colleagues. And it was not merely what went on at the Tuileries itself that was subjected to this constant espionage. Officials, ladies of the court, servants also, were, on the slightest suspicion, watched wherever they might be.

In the kitchens the surveillance was very strict, in order that there might be no tampering with the food. Thoroughly reliable men waited on the Emperor and Empress; no dish, no sauce intended for either of them, was for a single moment lost sight of. There were night watchers also. Trusty men of the Palace Police prowled hither and hither, and Cent-Gardes went their rounds. When these Cent-Gardes were on duty they showed themselves, on the whole, very vigilant and devoted men, but they had a failing, as we shall see. Tall, well-built, and often possessed of very handsome features, they looked truly superb in their gala uniforms, both when they escorted the Emperor on horseback, and when they stood rigid, at attention, with drawn swords, on the stairs or in the corridors of the Tuileries, when some ball or banquet was given.

Long white horse-tails hung from their polished steel helmets, which had tri-colour side plumes and brass plates bearing the imperial crown and initial. Their tunics were sky

blue, with scarlet, gold-braided collars. Brass nuts bespangled their bright steel cuirasses, which weighed from twelve to thirteen pounds apiece, and in which you could see yourself as clearly as in a mirror. Their epaulettes and aiguillettes were golden, their gauntleted gloves of white buff leather, their tight breeches of white buckskin. To their brilliantly polished boots, rising above the knee in front and to the joint behind, spurs *à la chevalière* were fixed. The undress uniforms which they wore on their walks abroad when off duty, were also very smart, and, all considered, it is not surprising that they should have been much admired by the Parisiennes, of their time, and have frequently become extremely vain of the *bonnes fortunes* they met with.

The police reports of the period often contained passages reflecting on the morality of those superb bodyguards. It was no mere question of cooks and nursemaids as might be supposed. Giddy women of position were fascinated by them, and extraordinary incidents occurred. On evenings when the men were free they would frequently be found supping in the private rooms of fashionable restaurants, *en tête-à-tête* with such ladies. The police kept a particular watch on a restaurant in the Rue du Bac, which by reason of its proximity to the barracks in the Rue de Bellechasse, was freely patronized by these stalwart Musketeers of the Empire * and their *inamoratas.* Certain rooms there were reserved for them, and nobody was allowed to enter who could not give the passwords, *Trésor et mystère.*

Another house they visited was the Vieux Moulin Rouge (no connection with the Moulin Rouge of present times), in the Avenue d'Antin, where ladies of fashion and the stage kept appointments with them. To make matters worse some of the men openly boasted of their conquests, and scandal ensued. In spite of various severe disciplinary measures the evil was never entirely eradicated, though it became less marked when, owing to the difficulty of obtaining sufficient picked men of the requisite height, it was decided to include privates as well

* They were, as a matter of fact, armed with Treuille de Beaulieu carbines, or *mousquetons*, to which their long, straight-bladed sabres of the Cuirassier pattern could be adapted as bayonets.

as non-commissioned officers in the corps. The latter thereupon lost a good deal of its prestige in the eyes of giddy *élégantes*, who were then not unwilling to yield the *pas* to their rivals of the kitchen and the nursery.

It was to the Emperor personally that M. Hyrvoix, who—with the title of Commissary of the Imperial Residences, was, as we have said, at the head of the Palace Police—reported all scandalous incidents that came to his knowledge. He more than once had to direct the sovereign's attention to the behaviour of his bodyguards. On one such occasion he informed him of a strange disappearance which had occurred in Paris. A woman of Mexican origin, supposed to be connected with a New York newspaper, had vanished from her flat, and the police had been unable to trace her. He, Hyrvoix, had previously come in contact with her under curious circumstances, and this is the tale he related.

At one of the balls given at the Tuileries a woman, whom the palace police agents, dressed as ushers and footmen, were unable to identify, had been observed in the company of an *attaché* of one of the foreign embassies. At a certain moment, moreover, she had been seen making memoranda in a note-book, and the circumstances having seemed suspicious, both she and her cavalier had been followed on their departure from the ball. The *attaché*, who was approached on the matter, made a clean breast of it, the more willingly as he was throwing up his post and leaving France. He admitted, then, that the woman was not his wife but his mistress; that she wrote on Parisian society and fashions for an American journal; and that, being unable to obtain the *entrée* to the Tuileries by any direct means, she had prevailed on him to take her to the ball in order that she might see and describe it. Briefly, she was one of the very first of a now long line of lady-journalists, and made her appearance in Paris about the very time when Adrien Marx, with his "Indiscrétions Parisiennes," was writing the first newspaper "interviews" published in Europe.

So far as the police were able to verify the *attaché's* story it appeared satisfactory, and the only further action they took was to keep a discreet watch on the woman's movements. They ended by finding, after the departure of her diplomat lover from

Paris, that she had transferred her affections to one of the Cent-Gardes, whom she had met one day when he was off-duty. Appointments had followed between the pair; it was known that they had met on various occasions at a restaurant in the Avenue de Neuilly, and that they had supped together in Paris on the night when the woman was presumed to have disappeared. All inquiries respecting her in the city having failed, a letter had been addressed to her newspaper, whose editor had answered that he had heard nothing of her for some time past, and felt rather anxious about her. On the other hand, apart from the fact of the intrigue, there had been nothing suspicious in the behaviour of her friend the Cent-Garde, who, on being interrogated, had admitted the *liaison* but expressed his utter inability to account for the lady's disappearance. In the state of the case it hardly seemed fair to prefer a serious charge against the guard. A premature public scandal would damage the prestige of the entire corps, for the opposition journals would certainly pounce on the affair and exaggerate it. All considered, then, it was deemed best to take no immediate action, but simply to watch and wait.

The Cent-Garde in question was one of the most striking-looking men of the corps—a veritable Porthos in build and strength. His name was Victor Prévost. Born in December, 1836, he had been apprenticed to a Paris wire-worker, but being afflicted with the terrible rapacious appetite known as bulimy, he had left that master and found employment at a butcher's, where he was able to satisfy his unnatural craving for food. It was not lost on him, for he developed great muscular power at an early age, and became an expert slaughterer. Joining the army in 1855, he soon passed into the Cuirassiers of the Guard, with which regiment he took part in the Italian campaign of 1859. In 1862, his term of service having expired, he re-enlisted, and four years later he was incorporated in the Cent-Gardes.

Prévost seems to have performed his duties efficiently, and by reason of his great physical powers he was better able than some of his comrades to stand the strain of that rigid immobility, on which Colonel Verly, the commander of the corps, invariably insisted when his men were stationed inside the

Tuileries, guarding either stairs or doorways. Visitors to the palace often wondered how it was that the Cent-Gardes contrived to remain at their posts as motionless as statues during all the long hours of some great ball. In reality, however, they did nothing of the kind. No human being could have accomplished such a feat; and in point of fact, each Cent-Garde was quietly, unobtrusively, relieved after one hour's duty.* Prévost was among the few who boasted that they could bear the strain for twice that time, and *à propos* of his imperturbability when he was on duty there is a tale which may be repeated here.

During the Imperial Prince's childhood boxes of sweetmeats constantly arrived at the Tuileries addressed to him, but the Empress gave orders that he was never to eat these sweets without her express permission. One day, when he was eleven or twelve years old, a box of *dragées* being offered to him by somebody of the court, he resolved to ask his mother if he might accept it. On leaving the room, however, he espied the Cent-Garde on duty at the door, and a comical idea suddenly entered his boyish head. The soldier stood so upright, so motionless, that one might have thought him a statue. Could he be made to move? wondered the little Prince. At all events, he would try. Opening, therefore, his box of *dragées*, he dropped a first sweet into one of the Cent-Garde's big boots, but without effect. The man did not stir. A second *dragée* followed with no better result, nor did the man move even when the impatient little Prince ended by pouring down his boots every sweet that was left in the box. That feat accomplished, young Louis, as his parents called him, ran off to tell his mother of it, and the story being repeated caused much amusement in the palace. Now, the Cent-Garde in question was Prévost.

He quitted the corps in 1869. M. Hyrvoix was then no longer at the head of the Palace Police, and the affair of the missing Mexican woman had been shelved. Prévost passed into the ordinary Paris police force, as one of the *sergents-de-ville*, who after the fall of the Empire were re-christened *gardiens de la paix;* and with them he continued serving until 1879, being

* There were a few occasions when a man, having been overlooked, fainted at his post. The weight of helmet and breastplates, and the temperature of the ballrooms, should be borne in mind.

still and ever a superb-looking animal, afflicted with the same voracious appetite as in the past, and, though he was now over forty, still making conquest after conquest among women. He distinguished himself on one occasion by stopping a runaway horse at the risk of his life, but he was often reprimanded for neglect of duty, such as absenting himself from his beat, either to satisfy his hunger or to meet one of his female acquaintances.

He seems to have had also a peculiar passion for jewellery, which he acquired by hook or crook, and afterwards turned into money. It was this which led to his downfall. One day in September, 1879, a jeweller named Lenoble called by arrangement at his lodgings with a large selection of jewellery, worth about £240. Prévost chose a gold chain, for which he was to pay by monthly instalments, but while Lenoble was writing out the necessary promissory notes Prévost struck him three times on the head with a heavy coupling-iron, and to make sure of killing him cut his throat. Being off duty that day, the murderer spent his time in chopping his victim into pieces, which he carried off after sunset in a laundress's basket, and dropped into the street drains and round about the fortifications of Paris. It was a dark evening, and he was wearing a blouse, nevertheless, a female acquaintance recognized him, and on seeing him throw away what seemed to be a piece of meat she picked it up. On showing it to a butcher, however, she learnt that it was not meat but human flesh.

Prévost was arrested. Abundant proofs of his crime, including his victim's head, clothes and jewellery, were found at his lodgings. It was ascertained also that the unfortunate Lenoble (a married man with children) had been cut into no fewer than seventy-seven pieces. Prévost ended by making a full confession of his horrid deed, and he even admitted a previous crime, the murder of a woman named Adèle Blondin, in February, 1876. Some of her relatives had then reported her disappearance, but although her *liaison* with Prévost was known, nothing came of the investigations made at the time, though the scoundrel had pawned some of his victim's jewellery, sold the remainder to colleagues, and even found dealers to buy her clothes and other articles stolen from her lodgings. He

had disposed of her remains in the same manner as he had tried to dispose of the jeweller's, and after his confession he pointed out to the authorities a spot on the fortifications where the unfortunate woman's head was found buried. However, he never confessed the murder of the American lady-journalist whom he had known when a Cent-Garde, though there is little doubt that he was guilty of that crime also. It was generally believed that in committing the murders of which he was convicted he had been actuated by a desire to procure money for the purpose of satisfying his inordinate voracity. He was sent to the guillotine (Deibler acting as executioner) in January, 1880. Such was the end of one of the most imposing of those Cent-Gardes whom the Parisiennes had admired so intensely in the days of the Empire. But let us add that he was quite an exception. No other man of the corps, whatever his failings, was ever convicted of crime.

Nor except as regards pilfering * were there any serious offences among the palace servants if one may judge by the Adjutant-general's reports. One day the Empress having asked for a *carafe frappée*, her usher at once told a footman to fetch one. The footman, however, neglected to do so, and the Empress remained waiting for her iced water, whereupon the usher scolded the footman, one of whose colleagues took the delinquent's part. There were high words—a somewhat noisy and scandalous scene—and in the end the affair came before General Rolin, by whom both offenders were punished with extra duty. At another time we find a servant sent a short distance with a letter. He leaves the Tuileries at 11.45 a.m. and returns at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Worst of all he is drunk, and as a natural consequence his dismissal follows. But such incidents occur at times in most large households, however carefully the servants may have been chosen.

There were, of course, police inquiries respecting every domestic who applied for a post in the imperial household. That precaution was taken even when Napoleon III. was merely President. A police report, a copy of which lies before us, states

* If any inmate of the palace were indisposed, and tea *à la française* were served him in his bedroom, not a drop of rum or a scrap of sugar ever went back to the kitchens.

that a man named Rouyer, who has circumvented Count Clary with the object of obtaining a situation as usher or footman at the Élysée, formerly belonged to the household of Charles X., and is a dangerous Vendean, whose only purpose is to put some poisonous substance in the Prince President's food or drink. Whether that were true or not, Rouyer did not obtain the situation for which he applied. *À propos* of his affair it may be stated that in the earlier years of the Empire, the palace service, the imperial stables and the hunt included many men who had served Charles X. or Louis Philippe. We shall have occasion to mention some of them hereafter; for the present it will suffice to say that they seem to have served Napoleon III. quite as well as they had previously served the house of Bourbon or Orleans.

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CHAPTER VI

THE EMPEROR AND HIS PRIVATE CABINET

The Emperor's Rooms—Their Decorations and Appointments—The Eagles of the Imperial Guard—The Council Chamber and the Newspaper Room—The Imperial Sanctum—The Room where New Paris was planned—The Dressing-room and Bedroom—The Emperor's Valets—His Morning Work—Secret Audiences and State Councils—The Lunches with the Empress—Afternoon Work—Work-day Dinners—Plain and Substantial Fare—The Wines and Liqueurs drunk at Court—Coffee in the Drawing-room—The Emperor's Evening Work—The Multiplicity of his Occupations—The Chief Officials of his Private Cabinet: Mocquard, Conti, Piétri, and Thélin—Some of the Private Cabinet's Work—Petitions and Grants—Management of Estates—High Diplomacy—The Cabinet Noir and Secret Police Reports—Current Accounts—A New Nobility—Novels and Newspaper Articles—A Tale of the Imperial Sanctum—The Alleged Theft of £8000 from the Emperor's Table—Did Marshal St. Arnaud kill General Cornemuse?

A NUMBER of changes were made in the internal arrangements of the Tuileries during the eighteen years of the Second Empire. The rooms which the Emperor used for personal purposes during the greater part of the reign were not in all respects those in which he first installed himself. It would be of little interest to enumerate all the alterations. Let us content ourselves with glancing at *l'appartement de l'Empereur* such as it became and remained until the downfall of the *régime*.

All the rooms were on the ground floor and extended, roughly speaking, from the Pavillon de l'Horloge to the Pavillon de Flore on the garden side of the palace. The first apartment of the suite was a small Ushers' Room, which you entered near the staircase conducting to the State Rooms on the first floor. All the doors, let us add, were double ones, and of solid mahogany as was all the woodwork throughout the suite.

From the Ushers' Room, which contained nothing of note, you reached the Chamberlains' Salon, hung in grey silk and decorated with Prudhon's portrait of the Empress Josephine. Here also was a mahogany flag-stand in which were assembled the eagles and colours of the Imperial Guard. The Emperor being Colonel-in-chief of the regiments of the Guard, those colours were deposited in his keeping. Whenever any particular regiment was transferred from Paris to such places as Fontainebleau or Compiègne, a troop of Cent-Gardes conveyed its eagle to the palace there; and on the occasion of any great review in the Bois de Boulogne or on the Champ de Mars, the Cent-Gardes again removed the eagles from the Tuileries and ceremoniously handed them over to the respective regiments. The latter, with similar ceremony, returned them to the Cent-Gardes at the close of the day. At one of the last Salons of the Empire there was a huge painting of considerable merit by Albert Girard (a forgotten Grand Prix de Rome) depicting the Cent-Gardes returning with the eagles to the Tuileries, by way of the Champs Élysées. This picture was purchased by the Emperor and sent to the Cent-Gardes' barracks, but being removed on the fall of the Empire, it was subsequently given by the Empress to M. Franceschini Piétri.

Let us now return to the Emperor's apartments. From the Chamberlains' Salon you entered the Council Room, which was lighted by a window and a glass door, the latter opening on to a flight of steps which descended to the reserved garden. The two principal paintings in this Council Room were Winterhalter's large official portrait of the Empress Eugénie in her state robes and coronet, and a portrait of the Emperor's elder brother when a young man. The walls of the room were hung with red silk, and the furniture included a couple of large bookcases, full of works on jurisprudence, and, of course, a great oblong table at which the Ministers sat under the Emperor's presidency.

The Newspaper Room was the next of the suite, and here, against the red silk hangings, was seen a large portrait of the Empress dressed in red velvet, and with the Imperial Prince on her knees. Quantities of newspapers, French and foreign, including copies of those which were confiscated by the police in order

that the ordinary public might not read them, were disposed in an orderly fashion both on some large consoles and beside the piles of reports and documents set out upon a central table; while at one end of the room was a book-case containing, curiously enough, a collection of Latin poetry and prose. Near a door which you opened to enter the Emperor's private cabinet was a stand on which the chamberlains deposited their lists of applications for public or private audiences.

The imperial sanctum, a very spacious apartment with two windows, had been contrived, like the newspaper room, in a space previously occupied by some open arcades. In the centre stood the Emperor's large writing-table, on which you might perceive a curious gold snuff-box, previously the property of Napoleon I., and a delightful miniature portrait of the Empress Eugénie. The Emperor sat at this table with his back to the fire, and with the windows on his right hand. Facing him, on the other side of the table, were chairs for his Chef-de-cabinet and his private secretary when they worked with him. On the right was another chair for any Minister or similar personage under like circumstances. Then, on either side of the fireplace stood a roomy armchair upholstered in leather. The Emperor occasionally rested in the one facing the windows, and anybody who might be with him at the time was invited to take the other. The clock and candelabra on the mantelpiece belonged to the Louis XVI. period. On the right of the fireplace was an interesting collection of miniatures of Napoleon I. and other members of the Bonaparte family, as well as a fine marble medallion of the young Imperial Prince.

Facing the fireplace, and between two cabinets full of valuable bibelots and old Sèvres, was a doorway conducting to the rooms occupied by the Chef-de-cabinet and the private secretary, while at the far end of the apartment you saw a long low mahogany nest of drawers, full of papers and surmounted by a large plan of Paris. Above another stack of drawers on the left of the chimney-piece hung Ingres' study in oils of Julius Cæsar.

Among what may be called the *annexes* of the imperial suite of offices was a large Salon de Service, containing writing-tables for chamberlains, aides-de-camp, and other officials who might

be on duty. Here in a great show-case you saw Mène's wonderful series of statuettes of men and officers of the French army. Every different corps, every variety of uniform and accoutrement, whether of horse, foot, or cavalry, was represented in this collection with the greatest exactness, and many of the little figures were masterpieces of modelling. Most unfortunately they were destroyed in the conflagration of 1871.

There were also special rooms where officers and functionaries lunched, and yet another—near the Emperor's sanctum—where stood a number of large tables covered with plans of Paris. In that room Napoleon III. spent many months, if not years, of his reign. There, with Haussmann and Alphand and Viollet-le-Duc, he enthusiastically studied and prepared all those improvements, all those wonderful transformations, of his capital, which were the wonder of the age. Let no mistake be made. Every man is entitled to his due, and the new Paris of the Second Empire was as much the creation of Napoleon III. as of Haussmann, Alphand, or another. There were financial blunders undoubtedly, financial scandals, too, of no little magnitude, and men such as Morny reaped golden gains; but the Emperor never pocketed a *sou*, nor did the much-abused Haussmann—an ever-needy man, who died poor. And though some Parisians of those days may have sneered and said that the fine new streets were simply laid out so straight and broad, in order that they might be conveniently swept by artillery in the event of a popular rising, the generations which have added, of later years, to all the city's improvements, have never had cause to regret that so much had been done already before their time. Nevertheless, how mean and despicable has been the action of those in authority, who, imagining that they could blot out whole pages of the history of Paris, have effaced from building after building every inscription, every crowned N, recalling the period of its erection! In the patriotic wrath which followed Sedan, such action may have been excusable; but again and again since those days have workmen been seen obliterating some emblem or lettering, previously overlooked, and of a nature to recall the imperial *régime*. Often have men of sense marvelled at the zeal of those petty, narrow-minded iconoclasts. But *passons*.

Near the Emperor's cabinet were his bedroom, dressing-room, and bath-room. On the left of the last named was a private staircase conducting to the Empress's apartments on the first floor. In the dressing-room hung some views of Arenenberg—so closely associated with Queen Hortense's last years and the Emperor's early ones—as well as several engravings of Arab sheiks after paintings acquired by Napoleon I. in Egypt. Near this dressing-room were sundry closets and such places, where the Emperor's wardrobe was kept, one of them containing a large assortment of overcoats, from the lightest of summer ones to a heavy sealskin "inverness," which Napoleon—a very chilly mortal by the way—wore in severe weather. From the dressing-room the bedroom was entered. Its chief decorations were two Italian mosaics on either side of the fireplace, one being a copy of a Virgin by Raffaelle, and the other a copy of a St. John the Baptist by Guido Reni: the last-named a gift from Pius IX. Portraits of the Emperor's father and mother hung on either side of the bedstead, which was of the empire style. Against the wall facing the fireplace stood a large cabinet of carved oak, while between the windows was a smaller one containing trinkets and family souvenirs, and surmounted by some racks of side-arms of various kinds.

The Emperor had five *valets-de-chambre*. The head one was Léon Cuxac, who had been his valet long before he ascended the throne. Under Cuxac, who received £240 a year and many valuable perquisites, were Gouttelard and Müller, who attended on alternate days. Their salary was £100 a year with an allowance for quarters. The other men were supplementary valets, whose services were only requisitioned on special occasions. There was also a *valet-coiffeur* in receipt of £120 a year, whose duties were confined to cutting the Emperor's hair from time to time, for Napoleon III., unlike the present German Kaiser, always shaved and pointed his moustache himself.* Further, there was a fire and candle-man attached to the private apartments, and four *frotteurs*, who, besides waxing and polishing the marquetry floors, dusted and cleaned the rooms.

* It was originally a *medium brown*, as shown in the better paintings from the life; but in later years it was, for a time, darkened by a dye to conceal greyness.

The day-valet usually entered the Emperor's bedroom to draw up the blinds and open the shutters at half-past seven o'clock. The Emperor then speedily rose and repaired to his dressing-room, where he found Cuxac awaiting him. He took a bath and dressed, and while he was drinking a cup of tea, Charles Thélin, the Keeper of the Privy Purse and Wardrobe Superintendent (in which capacity he checked all tailors', hosiers', hatters', and bootmakers' accounts), came in—displaying his huge moustache *à la* Victor Emmanuel—to take orders respecting a variety of private donations and charitable contributions. Dr. Conneau arrived at the same time, and usually profited by the opportunity to call attention to cases of distress which needed relief. Conneau and Thélin, those old associates of the days of Napoleon's imprisonment at Ham, were always the best intermediaries for folk who sought pecuniary assistance of the Emperor. The cases which Dr. Conneau brought forward were included in the general expenses of the Imperial Household; while as those which Thélin dealt with concerned only the Privy Purse, the accounts respecting them were rendered privately to the Emperor himself.

It may be mentioned that Napoleon III. usually partook of only two meals a day—*déjeuner* at noon and dinner in the evening. After his matutinal cup of tea and his consultation with Conneau and Thélin, he went straight to his private cabinet or work-room, unless, indeed, there were some occasion for him to go out. On ordinary work-days at the Tuileries he wore a dark blue frockcoat and waistcoat, with fancy trousers, and for a good many years he adhered to the trouser-straps which had been fashionable before he came to the throne. In Paris, whenever he went out in civilian attire, he wore the orthodox silk hat and—almost invariably—Suède gloves of the shade known as pearl-grey. He generally took with him his favourite walking-stick, which was of rhinoceros hide with a gold handle figuring an eagle's head.

On entering his work-room, whither he was followed by the Chef-de-cabinet, the first functionary whom he usually received was that important personage the Prefect of Police. Later came one or another Minister with whom the Emperor worked during a part of the morning. Those who attended most

frequently were the Ministers of State and of Foreign Affairs. Other private audiences were also occasionally given in the morning, though the usual time was from 1 to 3 p.m. Apart, however, from the audiences respecting which the usual routine of the Chamberlain's service was observed, there were others of a particularly private, virtually secret character, such as were accorded to certain politicians and journalists. Those visitors, then, did not pass through the Chamberlains' Salon, but were ushered direct into the Emperor's sanctum by Félix Werwoort, his trusty first usher. Werwoort was a confidential servant of high importance, whose zeal was rewarded by many handsome gifts from the Emperor.

Twice a week when the Court was at the Tuileries a Ministerial Council, beginning at 9.30 a.m. and usually lasting a couple of hours, was held in the Council Room under the Emperor's presidency. There were also occasional meetings of the Council of State to examine some proposed law of importance, and these, as the room where the Ministers assembled was not large enough for a numerous gathering, were held in the Salle des Travées, which was then fitted up with all the appurtenances of a council chamber. The Councillors arrived in dress coats and white cravats, and the Emperor wore the star of the Legion of Honour, and was attended by the aide-de-camp and chamberlain on duty.

On ordinary work-days the Emperor quitted his cabinet about noon and received in the Council Room the various Great Officers of the Household who came to present their reports. He then climbed the private stairs to the apartments of the Empress, with whom he went to *déjeuner*. The appointed hour was noon, but owing to the great amount of work to which the Emperor had to attend, he was invariably more or less late. During the earlier years the sovereigns lunched *en tête-à-tête*; a little later a cover was laid for the Imperial Prince; but after a time, when the boy's studies required that he should take his meals at regular hours, he lunched alone with his tutor. The *déjeuner* of the Emperor and Empress was a very simple affair —eggs, steaks or chops, and fried potatoes, boiled fowl, calves' liver or beef or sheep's kidneys, (and, of course, fish every Friday) —such were the dishes set before them. There were also early

vegetables and fruit from the kitchen gardens of the Palace of Versailles. Preillon, the Empress's *maître d'hôtel*, presided over the service, and the Emperor and Empress's *valets-de-chambre* and a couple of footmen were in attendance.

The meal being finished the sovereigns retired to the Empress's study, where the Emperor remained for a time chatting and smoking cigarettes; but this respite from work was very brief, as there was always somebody waiting to be received by him. He was thus compelled to return to his own room. The household officials were also in readiness to resume their duties, having lunched together either in the Stucco Hall or in a dining-room near the palace chapel—the meals being of three and four courses, with red and white *vin ordinaire*, two finer wines, coffee, and cognac. For an hour or two, after giving one and another private audience,* the Emperor rode or drove out, or walked in the reserved garden. Then, returning to his private room, he continued working until dinner time. Shortly after seven o'clock, realizing that he was already late, he hurried into his dressing-room, made a hasty toilet, and wearing a white tie and a black dress-coat with the star of the Legion of Honour, betook himself once more to the Empress's rooms.†

He then accompanied her to the drawing-room, either the Salon des Tapisseries or the Salon d'Apollon, where the officers and ladies on duty were waiting. On ordinary occasions the ladies were in a decided minority, as they then consisted solely of the two "dames du palais" in attendance on the Empress, whereas the men included the adjutant-general of the palace, the aide-de-camp of the week, the chief officer of the detachment of the Imperial Guard stationed at the Tuileries, the colonel of the Cent-Gardes, the chamberlain, the equerry, and the orderlies on duty, as well as Dr. Conneau, and occasionally the equerry to the Empress. Count Baciocchi was also present whenever the sovereigns intended to spend the evening at a theatre; Count Arèse, a particular friend of the Emperor's, was

* The public audiences were usually given on Sunday, after Mass, and the Emperor was then generally detained for a long time by the crowd of military men and civil functionaries who presented themselves.

† At certain official dinners he wore a blue dress-coat, a white waistcoat, black silk breeches and stockings, and at the more important banquets he appeared in military uniform.

also a frequent guest, and a cover was laid for General Dufour of the Swiss army—Napoleon's former military tutor—whenever he happened to be in Paris.

The Prefect of the Palace having informed the Emperor that dinner was served, the whole company passed in procession into the dining-room. On ordinary occasions the Emperor and Empress sat side by side, but at official dinners they faced one another. From sixteen to twenty servants were usually present. The cuisine was not particularly *recherchée*. The Emperor personally preferred plain and substantial fare—salmon, stewed beef *à la jardinière*, roast capon, and mutton *en ragoût* were among his favourite dishes—and moreover Benoît, the head cook, was a man of somewhat old-fashioned ideas. The Empress's tastes differed, and now and again when she had dined with Prince Napoleon or Princess Mathilde, both of whom kept a very good table, she would ask why such dishes as she had then partaken of could not be served at the Tuileries. M. Benoît would thereupon make an effort to distinguish himself, but he soon relapsed into his usual heavy, monotonous style. At the same time it must be said that there was a great abundance of edibles, and that the finest fish, game, vegetables, and fruit were provided. The wines mostly drunk at the Tuileries were *vin ordinaire* (Mont-Rose), then Cos d'Estournel, Châteaux Léoville, Margaux and Lafitte, Sauternes, Schloss Johannisberg, and some very fine old tawny Port. Burgundy was seldom seen. When Champagne was served, either at the dinners or the ball suppers, it was invariably Veuve Clicquot. The Emperor had a particular friendship for M. Werlé, the senior partner in that famous house, who was both Mayor of Rheims and a deputy. As for the liqueurs which figured at the Tuileries, these, in addition to brandy of the best quality, included rum, kirsch, and anisette, the Empress occasionally sipping a few drops of the latter after dinner. There was also, in strictly limited quantities, some absinthe for the officers who could not forego that deadly *apéritif*.

On ordinary days there was little conversation at table. Those who were present exchanged a few remarks in undertones, never raising their voices unless it were to reply to the Emperor and Empress when addressed by them. Neither then

nor in the drawing-room afterwards, was any allusion made either to politics or to any current Parisian scandal. At times, when the Emperor was going to the theatre he would speak of the stage generally, and of previous works by the author whose new play he was about to see performed. On other evenings he would turn the conversation on to some fire or street accident of which he had read in an evening newspaper.

In the earlier years of the reign dinner was served in the Galerie de Diane, or rather in a part of it separated from the rest by the movable partition of which we previously spoke.* Subsequently the Louis XIV. Salon, a small but elegantly appointed apartment, was used. Directly the meal was over a procession was again formed and the whole company returned to the drawing-room. The *maître d'hôtel* on duty then handed to the Prefect of the Palace a richly worked silver-gilt salver called *porte-à-boire*, having beneath it a central foot or handle by which it was carried. A cup and saucer and a sugar-basin were set upon the salver with which the Prefect then ceremoniously approached the Emperor, who allowed the *maître d'hôtel* to pour a few drops of black coffee into the cup. Coffee was next offered to the Empress in the same manner, but she never accepted it, and the *maître d'hôtel* proceeded to serve the ladies and gentlemen who were present.

Occasionally the Emperor, seating himself at a little table, would take up a pack of cards and try his hand at "patience"; but before long he again went downstairs to his private room to peruse the despatches and reports which had arrived for him. The evening ones were almost always the more important. Till ten o'clock he remained closeted with his Chef-de-cabinet or his private secretary. When official business did not claim his attention he turned to his "Life of Julius Cæsar." On some evenings when he had invited certain members of the Institute of France to dinner, he communicated passages of that work to them. Next, about ten o'clock, he returned to the drawing-room where he had left the Empress and the officials, and drank a cup of tea. Then back to his private room he went once more, and at the time when he was busy with the "Life of Cæsar" he remained working at it in privacy

* See *ante*, p. 22.

until past midnight. At last, however, he threw down his pen and betook himself to his dressing-room where a valet was waiting. His *toilette de nuit* was soon completed, and he went to bed after a sixteen or seventeen hours' day. In the earlier years he slept soundly, but his malady subsequently compelled him to use narcotics.

Of course his life was varied. There were often times when he had to entertain foreign royalties, open the Legislature, inaugurate some building, inspect some work in which he was interested, review his army, put in an appearance at an exhibition or a race-course, undertake a journey, and so forth. On those occasions, however, the ordinary work still had to be done, and it became necessary for the Emperor to expedite everything at the double-quick, never dawdling for an instant if he wished to regain lost time. From 1851 to 1861 the work which fell on Napoleon III. was far heavier than that which is the lot of the constitutional sovereign, for during that period his was essentially a personal rule, and he deemed it necessary to look into every matter of any importance. Quite apart, moreover, from ordinary affairs of State the work accomplished by the Private Cabinet—most of which came under the Emperor's eyes—was very great indeed. Let us try to give some account of it. But first we will glance at the principal officials of the cabinet—M. Mocquard, its chief, and his successor, M. Conti, M. Franceschini Piétri, the private secretary, and M. Thélin, the keeper of the Privy Purse.

Jean François Constant Mocquard, born at Bordeaux in 1798, was descended on his father's side from a family of San Domingo planters and merchants, and on his mother's from the scandal-loving Bussy-Rabutin, the author of "L'Histoire amoureuse des Gaules." Though educated for the law, he began life in the diplomatic service of the First Empire, being sent to Germany as a secretary of legation; but on the downfall of Napoleon he withdrew into private life. In 1817, when he was but six and twenty he was presented to Queen Hortense at Arenenberg, and his comparative youth, his flow of spirits and his ready wit were well calculated to produce an impression on a woman of an inflammable nature, one too, who might still be classed, to use Balzac's expression, as a *femme de trente ans.*

Only surmises, however, no proofs, have ever been tendered with respect to the relations of Mocquard and the ex-Queen of Holland. He returned to France, and practising as an advocate, he came to the front by pleading for Bonapartist and Republican defendants in the great political conspiracy trials of the Restoration, such as those of the Black Pin secret society, and the Sergeants of La Rochelle. But a throat complaint and the loss of his voice constrained him to retire from the bar, and he next tried his fortune as a subprefect in the Pyrenees, under Louis Philippe's government. Difficulties arising with his superiors he threw up that post in or about 1839, and being a Bonapartist at heart, his thoughts turned to Queen Hortense's son, Louis Napoleon, with whom apparently he had more than once corresponded. He visited the Prince in London, and afterwards supported him on the Paris press, becoming one of his most trusty adherents. As such he opposed the expedition to Boulogne, predicting its failure, and some little estrangement ensued; but after visiting the Prince at Ham Mocquard again became one of his representatives in Paris, and in 1848 it was he who chiefly organized those Bonapartist demonstrations which first prepared the way for the coming Empire.

Mocquard was a man who detested ceremony and etiquette. Had he chosen he might have held some great public office. It is true that he was made both a grand officer of the Legion of Honour and a senator, but he very seldom went to the Luxembourg. He much preferred to work behind the scenes, in a semi-private capacity. Chief of Napoleon's Private Cabinet under the Republic, such he remained under the Empire. That he took a prominent part in planning the Coup d'État is well known. He helped to compose the various proclamations which were then issued, and all the drafts were in his handwriting. He went into the affair prepared to sink or swim, and on that fateful night of December 1, when those who met in Napoleon's private room at the Élysée were full of anxiety, it was Mocquard who revived their spirits by jocular descriptions of what would happen in a few hours' time.

Poor little Monsieur Thiers, how that lock of hair a-top of his head would rise in amazement when he saw a police commissary enter his bedroom! How dreadful would be the

awakening of that doughty warrior, General Changarnier, forced to rise and put on his *stays* in the presence of the grinning officers of the law! It was to be hoped that Mme. de X. would not be there. Then, too, what a pompous oration the olympian Victor Hugo would deliver! How blue Charras would turn in his impotent fury! And how woefully quæstor Baze would fume and fret at finding himself caught like a rat in a trap, in spite of all his secret passages! In that style Mocquard rattled on, sketching in turn all the anti-Bonapartists who were to be arrested, expatiating on their physical imperfections, and mimicking their consternation at finding that they would have no nice hot *café au lait* by a warm fire-side that cold December morning. The Chef-de-cabinet's flow of spirits proved contagious. His fellow conspirators laughed, and anxiety subsided.

For his duties at the Tuileries under the Empire Mocquard received £1200 a year, and Napoleon furnished and granted him as residence a house in the Rue de Rivoli comprised in the dotation of the Crown. Inclusive of his pay as a senator and his Legion of Honour allowance, Mocquard's official income was about £2600 per annum, but he also made a good deal of money by writing melodramas. How he found time to do so was a mystery, for his duties at the Tuileries were heavy. All the letters and despatches addressed to the Emperor (and they were legion) passed through his hands: he opened and classified them early every morning. He also worked with the Emperor for some hours each day, and he was constantly entrusted with confidential missions and negotiations, at one moment attending to Napoleon's farming and land-reclaiming schemes; at another having a furtive interview with some secret envoy on matters which, if divulged, might have made Europe tremble; at another scolding or pacifying some greedy or angry imperial mistress; and at yet another betaking himself to the residence of some member of the imperial family, either to signify a private command or express the sovereign's displeasure. But, as we have said, he found time to write melodramas, sometimes, as with "La Fausse Adultère" and "La Fiancée d'Albano," in conjunction with D'Ennery, then in his early prime; or else, as with "La Tireuse de Cartes," in collaboration with Victor

Séjour; while on other occasions he produced pieces which were entirely his own, such as "Les Volontaires de 1814," and particularly the famous "Prise de Pékin," that most extraordinary, most comical, most successful military melodrama of the period, the memory of which has haunted us for over forty years.

Ah! that play, and ah! its hero—the fair-complexioned and red-whiskered War Correspondent of *The Times*, with his tropical helmet, his green "Derby" veil, his umbrella, his telescope, his camp-stool, and his portable desk, all of which he took into action, seating himself at the desk in the front rank of battle, and there carefully penning his "copy," quite regardless of shot and shell. "You will be killed if you remain there!" a grizzly French sergeant cried to him. "Go to the rear!" "To the rear!" the hero of *The Times* indignantly retorted, while the bullets whistled around him. "Why, in that case, I should see nothing, and I have to describe this battle for the first newspaper of the first country in the world!" Thereupon English spectators, who had previously felt inclined to resent the hero's comical "make up," applauded frantically.

The writing of melodramas was not Mocquard's only hobby. He had a *penchant* for American trotters, and it was a sight to see him occasionally whisking along the Rue de Rivoli and up the Champs Élysées, with "Flying Jenny," going her fastest, in front of him, and his "tiger" clinging behind. He was, let us add, a very tall, slim man, quick in his movements, and in his later years somewhat strange in his appearance. A few grey hairs fell over his broad, bumpy forehead, he had a long nose, black, sparkling eyes, and thin, twitching lips, which, on parting, disclosed the fact that he had lost nearly all his teeth. Excepting when he was absolutely forced to attend some official ceremony, he invariably wore a grey frockcoat—"la Redingote grise" of Napoleon I., some used to call it, though others averred that it was the garb most appropriate to the Chef-de-cabinet's position, for was he not the "Éminence grise" hovering beside the purple of the throne? In some circumstances Mocquard undoubtedly acted as Napoleon's *alter ego*, and he was certainly for many years the *confidant* of his most secret thoughts and

schemes, the man who knew more of what was passing in his master's mind than either Morny, or Persigny, or Rouher, or even Fleury, that other *confidant*, ever knew. Mocquard died in December, 1864, and was buried with no little state and ceremony. On the Emperor's behalf, M. de la Guéronnière pronounced a significant oration by the grave-side: "His Majesty," said he, "weeps to-day for the faithful servant who has so long been the depository of his thoughts."

Mocquard's successor as Chef-de-cabinet was M. Charles Conti, a Corsican by birth and a lawyer by profession. His name is mentioned in some strange letters addressed to Ledru-Rollin about the time of the Revolution of 1848. He then courted Ledru-Rollin's favour as a very zealous, advanced Republican. But he soon changed his tactics. Becoming a deputy, he voted for the Expedition to Rome, and later, as a Public Prosecutor, he made no secret of his animosity for all Republicans. A post as Councillor of State was his reward. Like Mocquard, Conti had a literary bent, but instead of writing melodramas he preferred to trifle with the Muses. He lacked the flow of spirits which distinguished his predecessor, being of a far more sedate disposition. Perhaps he was a more suitable Chef-de-cabinet for a sovereign of advancing years, but in any case we do not think he was ever taken as fully into the Emperor's confidence as Mocquard had been.

Under the Chef-de-cabinet was the Sous-chef, who for some years was M. de Dalmas. He did a great deal of work in connection with the correspondence, but neither he nor his successor, M. Sacaley, was entrusted as were Mocquard and Conti with any very secret matters. There was also, as already mentioned, the Emperor's private secretary, M. Franceschini Piétri, a nephew of the two Prefects of Police of that name. M. Piétri's work was largely of a secret character. Having the custody of all the Emperor's cyphers and codes, it was he who translated and transcribed the despatches which arrived, and prepared the answers to them. He was in close attendance on Napoleon, during both the Italian campaign of 1859 and the war of 1870. At the Tuileries he led a life of extreme hard work, rising betimes and retiring late, having to remain with the Emperor every evening, unless there were a ball or a

reception. It is well known that M. Piétri was an extremely faithful servant. He followed the imperial family into exile, and after Napoleon's death acted as private secretary to the Imperial Prince and the Empress Eugénie successively.

We have yet to speak of Charles Thélin, originally Napoleon's valet, but promoted under the Empire to the posts of Keeper of the Privy Purse and Wardrobe Superintendent. The reward was not excessive, perhaps, for the services which he had rendered to his master. In 1840, while Dr. Conneau, inside the fort of Ham, assisted Napoleon to escape from it, Thélin, who was outside, made the escape certain by providing the necessary vehicle and horses for flight. Under him at the Tuileries were all the Emperor's valets, including even Cuxac and the latter's successor, Müller, who followed Napoleon to England in 1871. Further, Thélin had charge of all the private jewellery and such of the crown jewellery as might be kept at the palace. Every article was enumerated in a ledger, and whenever the Emperor or Empress sent for one thing or another, a written order had to be handed to Thélin, and an entry made in the ledger to the effect that such or such an article had been given out. In due course its return was noted. Twice a year there was a careful verification of all the crown jewels in the presence of high officials of the Imperial Household.

The work done in the Private Cabinet, that is in the rooms of the Emperor, Mocquard, Piétri, and Thélin, was of the most varied nature. Communications of all kinds poured in without cessation, and had to be attended to. Of petitions for pecuniary assistance or for employment of one or another kind, there was no end. One day the notorious Vidocq, of Detective Police fame, the author of the axiom, "Set a thief to catch a thief," writes thanking Mocquard for past favours, and reminding him that New Year's Day is at hand, and that he, Vidocq, is eighty-four years old, and poor. Then Prince Poniatowski writes that as the Emperor is unwilling to appoint him manager of the Opera, will he at least give him a receivership to the Treasury or a post in Algeria? A certain M. Cerfbeer begs to be made a senator, grimly pointing out in his letter that it would not be for very long, as he is already seventy-four years

old! D'Aurelles de Paladines—destined to fight Von der Tann at Coulmiers, winning one of the few French victories of the War of 1870—begs that he may be kept in active service, urging as one of his chief claims for that favour his services at the Coup d'État! Then, too, the Prince de Crouy-Chanel, subsequently involved in some financial scandals, entreats the Emperor to confirm his title. And so on, and so on.

Next there are quaint suggestions and angry denunciations. Some provincial magnate thinks it would be a good idea to turn all non-commissioned officers into village schoolmasters on their retirement from the army; while another is indignant at the manner in which a certain regiment of Hussars behaves to the women of his locality. There are also curious, even astonishing, offers. A Mr. J. Blofield writes from Sloane Street, W., stating that he is the proud possessor of the identical truncheon which the Emperor carried when he did duty as a special constable in London during the Chartist riots. He will be pleased, however, to sell it to the Emperor for £12. "Decline this offer," writes Napoleon on the margin of the letter. He had no further use for truncheons—*his* police were armed with deadlier weapons. But the prize for amusing offers is certainly due to a M. Raphael Osson, who states that he is the father of a son aged nine months, but "considering the exceptional and really prodigious qualities of the child," he regards himself as "unworthy to retain such a treasure," and thinks that "he cannot do better than offer it" to his Majesty the Emperor, for which sole purpose he has come all the way from Egypt to Paris! That letter is not annotated; but though the Emperor's family was very cosmopolitan, he can have had no desire to add to it any Egyptian baby, even a phenomenal one. We can picture the laugh which arose in the imperial sanctum when the gleeful Mocquard, anxious perhaps to drive some cloud from his master's brow, showed him that extraordinary letter.

Quite as amusing, if in another way, is a petition addressed to the Imperial Prince, but referred to the Private Cabinet for consideration. It is written by a notable hairdresser of the time, one Edmond Lespès, of the Boulevard Montmartre. "Your young head," says he to the Prince, "needs no severe

coiffure, such as that of Titus, nor even a coquettish wig, such as that of Louis XIV., but the best-disciplined things require guidance, and I should feel honoured if I were allowed to pass the light-brown tortoiseshell comb through your light-brown locks. I should not forget that I was touching a brow destined to wear a crown. I am not a traitor like Léonard [Marie Antoinette's *coiffeur*], nor a perfidious counsellor like Olivier le Daim [barber to Lous XI.]. I am not a political man at all, but merely a capillary artist." In spite of that elegant effusion —worthy of the other Lespès—Timothée Trimm of *Le Petit Journal*—we do not think that M. Edmond was ever appointed hairdresser to the Imperial Prince. He would scarcely have suited the Tuileries, for he was a talkative man, with far too many journalists among his Boulevardian customers.

At another time, the Emperor having finished his "Life of Cæsar," and despatched presentation copies to prominent French and foreign literary men, the Private Cabinet is inundated with letters of obsequious flattery and congratulation. Further, there are the innumerable petitions, drawings, models, and specimens emanating from inventors. These are all examined and reported on, and again and again the Emperor, struck by some idea, grants the applicant a personal audience. On one occasion he gives a whole morning to M. Boutet, who comes to him with twenty or thirty huge plans of a projected bridge over the Channel—one of the earliest schemes for linking England to France.

Diplomacy also largely engages the attention of the Private Cabinet. The Foreign Minister is one of the most frequent of the Emperor's visitors; but there is also secret as well as official diplomacy. Here first germinates the so-called "greatest scheme of the reign," the foundation of an empire in Mexico; here the idea of the annexation of Belgium is first mooted; here originates that of mediating between Prussia and Austria and securing Venetia for Italy. One morning, too, an estafette summons Fleury, who, after a brief chat with Napoleon, hurries away from France to prevail on Victor Emmanuel to renounce his ideas on Rome. Here, too, comes Lebrun before starting on his secret mission to Vienna, to prepare a combined Franco-Austrian attack on Prussia in 1871—the attack which Prussia

forestalls the previous year. Before then, Cavour and Bismarck and many others, famous ministers and unknown secret agents, had occupied the armchair which faces Napoleon's beside the fireplace in the imperial sanctum. It was well, perhaps, that the Emperor invariably strove to preserve an expressionless countenance, for he always sat in the armchair facing the light, to which the others turned their backs. That was an imperial blunder, such as none of the many investigating magistrates at the Palais de Justice would ever have perpetrated.

But let us picture the Emperor alone for a moment. Mocquard has just handed him one of "Elizabeth's" reports on the chit-chat and social scandals of Paris, and Napoleon scans it attentively, bent on ascertaining both what the royalist salons of the Faubourg St. Germain and the cafés of the Boulevards are saying and doing. At another moment a report from a secret agent in London receives attention, and the Emperor on reading it notes that Rimmel, the perfumer, Grillon, the landlord of the Clarendon Hotel, and Fechter, the actor, are described as "dangerous Orleanists."

But here come the transcripts of the letters opened in the "Black Cabinet" of the post-office, and if the Emperor likes he can pry into the secrets, not only of the *régime's* adversaries, but of his own ministers and aides-de-camp, and his wife's ladies and equerries as well. The Prefect of Police is supposed to be trusted; nevertheless there are reports on him also, as there are others on the Director of Public Safety at the Ministry of the Interior. If a lady of rank takes a lover, or a married functionary a mistress, Napoleon learns all about it. It is the same when St. Arnaud loses heavily at the Bourse, and when Morny is not particularly careful to conceal the secret commission which he pockets over some shady speculation. Transcripts of private letters, written by such partisans as Baroche, Bazaine, and Rouher, arrive at the same time as transcripts of those penned by adversaries like Thiers, Clément Thomas, and Charras. It is a certain Simonel who directs the Cabinet Noir. Under him, from 1851 to 1859, is Commissary of Police Musse, and from 1859 to 1870 Commissaries Marseille and Berillon. Those are the gentlemen who operate, who seize, open, read, transcribe, and reseal all suspicious letters

confided to the postal service, letters which are afterwards duly delivered at their addresses. Simonel often has to work very hard indeed. During the Mexican expedition, the Emperor becomes extremely anxious to ascertain the real truth respecting the situation. For that purpose private letters written by officers of the expeditionary corps are freely opened. Every time a Mexican mail arrives Simonel spends three days and nights "working at it," with the utmost diligence. Yet he is treated neglectfully. He is not a man of any means, and his secret emoluments are only paid him after long delays. At last he complains privately to Persigny, who acquaints the Emperor with his position.

The Civil List and the Privy Purse have to make many strange disbursements. If it is not Charles Thélin it is Pierre-Michel Bure, the Emperor's foster-brother and Crown Treasurer, who has to provide money. At one moment large sums go to the Countess de Montijo. A memorandum, in which the year is not indicated, says: "Sent to Mme. de Montijo in Spain, through Messrs. Rothschild, Feb. 4, 600,000 francs; April 9, 89,739 francs; May 27, 668,421 francs. Total, 1,358,160 francs"—that is about £54,326. Some have wondered why so much money was sent to the Empress's mother. The most likely explanation is that it was in connection with the improvement and development of the Empress's estates in Spain. Napoleon, for his part, spent large amounts on the estates which he acquired in France, the tracts of country which he reclaimed and planted in Les Dombes and Les Landes; all of which, be it noted, was very useful and beneficial work. The same may be said respecting the Emperor's experimental farm at La Fouilleuse, which, again, was no light tax on him.

Let us now glance at one of Bure's registers. Here, item by item, is set forth the expenditure incurred at the baptism of the Imperial Prince—total £35,920! Turn a few pages, here are extra allowances to Prince Achille Murat, making £3328, special grants to Princess Anna Murat of £333 per month, and the same to Pierre Bonaparte of £80 a month over and beyond his regular allowance; while during a long period £120 is spent monthly on excavations in the Farnesina Gardens at Rome. Now peep into one of Thélin's books. The Privy Purse seldom

has any large balance in hand at the end of the month. Out of £4000 paid into it only a few hundreds will be left. Dusautoy, the tailor, relieves it of £1000 or so from time to time; Baron Jerome David, who will figure in our chapter on the imperial family, pockets money for furniture as well as for living expenses. And there is a hungry crew of official journalists duly provided for. Payments are made also to the executors of Lieutenant Aladenize, one of Napoleon's confederates at Boulogne in 1840.

We give on pages 150 and 151 two statements of accounts found in the Emperor's private room after the Revolution of 1870. They include only regular payments foreseen in advance, and represent but a fraction of the outgoings.

Yet other matters occupied the Private Cabinet. At one moment there was an elaborate scheme for the foundation of a new nobility. Ministers, judges, senators, prefects, and other functionaries were to be given titles, according to their office or the duration of their services. Reports were drawn up on the subject, a proposed law was even drafted and discussed by the Council of Ministers. The Empress, who held many titles herself and belonged to a country where they were very plentiful and also often absurd,* is said to have smiled upon this plan, but it came to nothing; and only now and again did the Emperor create some duke, marquis, count, or baron. The scheme was, in part, based on the circumstance that the old nobility was fast dying out, and that, in particular, the titles granted in the time of Napoleon I. were lapsing year by year for lack of heirs.

That was certainly quite true. As regards the old French aristocracy the average duration of a noble house was not more than three hundred years. Yet research has shown that the nobles often had many children. Three of the Montmorencys left fifteen sons, the four first Guises left thirty; one of the Noailles had nineteen children, one of the Harlays eighteen, while the Birons, the Condés, the Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, and

* Could there be anything more ridiculous than such titles as Marquis of the Lover's Rock, Marquis of Eggshell (Algara), Marquis of the Calves' Grotto (Gueva de Becerros), Count of the Castle of Sparks, and Viscount of the Deep Bay of Royal Fidelity?—all of which may still be found in Spain.

PAYMENTS DUE FROM JULY 1, 1868, TO JANUARY 1, 1869.

Names.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	Remarks.
	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	
Crédit Foncier, Landes Loan, 30,300 " Av. Rapp Loan, 10,605 " Rue d'Albe Loan, 57,573	98,478	—	—	—	—	—	
Duke de Persigny	40,000	40,000	40,000	40,000	40,000	40,000	
Colonel Mangin	15,000	15,000	15,000	15,000	15,000	15,000	
Prince Pierre Bonaparte	10,000	10,000	10,000	—	—	—	Completing 100,000 francs.
Macdonald, Duke de Tarente	2,000	2,000	2,000	2,000	2,000	2,000	
M. Sacaley	2,000	2,000	2,000	2,000	2,000	2,000	Last payment.
Marchioness Campana	1,500	1,500	1,500	1,500	1,500	1,500	
Count Orsi (see *ante*, p. 33)	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	
Mme. Guisolphe	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	Last payment.
Mme. Marrast	1,000	—	—	1,000	—	—	
Prince Jablonowski	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mme. de Lapeyrouse	500	500	509	500	500	500	
Mlle. de Marolles	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Countess de Gazan	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Baron Vinot	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mme. Claude Vignon	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mme. Mélanie Waldor	500	500	500	500	500	500	
M. Leconte de Lisle	300	300	300	300	300	300	
Dr. de Colpo	—	375	—	—	375	—	
Mme. Fossey	—	350	—	—	350	—	
Francs	175,778	77,025	76,300	67,300	67,025	66,300	

PAYMENTS DUE FROM JANUARY 1 TO JULY 1, 1869.

Names.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	Remarks.
	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	Francs.	
Crédit Foncier, Landes Loan, 30,300 ,, Av. Rapp Loan, 10,605 ,, Rue d'Albe Loan, 57,573	98,478	—	—	—	—	—	
Duke de Persigny	40,000	20,000	—	—	—	—	Last payment.
Colonel Mangin	15,000	15,000	15,000	—	—	—	Last payment.
Duke de Tarente	4,000	4,000	4,000	4,000	4,000	4,000	
Marchioness Campana	1,500	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	
Count Orsi	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	
Prince Jablonowski	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mme. de Lapeyrouse	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mlle. de Marolles	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Countess de Gazan	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Baron Vinot	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mme. Claude Vignon	500	500	500	500	500	500	
Mme. Mélanie Waldor	500	500	500	500	500	500	
M. Leconte de Lisle	300	300	300	300	300	300	
M. Jacolot	—	375	—	—	375	—	
Mme. Fossey	—	350	—	—	350	—	
	163,778	45,525	24,800	9,800	10,525	9,800	
Crédit Foncier (10 years' loan)	—	32,028	32,028	32,028	32,028	32,028	
Francs	163,778	77,553	56,828	41,828	42,552	41,828	

many other families were at times so numerous that one might have thought they would last for ever. But they died off like the twenty branches of the Montmorencys, the seven of the Harcourts, and the six of the Luxembourgs. In like way few now remain of the *noblesse* of the First Empire, which was far less prolific than the older aristocracy, and has thus become well-nigh exhausted in a single century. But however republican the majority of Frenchmen may be nowadays, there is still no lack of individuals who fancy a title and assume one—occasionally, by reason of some remote connection with a family of authentic *noblesse*, but more often without the faintest shadow of justification for their action.

But let us leave that subject, and resume our survey of the Emperor's Private Cabinet. He had literary proclivities, as we know, and on at least two occasions he thought of writing a novel. That is, a novel with a purpose. In the first instance, apparently, it was to have been a satire on the stubborn folly of some folk of the middle class in not rallying thoroughly to the support of the Empire. In the second it was to have glorified all the material progress made by France under the imperial auspices. In both cases the chief character was to have been, curiously enough, a grocer. First Rossignol, and later Benoît, was to have been his name. It is probable that the calling of grocer was chosen for this personage because then, as now, it was often associated with ignorance and stupidity. Henri Monnier and others had repeatedly satirized it, and sometime in the sixties, when the Emperor was thinking of this novel of his, a grocer's assistant committed suicide in Paris under curious circumstances. He left a paper behind him stating that he had often endeavoured to embark in some other calling but had failed, having been invariably thrust back into the grocery line, though he loathed and detested it, as it was paltry, unmanly, and degrading. Finally, he asked that his savings might be applied to the expenses of his burial and the erection over his remains of a neat tombstone bearing the inscription: "Born to be a Man, but died a Grocer."

Whether the Emperor ever read that tale in his favourite evening newspaper *La Patrie*, we do not know, but it might well have influenced him in choosing a calling for his "hero."

Memoranda respecting the two "plots" were found among his private papers after the fall of the Empire. In the first scheme Rossignol was portrayed as an obstinate, shallow individual, with antiquated and foolish ideas; in the second Benoît was shown going to America in 1847 and returning to France in 1868, when everything he beheld, the absolute transformation of the country under the beneficent Napoleonic sway, filled him with the utmost amazement.

At various times the Emperor financed political newspapers, such as *Le Constitutionnel*, *Le Pays*, *L'Étendard*, *Le Public*, *Le Dix Décembre*, *L'Époque*, (whose nominal owner was his tailor Dusautoy), and *Le Peuple Français*, for which Thélin, with many shakes of the head, had to disburse in one year no less than £56,000. Most of this financing was done during the last period of the *régime*, when, more liberty having been given to the press, several opposition journals were started, and it was thought necessary to have organs to answer their attacks. Occasionally the Emperor wrote articles for these journals, more particularly for *Le Dix Décembre*, or, if he did not actually write them, he drew up, as an editor might do, memoranda setting forth various facts and arguments which he wished to see elaborated. Several such memoranda were found at the Tuileries after Sedan, and journalists of a class were by no means the least frequent visitors to the Private Cabinet—though, of course, many were dealt with by the official Press Bureau at the Ministry of the Interior. During the last years of the Empire the interest which Napoleon took in journalism seemed to indicate that he no longer held the opinion, so often expressed in his early years and his prime, that the best newspaper in the world was not worth a rap.

Among the curious and notable meetings which occurred in the Emperor's private room was one with his foster sister, Mme. Cornu, in the spring of 1863. She who, in spite of her misshapen frame, was at heart one of the straightest of women as well as possessed of a shrewd and clever mind,* had broken

* She helped him to write his book on artillery practice. Although hump-backed, she had found a husband in the person of a painter of considerable talent, whose speciality was the decoration of churches.

off nearly all intercourse with him since the Coup d'État, which she blamed severely. He repeatedly tried to bring about a reconciliation, sent her New Year greetings, wrote to her respecting his "Life of Cæsar," and so forth. But her answers were very brief, and she was unwilling to visit him. At last, at the time we have mentioned, he wrote her an urgent letter saying that long years had elapsed since their last meeting, and that he did not wish to die before seeing her embrace his son, who was just completing his seventh year. Mme. Cornu was touched by the appeal, and allowed the Countess Walewska to conduct her to the Tuileries.

She found both Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie awaiting her, and the former, throwing his arms round her neck, kissed her heartily. "You bad woman," said he; "for twelve years past you have refused to unbend to me." Without replying, she returned his kiss. They all felt very moved and even shed tears. At last, making Mme. Cornu seat herself in one armchair, and the Empress in the other, while he took his stand with his back to the fireplace, Napoleon sent Mme. Walewska for the little Imperial Prince. He came in, all alacrity, but was much surprised when the strange lady took him in her arms and kissed him. His father afterwards wished him to recite one of the fables he had learnt. "But I have forgotten the beginnings," said he. "Then let us have the ends," the Emperor replied. "But I have forgotten them too." "Let us hear the middle then." "Papa," the little fellow retorted, "where does a middle begin?" "Your Majesty will find it difficult to answer that question," said Mme. Cornu.* It was she who afterwards recommended the Prince's first tutor, M. Francis Monnier.

Another remarkable woman who sometimes sat in the Emperor's private room and not only advised, but occasionally chided him, was Queen Sophia of Holland, whom her husband (the father of the present Queen Wilhelmina by his second marriage) neglected for "la belle Madame Musard" and others.

* She herself told the story to Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson, the daughter of Nassau Senior, and the author of "Many Memories of Many People," in which we read it several years ago. We have given it, as closely as a note made at the time permits, in Mrs. Simpson's words.

Queen Sophia, born a Princess of Wurtemberg, was first-cousin to Prince Napoleon Jerome and Princess Mathilde. A woman of great culture and sound political acumen, she corresponded with the Emperor during several years, but he often tried her patience severely by neglecting good advice. With an abundance of light golden hair, she had been very handsome when young, and she long retained a fine figure. The little money allowed her by her husband was chiefly spent in charity, and whenever she travelled it was usually *incognita*, attended only by a maid and a single lady-in-waiting. During her sojourns in Paris Queen Sophia often slipped into the Tuileries to chat with the Emperor and criticize what he had been doing or what he intended to do. The *rôle* she played could hardly be called, however, that of either an Egeria or a Mentor, it was rather the part of a "Candid Friend."

That private room of the Emperor's, which witnessed so much work and so many interviews, also had its legend—a legend of roguery and blood. One day in 1853, according to one version of the story—it is a story with many variations, as will be seen—Napoleon laid, on the table or the mantelpiece, a sum of £8000 in banknotes. He had occasion to leave the room, and on returning he found the money gone. Three people had been in the apartment during his absence, and the Chief of the Palace Police, who was summoned, inquired their names. "General Cornemuse" was the first one given. "General Cornemuse," said the official; "well, it may have been he who took the notes, and yet I am surprised at his doing so. But who else came in?" "King Jerome." "Oh, in that case we need not trouble about Cornemuse. But was there nobody else?" "Yes, St. Arnaud was here." "In that case we need not look further. The money must certainly have been taken by him."

The upshot of the affair (still according to the story) was that St. Arnaud, being accused of the theft, denied it, that an altercation arose between him and Cornemuse,* that they fought

* He was born at St. Malo in 1797, enlisted under the first Empire, served under the Duke d'Angoulême in Spain in 1823, and was at the siege of Antwerp in 1831. He became a General of Brigade in 1849, and in the following year was appointed Chief of the Staff of the army of Paris, in which capacity he participated in the Coup d'État.

with their swords, and that Cornemuse was killed. According to one version the duel took place in a room of the palace, according to another in a corridor, according to a third in the palace garden in the evening, and by the light of candelabra, which either the seconds or some servants held aloft. But if another account is to be believed, there was no theft at all in the Emperor's private room. Napoleon, it is asserted, sent Cornemuse to St. Arnaud with a sum of money to pay one of his gambling debts, in return for which assistance St. Arnaud was to hand over certain papers, notably a signed order of the Coup d'État period, instructing him to sweep Paris with shot and shell, and even set it on fire if there should be the slightest resistance. Cornemuse went with the money to St. Arnaud, who, it is alleged, contrived to secure it without parting with the documents, though he solemnly promised that he would hand them over at a ball at the Tuileries that same evening. At the ball, however, when Cornemuse asked for the papers, St. Arnaud made all sorts of excuses, and finally refused to surrender them. Angry words were then exchanged, and the two men fought in the garden, as previously mentioned. St. Arnaud was twice wounded, once in the body and the second time in the left arm; but making a last desperate lunge, he finally got home, piercing Cornemuse in the abdomen and killing him.

That is a *résumé* of a secret police report on the rumours of the time, which adds that people said a perquisition had been made in St. Arnaud's apartments at the War Ministry, but had yielded no result, and that St. Arnaud being badly wounded, had been granted leave of absence on the score of ill health, his post being provisionally assigned to M. Ducos.. That certainly happened, but all the rest may be regarded as fable. St. Arnaud's ill health was notorious, and it eventually resulted in his death. It was not due to any wound inflicted by Cornemuse or another. Moreover, neither the theft nor the duel took place, though rumours about them certainly circulated in Paris at the time, and even found their way into English and other foreign newspapers. Subsequently the story was repeated in one or another form in several histories, memoirs, French newspapers, and even encyclopædias, eventually suggesting to Émile

Gaboriau some part of the plot of his novel "La Dégringolade." Yet it was all legend, a legend without foundation, concocted, like many other stories, to cast discredit both on St. Arnaud personally and on the Empire and its institutions.

According to members of the Cornemuse family who knew the truth, the General, overburdened by great responsibilities and worries, had been ailing for some time when, on the evening of February 19, 1853, he was suddenly attacked by congestion of the lungs. Three medical men attended him, Drs. Chaumel, Cruveilhier, and Coqueret, and immediately opined that the attack would have a fatal issue. The General lingered for about a fortnight, however, expiring on March 7, when the immediate cause of death was a rupture of the neck of the aorta. That statement, put forward at the time, was then scouted by the enemies of the Empire, but nowadays, the vindictive passions of that period having subsided, there is really no reason to question the accuracy of the family account.

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CHAPTER VII

THE EMPRESS: SOME FEATURES OF HER LIFE

The Empress's Private Apartments — Charles Chaplin's Masterpiece — Dubufe's Beauties of the Tuileries—The Empress's Work-room—The Imperial Correspondence—The Cabinet-de-toilette and the Bedchamber—The Empress's Wardrobe—Pepa, the Head-maid—The Story of the Crinoline—The Cost of the Empress's Gowns—The Crown Jewels—The Empress's Charities—Her Treatment of her Son—Her Intercourse with Mérimée—Her Travels and Regencies—Her Share in Politics—Her Championship of the Pope—Her Opposition to Liberal Reforms—Her Visit to Scotland—The Emperor's Decree of November 23, 1860—Enmity between Persigny and the Empress—Her Presence at Cabinet Councils—Her Failure as a Politician.

It will have been understood already that the Empress's private apartments at the Tuileries were above the Emperor's. Let us ascend to them by the broad white marble staircase starting from the same vestibule by which we entered the various rooms of the Imperial Private Cabinet. Thick Turkey carpets are spread over the marble slabs, and from the walls hang ancient tapestry, quaintly depicting the transformation of Daphne into a laurel bush. On the right hand of the first-floor landing is the entrance to the Hall of the Marshals, on the left that to the Empress's apartments, a suite of some ten rooms. In the first, a small ante-chamber, we find the sovereign's private ushers in brown and silver coats, black silk stockings, and buckled shoes, together with a couple of footmen in the ordinary palace livery. Biguet, the chief usher, a very devoted, confidential retainer, who followed the Empress to England in 1870, and died there, was known familiarly as the "thirteenth Lady of the Palace," from the fact that whenever a lady who should have been on duty happened to be absent, he undertook to attend to any passing matter in which he could replace her.

From the ante-room you passed into the first of the Empress's salons, the one in which her ladies and her chamberlain were stationed. This was generally known as the Salon Vert, the walls being painted a pale green, over which soft ground M. Burette had traced endless arabesques of a darker verdure, picked out with gold, each panel being framed with gilded mouldings. A prodigious basket of flowers by Ghequier was depicted on the ceiling, while in the *cartouches* above each door were other blooms, with birds of the brightest hues fluttering hither and thither. The fine gilded Louis XVI. furniture was upholstered in Beauvais tapestry, figuring bouquets of flowers on a white ground. The ceiling of the second salon, known as the Salon Rose, and serving as visitors' waiting-room, was the masterpiece of Charles Chaplin, who for our delectation transmitted to our times some of the "tradition" of Lemoyne, Boucher, and Fragonard. He and Lefuel, the architect, were, we believe, chiefly responsible for the general scheme of decoration adopted for the Empress's private drawing-rooms, but the Salon Rose, as we have mentioned, contained Chaplin's particular *chef d'œuvre*—annihilated, unfortunately, like all the rest, when the palace was consumed by fire.

Some descriptions of the apartment say that Chaplin's ceiling represented the triumph of Flora; but if our memory serves us aright, the Flora depicted by the painter was the Empress Eugénie. In the centre of the ceiling there was a medallion portrait of her, enframed by a garland of roses held by the three Graces, around whom were scattered symbolical figures of the Arts, while one of several winged genii appeared bearing the infant Imperial Prince in a basket of flowers, and others either drove away a bank of clouds or roused Aurora, whose roseate flush overspread the heavens, which descended to the cornices, where the painter had depicted some gilded trellis work wreathed with opening flowers. Other blooms poured from medallions at the corners of the ceiling, delicate rosy arabesques adorned the walls, while floral subjects again appeared in each of the six *dessus-de-porte*. First came the pansy, crowned with stars under a crescent moon; next a subject introducing a nymph encircling her brow with cornflowers, while beside her slept a companion crowned with poppies; then the violet was

shown, growing in the shade cast by a stately laurel. Naiads followed, crowned with water-lilies and reeds, then came the obvious subject of the marguerite—"he loves me a little, dearly, passionately, not at all"—and finally the rose, cleverly typified by Aurora. The white marble chimney-piece of this room was of beautiful workmanship, inlaid in parts with *lapis lazuli*, serving as a background to golden roses. The furniture was similar to that of the Salon Vert, and four large mirrors framed with wreathing flowers reflected the superb vista of the Tuileries garden and the Champs Elysées.

Next came the Salon Bleu, where the Empress gave audience, and where the *cartouches* over the doors contained medallion portraits of six of the greatest beauties of the time. They were the work of Édouard Dubufe, and included three blondes and three brunettes. On one side Sophie Troubetskoï, Duchess de Morny, with her light flaxen hair crowned with the head-dress of her native land, smiled down on you with dark vivacious eyes, sparkling in a somewhat pallid face; then Anna Murat, Duchess de Mouchy, with fresh bright cheeks added to her fair ringlets, served almost to typify a young English girl; while Églé de la Moskowa, Duchess de Persigny, shone forth radiant as a goddess amid the glory of her golden fleece. Nor were the brunettes less beautiful. The Countess Walewska, *née* Ricci, was garbed appropriately as a Florentine; the Duchess de Cadore typified Haïdee, while the young Duchess de Malakoff, the Empress's compatriot, wore the mantilla and the deep red bloom of the genuine Granadina. It is deplorable that those paintings were destroyed. They would nowadays be, in their way, as famous as are the "Beauties of Hampton Court."

The Empress's three salons, with their white satin curtains, gilded chairs and sofas, marquetry cabinets, crystal chandeliers, and splendid mirrors, clocks, vases, and candelabra of bronze, silver, and porcelain, as well as their profusion of freshly cut flowers, added to all those depicted on walls and ceilings, were well worthy of the wife of the ruler of France. There was, perhaps, rather too much gilding, or at least the gilding was too new, and needed the softening touch of time. Unluckily, there came the Commune.

The Empress's Cabinet or workroom followed the Salon

Bleu. Its walls were hung with a green satin-striped material, the curtains and upholstery were of purple silk, the doors and window framework of mahogany, and the chimney-piece of red marble. A fine old mahogany writing-table occupied the centre of the room, a large sofa and two small tables, with covers embroidered by the Empress herself, being near it. Her favourite armchair was on the left of the fireplace beside a low round table for writing materials, so that while seated in the chair she could take pen, paper, and blotting-pad, place the latter on her knees, and write by the fireside: this being a habit with her. Between the two windows stood a cabinet containing curios of various kinds, including the eagle's quill with which the Peace of Paris was signed after the Crimean War, and the damaged hat which Napoleon III. wore on the night of Orsini's attempt outside the Opera-house. Then, before one of the windows was a table covered with materials for water-colour painting, while in one corner you saw a fine old mahogany grandfather clock, and in others some short columns surmounted by bronze female figures holding candelabra. From the mantel-piece another fine female figure, in white marble, and with a star on the brow, seemed to be soaring aloft attended by a cupid who raised a burning torch, while on either side of this charming piece of statuary some superb bronze vases from the Chinese Summer Palace threw up long curving leaves of a dusky golden hue.

Against the wall facing the windows was Cabanel's life-size portrait of Napoleon III. in a black Court costume, dress coat, breeches and stockings, and with the star of the Legion of Honour on his breast. It showed the Emperor in his mature prime, with his abundant and somewhat wavy dark chestnut hair, his deep expressionless eyes, colourless cheeks, moustache of a medium brown and imperial of somewhat lighter hue. This was one of the best portraits of Napoleon ever painted, and Cabanel was to have executed one of the Empress also, but the commission was repeatedly postponed, and after the Revolution abandoned. By way, however, of adding to the beauties who smiled down from above the doors, the Empress's work-room was further adorned with portraits of Princesses Mathilde and Clotilde and the Duchess d'Albe. A study of Italian women by Hébert and one of Ruth by Cabanel hung on either

side of a kind of arch, between whose curtains of violet and gold you passed into a spacious *annexe* to the Cabinet de Travail. Here you found a number of low bookcases full of French, English, Spanish, and Italian classics, and surmounted by statuettes, vases, busts, and curios, while several small paintings by Wouvermans and others hung from the walls, and photographs and miniatures were scattered over the tables.

On the right of this second room there was a kind of windowless closet, where a hanging lamp was always kept alight. Beyond this little chamber came the private stairs, by which communication was established between the Emperor's sanctum and the Empress's. In the walls all round the closet were nests of drawers filled with the private correspondence of the Imperial family. In 1870 the Empress, with curious foresight and prudence, had this large collection of private papers removed from the Tuileries, in such wise that it escaped seizure at the hands of the officials of the new Republic, who were therefore only able to examine and publish a comparatively limited number of documents which for one or another reason had not passed into the Empress's custody. Curiously enough, among the letters made public at that time was one from the director of the State Archives, asking that old papers of the Imperial Cabinet might be transmitted to him from time to time for safe keeping. He little knew that the Empress was gathering together all she could, and that she, her reader and some of her other ladies spent no little of their time in classifying the papers thus obtained. It follows that, so far as the Second Empire is concerned, there are many *lacunæ* in the National Archives of France. By that we do not mean to suggest that official state documents are in the Empress's possession, but she certainly holds a large number of private papers which would cast light on official ones. Some years ago it was more than once hinted that she had it in her power to print some very damaging revelations respecting many of those who, when the Empire had fallen, were among the loudest in denouncing it. She has preferred, however, to cast a veil over the past, and even if the historical student should ever be privileged to consult her collections, it is probable that this will only come to pass after an interval of many years.

Beyond the Empress's workroom there was another salon, bright and spacious, which, during her earlier years at the Tuileries, served as her Cabinet de Toilette. Adjoining it was a little oratory, where she heard mass from time to time and where Abbé Deguerry of the Madeleine prepared the Imperial Prince for his First Communion. Near at hand, the Empress's spacious bedroom retained an old-world aspect, with its gilded mouldings, its heavy sumptuous hangings, its pompous allegorical paintings, and its great bedstead standing on a platform. Here the Empress kept the Golden Rose sent to her by Pius IX. in 1855, as well as a golden spray of flowers, the Pontiff's gift to his godson, the Imperial Prince; while at the head of the bed hung a branch of "palm" which had received the papal blessing. Every year, when Palm Sunday came round, the Empress received such a branch from Rome.

The Cabinet de Toilette was chiefly remarkable for the number of mirrors it contained. The basins, ewers, dishes, and trays were mostly of porcelain. The bath was not of silver, like Mme. Dubarry's, nor did the Empress imitate that *belle impure* by using milk for her ablutions. There was just one toilet-table set of silver-gilt, which had belonged to Queen Hortense. Everything else was very simple but appropriate—all the requirements of a woman careful of her beauty being provided for. As for the Empress's wardrobe, this was kept in a suite of rooms overhead, with which a small lift communicated, whatever articles she might require being sent down to the Cabinet de Toilette by that means.

Count d'Hérisson has told some lively tales of the immense number of gowns which he found in the Empress's wardrobe rooms after the Revolution of 1870, but his assertions must be taken with many grains of salt. His idea that those gowns represented an outlay of several millions of francs was absolutely preposterous. The Empress's private allowance was £48,000 a year, and so much of that amount was expended by her in charity that she could never have afforded to accumulate such a wardrobe as M. d'Hérisson imagined he beheld. There was, moreover, a rigid system of control. Every article purchased for the wardrobe received a number on its arrival at the Tuileries, and an entry of it was made in one or another

register, according to its nature. Regularly every three months the registers were inspected, and the wardrobe itself was passed in review. Whenever anything had quite gone out of fashion, or appeared to be really superfluous, it was disposed of, and careful accounts were kept of all those outgoings. It is true that the Empress was very generous with her maids, among whom she distributed twice a year a large number of gowns, bonnets, and other articles. Pepa Narro, her head-maid and private treasurer,* throve on many pickings and perquisites. She was said to be the daughter of a Spanish general, that is, of one of those adventurers who rose to some military position during the civil wars in Spain. Dark and lean, in some respects very devoted to her mistress but always keeping the main chance before her eyes, and often treating her subordinates with a severity which became tyrannical, Pepa contrived to marry an infantry colonel named Pollet, who, if we remember rightly, was killed during the war of 1870. She followed the Empress to England, but the climate there did not suit her, and she found too that the old days of secret commissions and other pickings were quite past; so she returned to her native Spain with the handsome fortune which she had accumulated, and which went on her death to some very distant relations.

There were several maids under Mme. Pollet at the Tuileries, including the daughters of the Emperor's former gaoler at Ham; and the Empress's private service also included a resident dressmaker and assistants who made many of her less elaborate gowns. She was partial to black velvet, white satin, and various shades of blue. The story that she invented the crinoline is one of those preposterous but deep-rooted legends against which it is only possible to enter a protest without any hope of destroying it. We will just mention, however, that crinoline was originally the name of a hair cloth or stiffening material, largely employed by costumiers in the time of Louis Philippe, who used it notably in connexion with the leg o' mutton and balloon sleeves, to which our grandmothers were

* At first the post of head *femme-de-chambre* was held by the young and pretty Mme. Dupuis, wife of the first *maître d'hôtel*, but she had not the orderly, regular habits needed for the post, and had, therefore, to retire; whereupon Pepa, previously second, was promoted to be first maid.

at one and another moment partial. When, about the time of the re-establishment of the Empire, the distended skirt began to come into fashion once more, this same material, crinoline, was again used for stiffening purposes. Those ladies, however, who emerged from an assembly with their gowns crumpled, found that crinoline, when once "broken," no longer distended their skirts properly. It was then that a Faubourg St. Antoine manufacturer, remembering the old hoops, and thinking of the cost and comparative scarcity of whalebone, conceived the idea of a light, cage-like, metal structure, which he christened crinoline after the virtually discarded material that we have mentioned. For the first year or so the new invention met with little favour, but in 1855 it occurred to the Empress that the circumstance of her being *enceinte* would be less apparent if she wore one of the new crinolines. This she did, and she thereby certainly gave an immense impetus to the fashion which, once it was in vogue, could not be got rid of for many years. Drapers and mercers, let us add, found it much to their interest to keep the crinoline going. The larger it became, the greater was the amount of material needed for a skirt; and as ladies of fashion could not afford, for reputation's sake, to have fewer gowns than usual in a season, their expenditure on frocks became enormous. Even when some of the leading costumiers headed a reaction they were unable to kill the monstrosity outright. It survived in a mitigated form even under the *robe-tunique*, and threatened a *retour offensif* with the *robe à paniers* of the last years of the Empire.

At various times the Empress herself has made statements respecting the average cost of her gowns. It may be taken, we think, that £50 is about the correct figure, some gowns having cost a great deal less than that amount and others a great deal more. The Empress's morning attire was always remarkably simple. We have seen her wearing plain stuff gowns made for her by her private dressmaker in the palace at a cost of less than £5. But when she was receiving visitors, or when she appeared in public she was dressed as became her rank. Assuming that she had forty new gowns every year (the highest possible estimate according to our recollection of her habits), at the average cost which has been already stated,

we should reach a total of £2000. To that amount should be added, however, the outlay on bonnets, mantles, shawls, gloves, shoes, underwear, parasols, etc. Good lace, once purchased, served over and over again. In shoes the Empress was perhaps extravagant, wearing them very few times, and then sending them to the orphan girls of the asylum under her control. Nevertheless, making all allowances, we do not think that the greatest lady of fashion in Europe spent altogether more than £5000 upon her toilette in any one year; and we believe that there were years when her expenditure was considerably less. Let us say, then, that from first to last, throughout the reign, she spent from eighty to ninety thousand pounds on articles of apparel. In that case it follows that when Count d'Hérisson discovered at the Tuileries frocks and frills representing a quarter of a million sterling, he must have been the victim of some optical delusion. He can have understood neither what he saw nor what he was writing about.

Madame Pollet, the Empress's head-maid, had charge of such of her mistress's private jewellery as was more or less in daily use, the rest, like the crown jewels, being, as previously stated, in the custody of M. Charles Thélin. A large number of the crown jewels were reset in accordance with modern taste soon after the establishment of the Empire. Although there was never any coronation ceremony, crowns were made for both the Emperor and Empress, but the latter preferred to wear a diadem even on the greatest State occasions. Apart from the Regent diamond, the crown jewels which she wore or used the more frequently, were a comb, a *berthe*, some brooches, a belt, a *bouquet-de-corsage*, and a fan. The belt, composed almost entirely of diamonds, and popularly styled "the girdle of Venus," was made in 1864, and fetched only £6600 at the sale of the crown jewels in 1887. But then the stones, 2414 in number, were very small and not all of the first water. Far finer was the large diamond comb, composed of 208 brilliants weighing 438 carats, and the price it realised in 1887—nearly £26,000—was by no means excessive. The diamond shoulder-clasps, which supported the Empress's train or *manteau de cour* were also remarkably fine, being formed of over 130 brilliants weighing 282 carats. The *berthe* with its diamonds, rubies,

sapphires, and emeralds, formed a very charming jewel, and the aiguillettes in the Marie-Antoinette style were also effective. Further, there was a beautiful chain of over 800 diamonds, which, on being sold, fetched £7240; while £4800 were given for the principal brooch, a lovely jewel of more than 300 stones. It was the Grecian diadem which the Empress wore the more frequently. Over 600 brilliants were set in it, yet it sold for no more than £5260; while only £7200 were given for the Russian diadem with its 1200 brilliants and its 440 roses. As a matter of fact, however large may have been the total amount of money realized by the sale of the French crown jewels, many lots were disposed of for much less than they would fetch nowadays, when the magnates at the head of the diamond trade neglect no occasion to prevent what they regard as an undue fall in prices.

The Empress's mornings were largely given to charitable work. In addition to the Eugène-Napoleon asylum for orphan girls, founded with the money which the city of Paris had offered to expend on jewellery at the time of her marriage, and afterwards maintained chiefly by her own resources, there were many other institutions in which she took a close interest. She gave the château of Longchêne to the city of Lyons to serve as a convalescent home, she extended patronage and considerable pecuniary help to such institutions as the Loan to Labour Society (which provided artisans with tools and raw materials), the Seamen's Orphanage, the Lifeboat Society, the Funds for assisting both old seamen and the families of soldiers killed in warfare (Crimea, Italy, etc.); and in addition to the particular solicitude which she evinced in the Children's Hospital in the Faubourg St. Antoine, she became chief patroness of all homes and asylums for the young in France. It is well known, too, that she constantly visited the poorer districts of Paris, doing good by stealth, leaving money and provisions in humble homes which never learnt the name of their benefactress. Many a time did her little dark one-horse brougham, with its coachman in the plainest of liveries, wait for her at the corner of some street in such revolutionary districts as Montmartre, Ménilmontant, and Belleville, while with a single lady companion, preferably Canoness de Rayneval or Mlle. Bouvet, she climbed in her

plain dark garb to some fifth-floor garret to relieve distress. In the afternoon all would be altered: in silk and satin and velvet she would seat herself in her open carriage drawn *à la d'Aumont* by four horses, with postilions, to drive up the Champs Élysées, and thence round the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. Occasionally she herself drove a pair-horse chaise.*

No doubt her visits to the victims of the cholera in Paris and at Amiens in 1865 and 1866 were magnified beyond measure by official newspapers and courtiers, but they were kindly actions, not devoid of risk, and it is quite certain that the Empress always showed herself a good-hearted woman. The assertion that she proved a very indifferent mother was simply one of the foolish slanders of the time. She exercised no little supervision over the rearing of the Imperial Prince, devoting several hours a day to the boy or his requirements and interests. But neither she nor the Emperor would let him be coddled; and it was because their English notions in that respect conflicted with the absurd views then entertained by so many French mothers, prone to excessive petting and fondling, that the legend of the Empress's indifference to her child found credence. At Compiègne, when the Prince was a little chap of two years old or so, the ladies *en visite* to the Court were horrified to find that, if he happened to fall down while he was running about, he was left to pick himself up without assistance, and that if he cried without rhyme or reason, he was scolded for doing so. All that was quite foreign to their ideas, and from the idiotic tittle-tattle which ensued came the libellous aspersions on the Empress as a mother. She took a large part in nursing the little Prince during the ailments of his childhood, notably when he was laid up by a severe attack of measles, which he caught from a little girl who was introduced to him at a children's party at the Tuileries.

It was usually in the afternoon before driving out that the Empress granted audiences in the rooms we have already described. On her return home she attended to such correspondence as might have been left over since the morning, or

* The Emperor was partial to phaetons. We saw him more than once driving about Paris incognito in a vehicle of that description, with the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) as his companion. See *post*, p. 305.

spent an hour or two reading either some book of the time or the day's newspapers. It is said that Fustel de Coulanges prepared for her a course of study in French history. We ourselves should hardly have selected the author of "La Cité Antique," for such a duty, for in spite of all his erudition he was scarcely the man to convey to one occupying the Empress's station the true significance of the history of the country which she helped to rule. Mérimée, however, was, to all appearance, her chief literary mentor. He had known her ever since her childhood, and although there is considerable exaggeration in his own accounts of their intercourse, he certainly exercised great influence at Court when questions of literary taste, the choice and the criticism of books, arose. The Emperor did not like Mérimée, and the Empress on her side did not like Sainte-Beuve, to whom her husband was rather partial. As it happened, both Sainte-Beuve and Mérimée were cynics, but Mérimée's cynicism was lighter and less offensive to a devout mind than his colleague's. He was also a courtier, which Sainte-Beuve was not, and an adept in frivolity and trifling. Thus he not only made himself acceptable, but even requisite whenever the Court wished to cast care to the winds and look only on the lighter and brighter side of life.

However, Mérimée added nothing to his reputation, or to French literature, by the verses, the charades, and the "proverbs" which he penned for the passing amusement of the imperial set. The manuscript of a tale of his, called "La Chambre Bleue," was found in the Empress's private rooms after the Revolution of 1870. It subsequently perished in the conflagration of the palace; but abstracts of it had then been drafted, and from these it seems to have been a story of the *Vie Parisienne*, or *Gil Blas* * type, an account of a vulgar, chance, sexual intrigue in the "blue room" of a country inn. We do not say that Mérimée supplied only literature of that description to the Empress, but the circumstance that he should have presumed to tender her "La Chambre Bleue," shows that she was not in the best hands with respect to literary matters. Perhaps such a proceeding as Mérimée's would have been resented by her had the culprit

* The newspaper, of course—not the masterpiece of Le Sage.

been another; but by reason of their thirty or thirty-five years' intercourse, it was impossible for her to quarrel with the author of "Carmen," as he well knew. And thus he often presumed farther than was seemly.

After dinner at the Tuileries, when no entertainment there or elsewhere figured in the Court's programme, the Empress usually spent the evening in conversation with the ladies and officers on duty. From time to time, as we mentioned in our previous chapter, the Emperor popped like some "Jack-in-the-box" up the private stairs, in quest of a cup of tea or other refreshment. However innocent the conversation might be, it then abruptly ceased; but directly Napoleon had returned to his work downstairs, the Empress started a fresh subject, and kept the talk going until a somewhat late hour. At times, indeed, being a poor sleeper herself, she overlooked the sleepiness of others, who were unable to withdraw for the night until she gave the signal.

She frequently travelled about France, accompanying the Emperor on most of his visits to provincial centres. One year, too, she went with him to Algeria. At another time she visited Corsica with the Imperial Prince, while on a third occasion she represented France at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, her stay in Egypt being preceded by visits to Venice, Athens, and Constantinople. She was then accompanied by her nieces, the daughters of the Duchess d'Albe. They often resided at the Tuileries after their mother's death.

The Empress acted as Regent of France on three occasions —in 1859, during the Solferino-Magenta campaign; in the summer of 1865, when the Emperor was in Algeria; and again in 1870, from his departure to join the army of the Rhine until the fall of the Empire. With a romantic attachment for the memory of Marie-Antoinette she was minded, in more than one circumstance, to take that indiscreet and ill-fated Queen as her model. So long as she remained content with studying Marie-Antoinette's correspondence in the company of M. Feuillet de Conches, weeping over her farewell billet to Madame Elizabeth by the side of Viel Castel, at the Musée des Souverains, or turning the historic cell at the Conciergerie into a chapel, no harm was done, but when, in imitation of Marie-Antoinette, she

initiated both a foreign and a home policy of her own at variance with the policy favoured by her husband and his official advisers, she did the greatest harm, if not to France itself, at least to the *régime* which had given her a crown. There are some things which must be said. Whatever might be the Empress Eugénie's personal attractions and natural goodness of heart, whatever Scotch blood, too, might flow in her veins, she was in matters of faith and reverence for Rome a Spanish zealot of the most uncompromising type. It was because Pope Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli knew that they could rely upon her influence at the Tuileries that they acted so stubbornly, perversely, and foolishly in the various crises in Italian affairs which occurred during the fifties and the sixties. The Empress could not prevent the war of 1859,* which, in spite of its lame conclusion, did so much to accelerate the union of Italy; but we believe that her influence was one of the two factors which brought about the hastily concluded peace of Villafranca, the other being the fear of Prussian intervention in Austria's favour. As for the legend that Napoleon III. made peace because he had been horrified by the sight of the slaughter in the engagements he had witnessed, one may dismiss it as a fairy tale fit only for children.

In her husband's absence from France at that period, the Empress, as Regent, neglected no opportunity to further clerical interests. The publication of Edmond About's work, "La Question Romaine," and the controversy it provoked filled her with alarm, and it was at her instigation that the Ministers seized the pamphlet and prosecuted its author. She had not even taken the trouble to read it, as is shown by the minutes of the Regency Council at which the prosecution was decided, but "the scandal it created" was enough for her. In the following year her position as Papal champion in France became more and more difficult. Napoleon having decided on a policy of

* It has been asserted that she did not take any large part in politics until about 1865; but it is certain that she privately exerted her influence, particularly in religious questions, from the time of her marriage onward. As the years elapsed, various circumstances tended to make her more and more of a politician. Her taste of authority during her first regency, coupled with the worries of her life when her husband was attracted by other women, had a fatal influence on her after-career.

neutrality in Italian affairs—and he could hardly have adopted any other after the cession of Savoy and Nice—set out with the Empress to visit the newly acquired territories, and then crossed the Mediterranean to Algeria. It was the great time of Garibaldi and the war of the Two Sicilies. Italy was liberating and redeeming herself, and English public opinion was thoroughly on her side. Such protests as emanated from the Court of the Tuileries, with respect, for instance, to the Piedmontese occupation of the Roman Legations, were more matters of form than anything else, for it was understood that Victor Emmanuel would not enter Rome itself; and the imperial tour was the best proof that Napoleon did not meditate active intervention. But at Algiers news was received of the alarming illness of the Empress's sister, and an immediate return to France ensued. On arriving at St. Cloud the Empress learnt that she was too late, that the Duchess d'Albe was dead.

Her grief was undoubtedly very sincere and deep; her sister had been her *confidante* in many respects, notably with regard to incidents which, every now and again, clouded her married life. But whatever her sorrow might be, the political situation was such that she could not neglect it. We do not know what share she may have had in the numerous successive proposals which Napoleon III. made about that time to Pius IX. with the view of adjusting the position of the Papacy in the midst of united Italy. We are only aware that the Pope issued a document rejecting every suggestion, whether it were made by Napoleon or by Cavour, and that by his own obstinacy he was reduced to a minimum of precarious territorial sovereignty. He seems to have imagined until the very last that France would intervene actively to restore to him the full extent of the States of the Church; and it appears certain that his hopes were centred in the Empress Eugénie. For the moment, however, France did little beyond ensuring to the Papacy the possession of the city of Rome, and, although her fleet long rode at anchor in the Bay of Gaëta, she likewise left Francis of Naples to his fate. As regards the Neapolitan question, whatever may have been the views of the Empress Eugénie, Napoleon III. was too good a Bonapartist to bolster up any Bourbon Prince; and, besides, his fleet could hardly have intervened with impunity, so

strong had the torrent of British opinion in favour of united Italy now become, although, only the previous year, the partial liberation of the northern provinces by the Solferino-Magenta campaign had been viewed by English statesmen with grave distrust.

The time was a trying one for the Empress Eugénie, her influence was defeated on all sides, and her very presence in France at such a moment became inconvenient, both for herself and for others. Home affairs, moreover, were about to enter on a new phase. The thrones of Europe which had been severely shaken by the French Revolution of 1848, felt that they were, in like way, if in a somewhat less marked degree, menaced by the Italian outburst of 1860. The cry of "Freedom!" is contagious, as rulers well know. Thus, in the autumn of 1860, there were signs in various continental countries of concessions to popular feeling and opinion, and Napoleon III. himself realized that he must, at least, make some show of granting to his subjects a larger measure of participation in the government of the country than he had hitherto allowed them. While he did not desire to meet with the fate of Francis of Naples, he was in no hurry to give complete liberty to the French; he was influenced rather by the thought that small concessions might, if well-timed, suffice to prevent any outburst in France. In that respect, however, he again found the Empress's *entourage* on the other side.

Even many conservative Imperialists who were not tinged with clericalism then looked to her as to their leader and representative. It was supposed, rightly or wrongly, that she would regard any liberal constitutional changes with distrust, for fear lest her son's prospects might thereby be endangered. The Emperor, however, had come to the conclusion that such changes must be made. Again, then, in this respect, the Empress's presence at Court in the autumn of 1860 was inconvenient. Perhaps she herself was conscious of it. Perhaps, as she found that she could not prevent what was impending either at home or abroad, she was unwilling that her presence should be construed as connivance or assent. Perhaps, on the other hand, it was the Emperor who thought it best that she should not be exposed to importunate and irrealizable appeals

with regard either to his home or to his foreign policy. In any case, all Court intrigues in favour of the Pope, or the King of Naples, or the maintenance of absolutism in France were cut short or forestalled by a decisive incident.

On November 14, 1860, the Empress, attended by Mmes. de Montebello and de Saulcy, Colonel Favé, and the Marquis de La Grange, quitted Paris, and after crossing the Channel in the ordinary packet-boat, arrived in a common four-wheeler at Claridge's Hotel in London. For some days the French official journals said no word on the subject, but the *Presse* published the news on the afternoon of the 14th, while the Bourse was still in full swing, and an immediate fall in Rentes and other securities was the result of the general amazement.

The Emperor's conjugal fidelity being widely doubted, most people assumed that he was to blame for the Empress's sudden and mysterious flitting. Thus all kinds of stories were circulated in Paris during the next few days, and the scandal, flashing like lightning across Europe, soon assumed such proportions that the *Moniteur* could no longer keep silent. On the 18th, then, it printed the following announcement:—"The sad blow experienced by her Majesty the Empress in her family affections [her sister's death] having rendered a change of air necessary for her health, her Majesty left three days ago to make, in the most private manner, a few weeks' tour in England and Scotland. The Emperor accompanied her Majesty to the railway station on her departure on Wednesday morning."

The motive assigned to the journey by that announcement was very generally discredited by the Parisians, for the death of the Duchess d'Albe had occurred two months previously; and the English newspapers openly expressed their amazement that Scotland, at that moment enveloped in mist, should have been selected as the spot for the Empress—born under the sun of Granada—to recruit her health, "particularly," said the *Times*, "as Nice, with its fine climate, is now French territory."

In those days the Empress's political *rôle* at the Tuileries was not generally known, and the reasons why it might have seemed desirable for her to be out of the way during that European crisis were only recognized by certain diplomatists. To none of those who saw her during her tour in Scotland did

she appear to be at all ailing. She visited Edinburgh, Abbotsford, and Melrose, Perth, Dunkeld, Stirling, Glasgow, and the Lochs, afterwards going south, staying at Manchester and Leamington, and returning to London on December 2. On the 4th she went to Windsor, where she and her escort lunched with the Queen and the Prince Consort. Several days were afterwards spent in viewing the sights of London, and, finally, on the night of December 12, the Empress returned to France, being met by her husband at Amiens.

During her absence the Emperor had effected some notable changes by his famous Decree of November 23, which was the first step towards the transformation of the Personal into the Liberal Empire. This decree gave the Legislative Body the right both to discuss and present addresses in reply to the speeches from the Throne, and the privilege (under certain restrictions) of proposing amendments to laws. It further authorized the publication of reports of the legislative proceedings. The concessions were small, and would nowadays appear ludicrous, but one must remember what the *régime* had been ever since 1851. Moreover, even those slight concessions created alarm among the more fervent imperialists.

At the Council at which they were announced the various ministers listened in amazement to the remarks which fell from Napoleon's lips. According to what we were once told by one who was then present, the Emperor declared that he was of opinion that when a Government did not in due time make reasonable concessions and reforms, such as the country might desire, it was fatally destined to collapse, and that he himself was not for unreasoning resistance to national aspirations. He did not like the existing composition of the Legislature. Men of parts ought to be attracted to it, but such would only serve if they were at least free to express opinions and tender advice. Although M. Berryer, for instance, was notoriously a Legitimist, it had, nevertheless, been possible for him to serve as a deputy under the Orleans monarchy, and, moreover, Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists had sat in the various Republican Assemblies. Thus, within the limits of the Constitution, there ought to be free access to the Imperial Legislature. For his part he was heartily tired of a Chamber of nonentities

(and here he mentioned various names), and wished to see something very different. Finally, he read the decree he had prepared. His words fell like bomb-shells in the midst of his advisers, and Morny, who, as President of the Legislative Body, attended the Council, could not conceal his amazement. What! the Legislature was to be empowered to discuss and present an address, and thereby pass judgment on the policy of the Government! It was inconceivable. Nevertheless, there was the decree, and the Emperor looked resolute enough. Morny tried to expostulate. He earnestly warned the Emperor of the danger of acting too hastily, and inquired what he would do if, under the new conditions, the Chamber should express, in its address to the Throne, disapproval of the imperial policy. "In that case," the Emperor replied, "I should dissolve it, and consult the country." "But what if the next Chamber should also disapprove of your Majesty's policy?" "In that case," said the Emperor, "I should yield, and adopt the policy recommended by the representatives." The Ministers, Baroche, Billault, and Rouher looked thunderstruck, but felt that submission was their only course. Perhaps if the Empress Eugénie had been present they might have attempted resistance under her leadership, but she was well out of the way, in Scotland.

Certain ministerial changes followed, Persigny being summoned from the London embassy, and placed once more at the head of the Ministry of the Interior. He and the Empress were far from being on good terms. He dreaded her interference in political matters. Without questioning her right to preside at the Council in times of Regency, he bitterly complained that she made it more and more her practice to attend the Ministerial gatherings when the Emperor was present. A few years later, after his retirement, he actually submitted the question to the Emperor, questioning whether the Empress had any right to attend the Government Councils. Strictly speaking she had not; and it is true, we believe, that she offered to abstain from attending if the Emperor thought her presence undesirable. But he protested the contrary—he owed his wife some compensation for his neglect in other respects—and it thus came to pass that during the latter period of the Empire, the Empress almost invariably took her seat at the Ministerial

Councils, presided over them if the Emperor were ill or momentarily absent, participated in all the important discussions, and brought her influence to bear on the decisions arrived at. With some of the Ministers she got on very well; M. Magne, who long held the portfolio of Finances, was one of her particular henchmen, while the bumptious Rouher, becoming at the Tuileries very different from what he was in the Chamber, fawningly courted her favour, she in return supporting the authority which he used so often with disastrous results. In Émile Ollivier she seems to have met, in some respects, her match, for he, with his oily, wheedling way, almost converted her to liberalism, and contrived by dint of strategy to hold her former reactionary ideas in check.

But, however large became the part which the Empress played in politics, she never proved herself an expert politician, perhaps because she never really understood the character of the nation she helped to govern. She was not deficient in moral courage, she could come to a decision promptly, and give orders in accordance with it. But the decision was so often based on faulty judgment, narrowness of views, that its results were unfortunate. One day when she referred to Marie-Antoinette as *mon type*, she spoke perhaps more truly than she knew, for she had much the same defects of character as that ill-fated queen.

For our part we have always felt that the great misfortune of the Empress's life was that, having been raised to a throne, she was accorded so considerable a part of the throne's authority. As the wife of a mere millionaire grandee she would have proved a supreme leader of fashion and an ideal "Lady Bountiful." In any case it is to be regretted that she was not strictly confined within the limits of her position as Empress-Consort. At the same time, if she emerged from that position to play so marked a political *rôle*, the fault was less hers than the Emperor's. He, of course, was not responsible for her incessant championship of the Pope. That had been initiated by Clericals playing on her deep religious convictions, but we do not think she would have concerned herself so much with politics generally if her married life had been happier than it was. Thereby hangs a tale, to be told in our next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EMPEROR AND HIS LOVE AFFAIRS

Descendants of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.—Count Walewski's Posterity—His Son by Rachel, the Tragédienne—Catherine de la Plaigne and Count Léon—Count Léon's Children—Napoleon III.'s First Love Affair—Eléonore Brault, Madame Gordon—Her Devotion at Strasburg—Miss Howard—Her Birth and Name—Count Fleury's Account of her Life in London—Some of her Loans to Napoleon—Was he the Father of her Son?—His Intrigue with Alexandrine Vergeot and his Sons by her—Miss Howard in France—Her fresh Services to Napoleon—Odilon-Barrot and the André-Howard Affair—Napoleon's remarkable Letter about it—Miss Howard's Ambition—Her Appearance at a Tuileries Reception—She is restrained and pacified by Mocquard—The Compensation granted her—A Letter from her to Mocquard—Her Marriage and her Last Years—Later Intrigues imputed to the Emperor—Viel Castel and Princess Mathilde—Expulsion of a Lady-Scandalmonger from the Tuileries—Cheap Sweetmeats for Imperial Favourites—The Affair of the Countess de Castiglione—Viel Castel's Sketch and Fleury's Estimate of her—Her Expulsion from the Tuileries—Her later life—Marguerite Bellanger and her Origin—Her Imposition on the Emperor—Her Letters to him and to President Devienne—Suspension of Devienne from the Bench—He justifies himself and is reinstated—The Empress's Worries—Louis XV. and Napoleon III.

It is often forgotten that there are people in the world who are lineally descended from Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. It is true that their names do not appear in the "Almanach de Gotha," and that they do not bear the name of Bonaparte. Nevertheless their descent, if left-handed, is quite authentic, and time brings about such strange occurrences that, even as at the present moment (1906) we see the Jerome branch of the Bonapartes prominently represented in the Government of the United States of America, so, at some future date, there may arise some President or Prime Minister of the French Republic

in a position to say that the blood of the victor of Austerlitz, or of the vanquished of Sedan, flows in his veins.

Count Walewski, the first Napoleon's son, had four children by his two marriages, and is still represented by legitimate posterity. In 1844, moreover, after the death of his first wife (Catherine Montagu Sandwich), and before his marriage with Anna Alexandrina Ricci of Florence, who, we believe, is still alive, he became the father of a son by Elizabeth Rachel Félix—famous as Rachel the *tragédienne*. This son he formally recognized as his offspring in accordance with the provisions of French law, in such wise that the child became legally entitled to the names of Antoine Jean Colonna Walewski. M. Antoine Jean entered the French consular service, rose to a high position in it, and survived until 1898. Thirty years previously he had married Mlle. Jeanne Claire Sala, of Paris, by whom he had a son and a daughter. The former, Captain André Alexandre Maurice Colonna Walewski, of the French artillery, married Mlle. de Molinos in 1901. We do not know whether they have offspring, but the Captain himself is indisputably the great-grandson of Napoleon I.

The same Emperor also left a son by another mistress, Louise Catherine Denuelle de la Plaigne, who, at the time of the Emperor's intrigue with her, was married to a certain Jean François Revel. He, discovering her infidelity, obtained a divorce from her on April 29, 1806. On the following 6th of December she gave birth to a son by the Emperor, which son received at his baptism the Christian names of Charles Léon, and, from his imperial father, the title of Count, with settlements representing £3000 a year, and also a right to certain dues on all the wood sold by the State from the forests of the department of the Moselle.* In 1808 the mother married a captain of Cuirassiers named Augier, this marriage being arranged by Napoleon, who then settled on the bride a personal income of £800 a year. Captain Augier, however, died in or about 1812, and two years later his widow took a third husband in the person of Karl August, Count von Luxburg, Minister of State of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The Countess de Luxbourg, as she was called in Paris, lived until 1868 in receipt

* Imperial decrees of April 30, May 8 and 31, and June 29, 1815.

of not merely the income of her settlement but of frequent financial help from Napoleon III., who also did a great deal for her son. There must still be many people able to remember Count Léon, as he was called. His origin was stamped upon his face, he was physically the living portrait of the great captain. He ought never to have known want, having been provided with such a handsome income by Napoleon, who further entrusted him to the guardianship of M. de Mauvières, with whose sons he was educated with a view to his entering the magistracy. On completing his twenty-first year Léon came into possession of the fortune which had been accumulating during his minority. Unluckily he had a bad failing, he was a gamester, and no long period elapsed before he had reduced himself to beggary. At the advent of the Second Empire he not unnaturally applied to Napoleon III. for assistance, asserting, moreover, a right to a sum of about £35,000, which he alleged was due to him by the State on account of the wood cut in the Moselle forests in 1815. But in that respect the first Napoleon's decrees had been annulled by the Bourbons. However, the new Emperor at first helped Léon both willingly and handsomely, and, further, put him in the way of making money by procuring him appointments in connection with the planning of new railway lines. Still, no matter what might be done for Léon, he was ever in difficulties, as well as cantankerous in disposition, repeatedly quarrelling with the Minister of Public Works over sums which he claimed in connection with railway enterprises. Briefly, the Emperor, after repeatedly paying his debts—£2000 and more at a time—ended by cutting him down to an annual pension of £240 from the Privy Purse, and turning almost invariably a deaf ear to his appeals for further assistance, which, by the way, never ceased. At one moment he wanted the concession of a railway line from Tours to Montluçon, at another he solicited the privilege of constructing some of the new boulevards of Paris, while at other times his wife wrote to the Emperor appealing either for small sums or else for orders for a Belgian mining company, in which she was somehow interested. It is uncertain whether these applications (traces of which were found at the Tuileries after the Revolution of 1870) were granted, but Léon's children

obtained free schooling at the college of Ste. Barbe. His wife, it may be mentioned, was a Mlle. Jouet, of Belgian origin—the offspring of the marriage, which took place in 1862, being a daughter, Charlotte, and three sons, Charles, Gaston, and Fernand, some of whom married and have issue, in such wise that on this side also there exist a number of great-grand-children of Napoleon I. The family calls itself nowadays "De Léon." The original Count Léon died in April, 1881, at Pontoise, near Paris.

Such then are the descendants of the first Napoleon. Let us now turn to those of the third. His intrigues with women of various nationalities and stations in life were numerous. It is said—we will not vouch for the story, but it is in any case a good one—that when he was a mere stripling, sojourning with his mother at Florence, he was seized with a desperate attack of calf-love for an Italian lady of rank, and that in order to obtain an opportunity for declaring his passion he disguised himself as an itinerant flower-boy, in which character he contrived to enter the lady's house. But when *à la Trovatore* he cast himself pleadingly at her feet, she screamed and summoned her servants, with the result that there was quite a scandal, and Prince Precocious was compelled to quit the city.

The future Emperor's first mistress of any real note was a Parisienne named Eléonore Marie Brault, who was born in September, 1808, became a professional singer, and married, in 1831, a certain Archer Gordon, or Gordon Archer, a Colonel of the Foreign Legion in the service of Isabella II. of Spain. This individual died soon after the marriage, and sometime afterwards Mme. Gordon, who travelled about, giving concerts in one and another town, attracted the attention of the young Prince Louis Napoleon, who became her lover. Whether they first met in Germany or Switzerland is doubtful, but it has often been said that Mme. Gordon gave birth to a daughter who died in infancy. In connection with the preparations for the Strasburg attempt of 1836 she proved herself one of the most skilful and devoted of the future Emperor's allies. While he was endeavouring to gain the support of some of the soldiery at the artillery barracks, she remained in her room in the Rue de

la Nuée Bleue, awaiting the result; but directly Persigny arrived with the news that the attempt had failed, she cast into the fireplace all the letters, decrees, proclamations, and lists of names which had been prepared in view of a more fortunate issue, and piled the furniture of the room against the door, so that every compromising paper was burnt to ashes before an entry could be effected by the police, who had promptly arrived upon the scene. The Strasburg affair resulted, it will be remembered, in the Prince's enforced voyage to America. Whether he ever met Mme. Gordon again, we cannot say, but in any case there was no resumption of the old relations. She died in Paris on March 11, 1849, that is three months after Napoleon's elevation to the Presidency of the Republic. It has been said that her circumstances were much reduced at the time of her death and that her former lover was well aware of it, yet did nothing to help her. Such callousness, however, would be so utterly at variance with all we know of his character that we strongly doubt the story.

Mme. Gordon's successor in his affections after his return to Europe was the beautiful and notorious Miss Howard, whose exact origin we have not investigated, but who is described in the entry of her death in the registers of the parish of La Celle St. Cloud, near Paris, as "Elizabeth Anne Haryett, called Miss Howard, Countess de Beauregard, born in England in 1823." We also find her grandson registered at his birth in 1870 as "Richard Martyn Haryett," whence one might infer that Haryett was a surname. In that connection let us add that some English works state that Hargett was Miss Howard's real name. Count Fleury calls her "Miss Harriet Howard," which may be correct, though we ourselves think that she had no more right to the name of Howard as a patronymic than had the famous Mr. Bugg.*

Count Fleury tells us that at the time when Napoleon made her acquaintance in London she was living there under the protection of Major Mountjoy Martyn of the 2nd Life Guards,†

* After she had been made a Countess, she usually signed her letters "E. H. de Beauregard."

† Francis Mountjoy Martyn (previously Martin), born in 1809, a brevet colonel in 1858, sold out in 1863, died in London, January 24, 1874.

having previously been the mistress of a famous steeplechase rider. We ourselves only saw Miss Howard in her last days, when she had become extremely stout, but even then her face retained a good deal of the beauty for which she had been renowned. According to those who knew her in her London days she then had an exquisite figure, at once stately and graceful, with a head and features such as only one of the great Greek sculptors could have chiselled. Among the many members of the aristocracy who met at her house in London were the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Malmesbury, and Count d'Orsay. It was the last named, according to Fleury, who presented Louis Napoleon to her, and he was immediately smitten. The intrigue which ensued lasted until the end of 1852, when the Prince decided to marry Mlle. de Montijo. It is extremely doubtful whether Miss Howard financed the Boulogne attempt of August, 1840. Count Orsi, who was subsequently pensioned for his services at that time, asserts that he negotiated a loan of £20,000 for the enterprise; but, on the other hand, there are many stories of how Miss Howard offered the Prince all she possessed, even proposing to sell her diamonds. It is in any case certain that she gave him much pecuniary assistance at other times, and we know by a document found at the Tuileries that at the period of the establishment of the Empire she still held a mortgage on the estate of Civita Nuova, in the March of Ancona, which Napoleon had inherited from his father—the said mortgage being annulled by the payment to Miss Howard of a sum of £40,000 on March 25, 1853. We think that Napoleon had not waited till the time of the Coup d'État to raise money on his Italian property, and that his indebtedness to Miss Howard in that respect as in others was of long standing.

Some six years of imprisonment at Ham—October, 1840, to May, 1846—followed the fiasco of Boulogne. During that long interval Miss Howard, it is said, corresponded with the prisoner. But did she visit him in prison? That is a point which we have been unable to solve, yet it is one of some interest, for we find it stated in French official records that Miss Howard's son, Martin-Constantin, whom the Emperor created Count de Béchêvet, was born in London on August 16,

1842. Now, in the days of the Empire the Count de Béchêvet was regarded by everybody as the son of Napoleon III. In that case either Miss Howard went to Ham late in 1841, or there is a voluntary or involuntary error in the recorded date of the Count de Béchêvet's birth. If neither of those surmises is correct the Count cannot have been the son of the Emperor.* Of course there is nothing impossible in the supposition that Miss Howard visited Ham. Napoleon certainly applied by letter for permission to receive lady visitors, and may have obtained it; and we know that his captivity was so far from being rigorous that he contrived to carry on an intrigue with a young person named Alexandrine Éléonore Vergeot, who, according to the most credible account, washed his linen, though some writers have called her a "basket-maker," and others "a maker of wooden shoes." In any case she became the mother of two sons by the Prince, the elder, Alexandre Louis Eugène, being born on February 25, 1843, and the younger, Alexandre Louis Ernest, on March 18, 1845. Curiously enough, in August, 1858, Alexandrine Vergeot married none other than M. Pierre Bure, Napoleon's foster-brother, and treasurer to the Crown.† Miss Howard does not appear to have resented the Prince's infidelity at Ham, for subsequently she took temporary charge of Alexandrine Vergeot's children, and made arrangements for their education. This gave rise to the reports that she had not one son but several sons by Napoleon III.

The elder of the brothers Vergeot entered the French Consular Service, and the younger the Department of Finances, becoming eventually a Receiver to the Treasury, a very remunerative post. By two decrees dated June 11, 1870, and countersigned by M. Émile Ollivier, Napoleon bestowed the title of Count d'Orx on the elder, and of Count de Labenne on the younger of these illegitimate sons of his, at the same time presenting them with the aforesaid estates of Orx and Labenne, which formed part of the extensive tract of country reclaimed and planted by him in the Landes. The Emperor had at one

* The alleged date of Miss Howard's birth (1823) must be wrong, as it would make her but 17 at the time of the Boulogne affair.

† Born at Estouilly, Somme, September 3, 1820, she died at Le Vésinet, near Paris, in August, 1886. Her husband died in January, 1882.

time transferred that property to Count Walewski, but after the latter's death he took it over again by arrangement with his cousin's widow. Count d'Orx is, we think, still alive, but Count de Labenne died in 1882, leaving no issue.

Let us now return to Miss Howard. There is no doubt that she assisted Napoleon from her purse during the last years of his life in England. When he proceeded to Paris after the Revolution of 1848, she followed him thither, and while he installed himself at the Hôtel du Rhin in the Place Vendôme, which became the headquarters of the Bonapartist agitation, she betook herself to Meurice's, then *par excellence* the English hotel in Paris. When her lover had been elected President of the Republic, a well-appointed little house was rented for Miss Howard in the Rue du Cirque, close to the Élysée Palace, which had become Napoleon's residence. Whenever he could escape from business at the Élysée he spent his evenings in the Rue du Cirque, where his intimates, Fleury, Mocquard, Edgar Ney, Count de Toulongeon (his orderly officer), and Count Baciocchi also assembled. Various Bonapartist journalists, some artists, and sundry Englishmen—conspicuous among whom was the Marquis of Hertford—also met the Prince at Miss Howard's. Few women were found there, and their positions resembled that of the mistress of the house.

In spite of the emoluments which the Prince received as President of the Republic, his "struggle for life" continued to be very severe, for the Bonapartist propaganda had to be financed, and few of his acolytes had means of their own. Thus Miss Howard again came to the rescue, on one occasion rendering the Prince a service similar to that of Fould's, recorded in our second chapter *—that is to say, in 1851, when some of Napoleon's promissory notes had been protested by Montaut, a banker of the Palais Royal, Miss Howard spent a part of her remaining resources in discharging the debt. At the same time, whatever her services might be, she gradually became a cause of serious trouble and inconvenience. No nation is more indulgent than the French with respect to a man's *affaires de cœur*. Nevertheless, the Prince's close connection with Miss Howard and the part she took in his affairs

* See *ante*, p. 37.

scandalized many people, and thus proved detrimental to his political interests, for various notabilities shrank from joining his cause on account of the looseness of his life.

Already, in 1849, a very unpleasant episode occurred with respect to Miss Howard. The Prince then made a journey to Tours and Saumur, in which latter town the State Cavalry School gave an entertainment in his honour. Among those who accompanied him was his mistress. On arriving at Tours a question arose of finding lodgings for her, and it occurred to an official, who was approached on the subject, to install her at the house of a M. André, Receiver to the Treasury, who was then absent with his wife at some Pyrenean spa. The Andrés were Protestants, and when they afterwards heard of what had happened they complained warmly, perhaps over warmly, about the insult offered to them and their house by introducing into it under a false name a woman of bad character. In a letter which M. André addressed to Napoleon's chief minister, M. Odilon-Barrot, he inquired: "Have we gone back, then, to the days when the mistresses of our kings exhibited the scandal of their lives in town after town of France?" M. Barrot was very much upset and embarrassed by the affair. It seemed to him, he tells us in his "Memoirs," that M. André attached excessive importance to an incident which could only have been due to some indiscretion or mistake on the part of a subordinate. He therefore did not wish to make a State affair of the matter, though, on the other hand, he says, he "was not sorry that the President should learn that in the high position to which he had been raised, it was no longer allowable for him to lead the free and easy life which he had led in London." Accordingly the Prime Minister arranged matters in such a way that, with the help of his brother (M. Ferdinand Barrot, then Secretary-general to the President), M. André's letter might come accidentally, as it were, before the Prince. This plan was carried out, and shortly afterwards Odilon-Barrot received a letter on the subject from Napoleon. It ran as follows:

"Your brother has shown me a letter from a Monsieur André, which I should have disdained to answer if it had not contained false allegations, which it is fit that I should refute. A lady in whom I take the greatest interest wished to see the *carrousel* of

Saumur, accompanied by a lady friend of hers and two persons of my household. From Saumur she went to Tours, and fearing that she might not be able to find lodgings there, she asked me to do whatever might be necessary to procure her accommodation. On arriving at Tours, I said to one of the Prefecture Councillors that he would oblige me by finding rooms for Count Baciocchi and some ladies of his acquaintance. It seems that they were led by chance and their evil star to Monsieur André's house, where, I know not why, it was imagined that one of the ladies was named Baciocchi. Never did the lady in question assume that name. If an error occurred it was perpetrated by strangers, against my own desire and the lady's also. I should, however, like to know why Monsieur André, without taking the trouble to ascertain the truth, seeks to make me responsible for the selection of his house and the wrongful attribution of a name? When a householder makes it his first care to peer into the past life of a person he receives, in order to cry her down—is that a noble way of practising hospitality? How many women, a hundred times less pure, a hundred times less devoted than the one who lodged at Monsieur André's, would have been received by him with all possible honour if they had happened to have at their disposal a husband's name to cast over their guilty intrigues! I detest that pedantic rigorism which ill-conceals a dry heart—a heart indulgent for self but inexorable towards others. True religion is not intolerant, it does not try to stir up a tempest in a glass of water, it does not make much ado about nothing, and turn a mere accident or excusable mistake into a positive crime.

"Monsieur André, who is, I am told, a Puritan, has not yet meditated sufficiently on that passage in the Gospel where Christ, addressing people possessed of souls as uncharitable as Monsieur André's, says to them, respecting the woman whom they wish to stone: 'Let him who is without sin,' etc. May Monsieur André put that precept into practice! For my part, I bring charges against nobody, and I own that I am guilty of seeking in illegitimate bonds the affection which my heart requires. As, however, my position has hitherto prevented me from marrying, and as, amid all the cares of government, I possess, alas! in my native country, from which I was so long absent, neither intimate friends, nor ties of childhood, nor relatives to give me the joys of family life, I may well be forgiven, I think, for an affection which harms nobody and which I do not seek to make conspicuous. To return to Monsieur André, if, as he declares, he believes that his house has been defiled by the presence of an unmarried woman, I beg you to let him know that, on my side, I deeply regret that a person of such pure devotion

and high character should have alighted by chance at a house, where, under the mask of religion, there reigns only a stiff and ostentatious virtue, devoid of Christian charity. You may put my letter to such use as you please." *

With that missive, says Odilon-Barrot, there came an order from the Prince-President to send a copy of it to M. André. But the Prime Minister wisely refrained from doing so, and the affair blew over.

To what degree affection for Napoleon and to what degree far-seeing ambition influenced Miss Howard, on the various occasions when she assisted him financially, is a difficult question to determine. Persons of her condition are seldom disinterested, however; and in the demands which Miss Howard made after her lover had become master of France, it seems certain that she was not merely claiming her due, but giving rein at last to a grasping nature, previously held in check. However considerable may have been the wealth she had acquired in England, the amount of money ultimately paid to her by Napoleon was so enormous that, besides embracing the reimbursement of her advances, it obviously included a very lavish indemnity. Moreover, whatever may have been her original motives in assisting Napoleon, it is certain that after the success of the Coup d'État she aspired to play the part of a Pompadour or a Dubarry. She clung to Napoleon tenaciously, unwilling to allow him out of her sight, and when he took up his residence at the Château of St. Cloud during the months preceding the proclamation of the Empire, she insisted on quarters being found for her there in spite of the damaging, scandalous talk to which her presence might give rise. We know, by the admissions of Count Fleury in his "Memoirs," that she was secretly lodged in some of the smaller ground-floor rooms, whence she kept watch upon all that occurred. She was also exacting in other respects, again following Napoleon on his journeys into the provinces, demanding a special and conspicuous place for her carriage at reviews and other ceremonies, and generally striving to assume the position of a recognized favourite. All this, be it noted, occurred at the time when Napoleon was feeling more and

* However strange the letter may seem, its authenticity is unquestionable.

more attracted towards Mlle. de Montijo. At Compiègne and at Fontainebleau the Prince was surrounded by far too many guests, and notably by too many ladies of recognized position, for Miss Howard's presence to be possible there. Nevertheless, she watched and waited, never abandoning her hopes.

She made, perhaps, her boldest bid for recognition as imperial favourite at one of the first entertainments given at the Tuileries after the Coup d'État. In the very midst of the reception she suddenly entered the palace, exquisitely dressed, and attracting general attention by her remarkable beauty. For the prosecution of her enterprise she had found confederates among her lover's *entourage*. Colonel Baron de Béville * entered with her, giving her his arm, and behind the pair walked Count Baciocchi with a matronly person, to whom had been assigned the part played by the Countess de Béarn when La Dubarry was presented at the Court of Louis XV. A good many people who did not know Miss Howard thought she was some fine lady who had just arrived from London, but those of the President's set who knew her and who were opposed to her influence took alarm at the demonstration, rightly opining that the bold Englishwoman might become very dangerous if her proceedings were not promptly checked. Among the serious politicians and the diplomatists present at the gathering, the impression was extremely bad, as the Prefect of Police indicated in a special report which he boldly addressed to Napoleon on the subject.

When the latter had ultimately made up his mind to marry Mlle. de Montijo, the difficult task of restraining and pacifying Miss Howard was assigned to the genial and resourceful Mocquard. It would be curious to know exactly how he accomplished that duty. We are only acquainted with the bare facts—that he contrived to lure Miss Howard to Le Hâvre, to prevent her from seeing the newspapers and to keep her in ignorance of what was passing in Paris until intervention on her part could be of no avail. True, after storming and raving, and fainting and weeping, she might still have attempted some desperate but futile effort, had she not been told that if she evinced any disposition to perpetrate an act of folly, she

* See *ante*, p. 48.

would be immediately taken down to the port and placed on board a ship sailing for America. At last, then, she gave in, accepting the compensation which was tendered to her for the loss of the position she had aspired to fill.

This compensation comprised, in the first place, the handsome château and estate of Beauregard on the road from La Celle St. Cloud to Versailles. The château had originally been built by the famous Père Lachaise, confessor to Louis XIV., whose name has been perpetuated by the most important of all the Parisian cemeteries. It is said too, that Beauregard was the meeting-place of many of the artistic celebrities of *le grand siècle*, and that the masterpieces of Lully and Rameau were first performed there. At the close of the eighteenth century the château was acquired by Count d'Artois—afterwards Charles X.—and his sons, the Dukes d'Angoulême and de Berry, spent their childhood there. In purchasing Beauregard and presenting it to Miss Howard, Napoleon III., as we know by a memorandum in his own handwriting, had imagined that the outlay "would be at the utmost £20,000;" but she rebuilt and enlarged the château to a considerable extent, and the Emperor appears to have taken all the expense on his shoulders. Together with the estate, he presented his ex-mistress, as previously mentioned, with the title of Countess de Beauregard—a proceeding which offended an existing Beauregard family, with the result that although no change was made respecting Miss Howard personally, a different title, that of Count de Béchêvet, was ultimately conferred on her son, Martin Constantine, the question of whose paternity is so doubtful.*

As for the pecuniary payments made to Miss Howard, we learn from the Emperor's memorandum, just referred to, that, apart from the cost of Beauregard, he had originally intended

* In connection with that matter, it may be observed that Miss Howard's protector at the time when Napoleon made her acquaintance was Major Mountjoy Martyn; that her son received the Christian name of Martin, and that her grandson was christened Richard Martyn. It is quite possible, then, that the Count de Béchêvet was not Napoleon's son, however general the belief that he was—a belief strengthened by the bestowal of a title on him. That title, however, was not granted until 1865, and may merely have been a misinterpreted act of favour. Though Napoleon, as some have asserted, may have known Miss Howard from 1840 onward, the actual intrigue may not have begun till after his release from Ham.

to present her with £120,000. Inclusive, however, of the £40,000 paid with respect to the estate of Civita Nuova, she had already received at the beginning of 1855 no less than £218,000, and, like Oliver Twist, she wanted more. In January, 1855, she wrote to M. Mocquard as follows :—*

"My very dear Friend,

"We are to-day the 24th of January, and I perceive with grief that the engagements entered into with me are not performed (when I have doubts I feel hurt and I ought not to be left in doubt). As a matter of fact I believed and still believe that it is a mistake; but why make me suffer? If things are to be like this I should have done better if I had kept the *six millions* instead of three million five hundred thousand francs, which, at my request, were to have been paid by the end of the year 1853, and it was for this [?] that I begged the Emperor to tear up the first amount (2,500,000 francs). My heart bleeds at having to write this, and if my marriage contract were not drawn up as it is, and if I had not a child, I should not make this application which has become a duty. I rely on you to put an end to all this suffering. The Emperor has too good a heart to leave a woman whom he tenderly loved in a false position, such as he would not like to be in himself. You know my position, you are my guardian [*tuteur*] and it is with a twofold claim on you that I apply to you. I made a mistake in writing to his Majesty the other day. In one of his letters dated May, he says, 'I will give Giles† paper for the three million five hundred thousand francs [£140,000] to-morrow.' The only thing to be done, then, is to calculate the payments at the rate of 50,000 from June 1, 1853, and 50,000 from January to October. I hope to God there will be no further question of money between me and him for whom my heart has very different feelings. I kiss you tenderly and love you in like way,

"Your affectionate,

"E. H. de B.

"I implore you not to leave this letter, you may read it if you like to his Majesty, and burn it directly afterwards. I saw Mme. Mocquard on Monday at 4 o'clock, she was very poorly."

* The letter is written in very faulty French, and the meaning of one or two sentences is extremely obscure. The translation we give is, however, as close as possible. The French text will be found in the "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale," issued by the Government of National Defence, in 1870-71.

† A banker, through whom many payments were made to Miss Howard.

The allusion to a marriage contract which will have been noticed in that letter needs explanation. After Mocquard had made the first arrangements with Miss Howard, she was persuaded to travel for a time, and on going to Italy she there met a young Englishman, named Clarence Trelawny, who held an officer's commission in the Austrian Hussars, and whom she married at Florence on May 16, 1854. The union appears to have been a very unhappy one, and a divorce took place in February, 1865.

It would appear that Miss Howard never really forgave Napoleon for deserting her, or the Empress Eugénie for supplanting her in his affections. We had some acquaintance several years ago with an Englishman named Arthur Savile Grant (the illegitimate son of an ex-diplomatist domiciled in Paris) who invented the newspaper kiosks of the boulevards, from which he derived a handsome income, and who knew Miss Howard very well in her last days, when he was often a guest at Beauregard. According to this Mr. Grant the lady was occasionally seized with fits of fury, and would then indulge in extraordinary language respecting the Emperor and his *entourage*, several members of which she bitterly denounced for their old-time intrigues against her. Grant further asserted that if such large sums were paid by Napoleon to his ex-mistress, it was because she at one time detained a number of documents damaging for his reputation. She had often been heard to declare that the Palace Police had on one occasion ransacked her residence and carried off every scrap of paper they could lay their hands upon. We do not vouch for that story, but it is curious that the novelist Émile Gaboriau should have introduced such an episode into his novel "La Dégringolade," even as he included in it the St. Arnaud-Cornemuse duel, of which we spoke in a former chapter. Rumours of the seizure of the lady's papers must therefore have been current.

After remaining in comparative retirement for some years, Miss Howard was suddenly seized with a desire to show herself once more to the Parisians, and particularly to the Emperor and Empress. During the seasons of 1864–65, she frequently appeared in the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, driving a pair of superb bays, and manœuvring in such a fashion

as to meet their Majesties' equipage as often as possible and stare at them. Again, at theatrical performances, she would turn her glasses with annoying persistency on the imperial box, and it was even said that she received a caution on the subject. But she was near her end. On August 19, 1865, she passed away at the château of Beauregard, and although there were people ready to assert that her death could not have been due to natural causes, there does not seem to have been the slightest reason—excepting enmity of the Empire—for any suspicion of foul play. In 1867 Miss Howard's son, the Count de Béchêvet, married a Mlle. de Csuzy, of a noble Hungarian house, by whom he had two daughters and the son we have previously mentioned.

Although Napoleon III. undoubtedly engaged in various intrigues subsequent to his marriage, some of the stories current on the subject must only be accepted with the proverbial grains of salt. Certain anecdotes are so nonsensical, that one wonders how they can ever have obtained credence. Valuable as may be in some respects the "Memoirs of Count Horace de Viel Castel," which created such a sensation on their first appearance some years ago, they are studded with scandalous tittle-tattle, resting at times on very slight, and at others on no foundation whatever. For people of any acumen the editor of the "Memoirs" gave the key to them when he remarked in his introduction, that although Viel Castel was a man fit for the highest posts, he had been confined to his duties in connection with the national museums. In other words, he was a disappointed and embittered man, often far too ready to make a note of anything, however improbable, that tended to discredit the *régime* on which he lived. We came in contact with him more than once, and have no doubt of the accuracy of that estimate. Had Viel Castel been such a high-minded personage as he desired others to think, and had he conscientiously believed things to be as bad as he asserted in his "Memoirs," he would have severed his connection with the Empire after a very brief experience. But he did no such thing. Down to the last years he partook complacently of the hospitality of the Tuileries, never missed an autumn at Compiègne, nor indeed any opportunity to mix

as a boon companion with those for whom he was preparing a pillory in his "Memoirs." Such a man undoubtedly becomes despicable when he puts on pretensions to personal virtue. Besides, Viel Castel, though a married man with children, lived with another woman by whom he had offspring, as was proved during the litigation to which the publication of the "Memoirs" gave rise.

There is also another point to be considered. A good many of the more remarkable stories related by Viel Castel are given as emanating, either at first or at second hand, from the Princess Mathilde, with whom he was certainly on terms of close acquaintanceship. So were others; and it was very generally known that whatever might be the Princess's own faults—she was too true a Bonaparte to have none—and whatever might be her knowledge of the faults of her relatives, she was not given to talking of them. A certain ease and freedom reigned in her circle; men like Goncourt and Gautier and Flaubert would not have belonged to it had the position been otherwise; but there was a line which nobody was allowed to cross. No remarks reflecting on the morals of the imperial house were tolerated; even political criticism of some action of the Emperor's, or perhaps of Prince Napoleon's, had to be kept within bounds. If ever too outspoken, too personal, a remark was heard, the Princess bristled up. "I will not allow my relations to be attacked," she would say; and the incautious speaker had to apologize immediately. Yet, according to Viel Castel, she was given to narrating enormities! To her is assigned the story of a certain incident in a railway train, in which the Emperor's name is linked with that of a lady of the Court; and it is she, again, who is said to repeat to a friend Napoleon's saying about the lady of the ground floor whom he wished to get rid of, the lady of the first floor who, although very beautiful, bored him by her insignificance and insipidity, and the lady of the second floor who, consumed by her passion, was always running after him. That anecdote has been repeated a thousand times in books, magazines, and newspapers all the world over. It may have reflected the Emperor's sentiments, but Viel Castel by alleging that it was repeated by the Princess Mathilde, the last woman in the

world to retail such a saying, imposes a severe strain on the faith of readers possessed of any sense and knowledge.

Nevertheless, whatever falsity and exaggeration may be found in the pages either of Viel Castel or of similar writers, it is certain that Napoleon was an unfaithful husband. One may regard as mere odious scandal two alleged intrigues of his, which are frequently referred to by the memoir writers—one with a person of obscure origin, resulting, it is said, in the birth of a daughter who married a Count of the old *noblesse*, and the other an intrigue with the unmarried daughter of a famous functionary of the Empire, resulting, it was pretended, in the birth of a son in January, 1865. Whatever assertions may have been made respecting those affairs, they have never been substantiated by the slightest authentic evidence. Connected with the second case, however, there is a true story which may be repeated. At a ball given at the Tuileries a lady guest of that very undesirable scandal-loving type which was certainly well represented under the Empire, related that the functionary's daughter in question had lately given birth to a child, adding that the accouchement had taken place less than a week previously at the residence of some friends of the narrator's. It so happened that the Marchioness de Latour-Maubourg, one of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting, was present and heard the story, at the conclusion of which she remarked that it was of a nature to ruin the young lady's reputation, and that one ought to be quite certain of one's facts before repeating it. The other retorted that the tale was true, whereupon Mme. de Latour-Maubourg exclaimed: "Then I am vastly astonished—for there is the young lady in question, dancing!" The scandalmonger was overwhelmed with confusion, and a few minutes afterwards (Mme. de Latour-Maubourg having hurried away to inform the Empress of the incident) a chamberlain approached her, and said: "Madam, your carriage is waiting." On the morrow her name was struck off the list of those received at the Tuileries.

There are reasons for thinking that some truth may attach to one or another of the various stories respecting the Emperor's alleged gallantries with ladies of the Court, but in these cases again there is a lack of conclusive evidence,

and more than once appearances may have been deceptive. In one instance the lady named by the *anecdotiers* certainly enjoyed high favour, and we have an independent witness, Lord Malmesbury, drawing very unfavourable conclusions from what he saw. But, on the other hand, we find various writers, including even Viel Castel, who repeated all the rumours against the lady in question, relating that when she heard she was accused by the Court of being the Emperor's mistress, she hurried to the Empress to protest against the charge, and that the Empress believed and comforted her. This lady retained her position at the Tuileries for some years afterwards, and in that connection it should be remembered that the Empress Eugénie was no Catherine of Braganza willing to tolerate the presence of a Lady Castlemaine beside her. Whatever intrigues occurred at the palace were carried on there without her knowledge.

When the papers found at the Tuileries were published by the Government of National Defence in 1870, no little ado was made about a certain invoice for sweetmeats, which was supposed to prove that the Emperor had employed his aides-de-camp and orderlies to carry *bonbons* to his favourites. This invoice was as follows:—

"GOUACHE, Confectioner, Purveyor to H.M. the EMPEROR.

"Paris, May 20, 1858.

"Supplied to H.M. the Emperor:

"Twelve dozen half-boxes of *dragées*, at 18 frs.—216 frs.

"Forwarded to General de Failly, 20 Rue de Ponthieu.

"Paid, L. GOUACHE."

Below the bill was a memorandum in pencil recapitulating other accounts for similar sweetmeats, the total amount paid to Gouache being £51 8*s.* 10*d.* So wild were the passions of the time when this "document" was brought to light, that nobody paused to reflect that *dragées*, otherwise sugared almonds, were sweets chiefly associated in France with christenings, that each half-box supplied by Gouache represented the huge sum of 1*s.* 2*d.*, and that it was nonsensical to imagine that M. de Failly, M. de Galliffet, and the other aides-de-camp or orderlies had been in the habit of taking one-and-twopenny

packets of sugared almonds to the Countess de Castiglione, Mlle. Bellanger, and the other ladies on whom their imperial master deigned to smile! The memorandum at the foot of the invoice indicated that 72 dozen, that is 864 half-boxes of *dragées* had been supplied in all, over a period of about twelve months. We are not able to say with certainty for what purpose so large a number was required, but we have a suspicion, and perhaps a shrewd one, on the subject. After the Emperor and Empress had become sponsors to all the children born on the same day as the Imperial Prince in 1856, fervent imperialists often applied to them to act likewise in other instances; and we think it quite possible that the *dragées* were ordered of Gouache for distribution at the christenings of the offspring of members of the Court, officials, and other adherents. In any case we decline to believe that those 864 half-boxes of cheap sweets were procured to regale the imperial favourites.

Let us now pass to the well-authenticated cases of conjugal infidelity on the part of the Emperor, the cases of the two women we have just mentioned, Countess Virginia Verasis di Castiglione and Mlle. Marguerite Bellanger. We referred to the Countess in a previous chapter,* pointing out what we believe to have been her real motive in coming to France—that is, a desire to captivate the Emperor and secure some such position as that to which Miss Howard had vainly aspired. We have mentioned also that in the opinion of most of those who met the Countess she was not fit for the *rôle* she wished to play, by reason of her lack of intellectual ability. Some have urged that she reserved her wit for *l'intimité*, but we do not believe that she was a woman to hide her wit (if she had any) from the public any more than she hid her beauty. However, Count Fleury, the Emperor's *confidant* in most of his love affairs, held a somewhat different view, as we shall see. In coming to Paris from Florence the Countess, apart from the question of any diplomatic introduction, was assured of an *entrée* into high society by the friendship existing between the Oldoïni family, to which she belonged by birth, and the Riccis, of whom the Countess Walewska was one. It was under the wing of the Walewskis that the Castigliones first made their appearance in

* See *ante*, p. 110.

Parisian drawing-rooms. That was late in 1855 or early in 1856, the Countess then being about twenty years of age.* In March of the latter year Marshal de Castellane was introduced to her at the house of one of his relatives, and while recognizing her beauty he was greatly disappointed by what he regarded as her lack of *esprit*. Even her beauty did not pass unchallenged. In November, 1857, she was a guest at Compiègne at the same time as the Duchess of Manchester, now Duchess of Devonshire, by whose radiant charm she was altogether eclipsed. The Marchioness de Contades, referring to the Duchess in a letter to Marshal de Castellane, remarked: "She is as beautiful as daylight, she quite surpasses Mme. de Castiglione . . . she has a profile like an antique cameo, and it is quite a treat to look at her."

Nevertheless, in her own particular style, the Countess Virginia remained unexcelled. Viel Castel, whom one may follow when, instead of collecting miscellaneous tittle-tattle, he describes what he actually witnessed, gives a lively account of the sensation the Countess created at a fancy-dress ball given at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs† in February, 1857. Her costume, devised in part according to the Louis XV. style and in part according to the fashions of the day, was that of "Queen of Hearts"—the hearts being outlined by a number of gold chains which wound around her, and the sight of which inspired some simple-minded folk with much admiration for her talent in being able to array herself in such a costly fashion, when, having already squandered the fine fortune of her infatuated husband, she had but a paltry income of about £600 a year. Dressed as we have said, she wore her hair loose, streaming over her neck and shoulders. Her *corsage* was reduced to the simplest expression, and it was evident to all beholders that she scorned to wear anything so commonplace as a corset. She was extremely proud of her beauty, and, as Viel Castel says, only veiled it so far as was necessary to obtain admittance to a drawing-room. At subsequent entertainments of the period

* She was only fifteen when she married. She already had a son at the time of her arrival in France.

† Not at the Tuileries, as some accounts have it. Many legends have sprung up respecting Mme. de Castiglione, but few are really based on fact.

she surpassed her previous performances by appearing in almost transparent draperies, once as a Roman lady of the Decline, and later as the Salammbo immortalized by Flaubert.

It was no difficult task for the Countess to fascinate the Emperor, but she altogether failed in her endeavours to attain the position of a *grande maîtresse*. The *liaison* lasted about a year—1857—and as it was never renewed, those writers who, regardless of dates, have tried to connect the Emperor's passion for the Countess with the Empress's journey to Scotland in 1860 have blundered egregiously. At the time of Mme. de Castiglione's arrival in France her means, as already indicated, were very slender. Her first residence (with her husband) was a small flat situated, curiously enough, in the Rue Castiglione, near the Place Vendôme. She could not receive the Emperor there, and at the outset of the *liaison* a small house was taken in the Rue de la Pompe at Passy. Thanks to Napoleon's liberality, the Countess was afterwards able to install herself in the Rue Montaigne, where, as mentioned in a previous chapter, Tibaldi and his confederates proposed to waylay and assassinate the Emperor during the summer of 1857.*

It was not, however, fear for his personal safety that induced the latter to break off the connection. Whether he gave utterance or not to the alleged saying about his lady friends of the ground floor, first floor, and second floor, the account of the one who, although very beautiful, bored him by her insignificance and insipidity would seem to have been extremely well suited to Mme. de Castiglione. Still we must not forget Count Fleury's view of the matter, and as he is well entitled to a hearing, let us give it to him. He contends, then, in his "Souvenirs" that whatever some may have thought, the Countess was in reality no fool, and he ascribes her failure to retain any mastery over the Emperor to another cause—her absolute lack of charm. While Viel Castel christens her Aspasia, Fleury calls her a female Narcissus, always in adoration before her own beauty, lacking both suppleness and gentleness of disposition, "ambitious without grace and haughty without reason"—in such wise that she soon wearied the man whom she hoped to hold. "Infatuated with herself," Fleury continues, "and always draped *à l'antique*,

* See *ante*, p. 111.

strange in both her person and her manners, she made her appearance at the assemblies of the time like a goddess just descended from the clouds. She bade her husband lead her to some secluded part of the room, where she allowed herself to be admired as if she were a reliquary . . . boldly facing every glance and never allowing the icy calmness of her demeanour to be in the slightest degree disturbed by the indiscreet admiration which she inspired. She scarcely ever spoke to women.* Just a few admirers were accorded the alms of a smile, a word, or a return bow. Like some great *artiste* who has just sung in an assembly where she knows nobody, she waited patiently and with indifference until the master and mistress of the house came to compliment her. Directly the Emperor and Empress drew near her physiognomy became transformed. Her mouth, hitherto so expressive of disdain, opened with a smile, disclosing her admirable teeth, her eyes glittered, expressing her feeling of triumph, her gratified vanity. To everybody else she seemed to say: 'I am not here for you; I am of a superior essence to you. I know but the sovereigns.' That style of behaviour, which at the utmost would only be acceptable in a Sultan's harem, was not calculated to win her either sympathy or friends."†

Fleury next relates that during a stay at Compiègne the Countess had a nasty fall among the ruins of the then unrestored castle of Pierrefonds, with the result that she dislocated a wrist. A doctor attended her, but when the question arose of escorting her back to the château of Compiègne nobody was willing to undertake the duty, and he, Fleury, had to intervene and place her in a *char-à-bancs* under the protection of two footmen.

When the Countess's *liaison* with the Emperor ceased (early, we think, in 1858) she left Paris, but she was there again after the Solferino-Magenta campaign; and Madame Carette, the Empress's reader, relates that at one of the last entertainments given in 1860 by old Prince Jerome at the Palais Royal, she arrived there about one o'clock in the morning, just as the

* She had reason to dislike the ladies of the Imperial Court, for they did not hide their dislike of her. A few so far forgot themselves as to send her insulting anonymous letters, which embittered her greatly.

† Count Fleury's "Souvenirs," vol. i.

Emperor and Empress were leaving. They met on the stairs. "You arrive very late, Madame la Comtesse," Napoleon said to her. "It is you, Sire, who leave very early," she retorted, passing on and entering the rooms with her usual scornful air. There was, perhaps, in her retort, a touch of the bravado of a woman who has played her cards and lost the game, but is resolved that none shall think her downhearted.*

Nevertheless, she retired for a while to a convent, either by way of doing penance for her sins or in imitation of the course taken by the tearful La Vallière. As, however, the Emperor was not Louis XIV., he refrained from attempting to lure the fair penitent from her cell. She emerged from it of her own accord. Time passed, and every now and again she made a sudden brief appearance in society. In 1865, when Prince, later King, Humbert of Italy visited the French Court at St. Cloud, Mme. de Castiglione was present at a lunch there, it being requisite to invite her, as her husband was in attendance on the Prince. But eventually she received her *congé*. The occasion was a great fancy ball at the Tuileries, at which the Empress appeared as Marie Antoinette, her costume in red velvet being copied from that worn by the Queen in one of the portraits by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun. For some time past Mme. de Castiglione had not appeared at Court, and when she arrived on this occasion it was in black, in fact, in widow's garb, as Marie de' Medici. We cannot say whether, as some supposed, this was resented as an allusion to her widowhood with respect to the Emperor. According to one account, she had received no invitation to that particular *fête*. In any case, she had scarcely entered the palace when a chamberlain appeared, and, offering her his arm, conducted her back to her carriage.

It should be added that when this occurred all sorts of scandalous rumours had been for a considerable time associated with her name. Paris had talked of her in connection notably with Count Nieuwerkerke, whose position with regard to

* Mme. Carette's anecdote has been repeated in most of the works on the men and women of the Second Empire, and it may be thought superfluous on our part to give it here. But we do not wish to be unfair to *la belle Comtesse*, and her retort to the Emperor being one of her few recorded attempts at wit, we have thought it as well to reproduce it yet again.

Princess Mathilde was a secret for nobody. An old beau as well as a clever man, Nieuwerkerke had been flattered, it seems, by the Countess's sudden partiality for him, but it does not appear that he actually compromised himself. There had also been, however, an outrageous story about an eccentric English peer and the Countess, and although that might be untrue, there could be no doubt of her *liaison* with the elderly Charles Laffitte, the father of the Marchioness de Galliffet. *Facilis descensus Averni.* The beautiful Countess had fallen from an empire to a banker's money bag! . . . All that need be added is that Mme. de Castiglione lost in turn both her husband and her son,—the first being killed in 1867 by a fall from his horse while he was escorting Prince Humbert,* the second dying in his twentieth year—and that after a good many of those ups and downs that occur in the life of an adventuress, this strange, almost enigmatical, woman spent her last years in melancholy seclusion in a little flat on the Place Vendôme, the shutters of which were always kept closed. It was even said that the mirrors of the rooms were covered, in order that she might not see the wreck of her once marvellous beauty. Of Southern birth, she had matured precociously, and, as happens so often in such cases, she became betimes an old woman in appearance. She died in 1899.†

Napoleon's *liaison* with Marguerite Bellanger was of much later date than the Castiglione affair, having begun in 1863 or 1864. This person's real name was Justine Marie Lebœuf, and she was a native of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she was born in 1838. Of modest parentage, and earning her living as a *femme de chambre*, she ran away to Paris with a commercial traveller, who deserted her there. An actor of the Ambigu Theatre secured for her, however, an engagement as *figurante* at the little Théâtre Beaumarchais, and she subsequently obtained

* The fatality occurred on the day following the Prince's marriage with the present Dowager-Queen Margherita of Italy, and cast gloom over the wedding festivities.

† Those interested in Mme. de Castiglione cannot do better than read the account of her in M. F. Loliée's "Femmes du Second Empire." It is compiled from many sources, and embodies some very good—if often very doubtful—stories about her. M. Loliée's view of her is not the same as ours, to which, however, we adhere.

employment in a similar capacity at the Opera-house. Being clever, she soon rose in her profession, and appeared in various pieces at the Folies Dramatiques as an *ingénue*. Not content, however, with playing that kind of *rôle* on the stage, she attempted it in real life, and, for a time, not unsuccessfully, so far as Napoleon III. was concerned.*

There is no truth in a remarkable account of her which appeared in the French press several years ago, and according to which her mother was a younger sister of Heindereich, the famous Paris headsman, who guillotined the odious Troppmann, Dr. Lapommerais, and so many others. A great many genealogical particulars respecting the Heindereichs were printed in support of that theory, but it rested on the assumption that Bellanger was this person's real name, which it was not. The Emperor met her during a stay at Plombières, or it may have been Vichy, and on his return to Paris he took a house for her, No. 27, in the Rue des Vignes at Passy. There, in 1864, she gave birth to a son, who received the Christian names of Charles Jules, and on whom Napoleon bestowed the château and estate of Monchy (not Mouchy, as so many have said) at Liancourt-Rantigny, in the department of the Oise, at no very great distance from Compiègne. In reality the child was not the Emperor's. The latter had been imposed upon, as is conclusively shown by two letters, which were found among his private papers at the Tuileries in 1870. They were together in an envelope, bearing the imperial monogram and the superscription in Napoleon's handwriting: "Letters to be kept." In one of them, addressed to M. Devienne, First President of the Court of Cassation, the supreme tribunal of France, Mlle. Bellanger openly admitted that she had deceived the Emperor with respect to the child referred to; while the other missive, addressed to Napoleon himself, ran as follows :—

"CHER SEIGNEUR [DEAR LORD],

"I have not written to you since my departure, fearing lest I should annoy you, but after Monsieur Devienne's visit, I

* She was tall, with an attractive figure and graceful carriage. She had light, smooth hair, and an oval face, with somewhat irregular features. The eyes had a candid expression, suited to the parts she played. The mouth, however, was somewhat large and sensual.

think it my duty to do so, first to implore you not to despise me, for without your esteem I do not know what would become of me, and secondly to beg your pardon. I was guilty, it is true, but I assure you that I had my doubts. Tell me, *cher Seigneur*, if there is a means by which I may redeem my fault? I shall recoil from nothing. If a whole life of devotion can restore to me your esteem, mine belongs to you, and there is no sacrifice you may ask that I am not ready to make. If it be necessary for your quietude that I should exile myself and go abroad, say but the word, and I will start. My heart is so full of gratitude for all you have done for me that to suffer for you would be happiness still. Thus, the only thing that, in any case, I do not wish you to doubt is the sincerity and depth of my love for you. I beg you therefore to write me a few lines to tell me that you forgive me. My address is: Mme. Bellanger, Rue de Launay, Commune of Vilbernier, near Saumur. Awaiting your reply, *cher Seigneur*, receive the farewell of your all devoted, but most unhappy

"MARGUERITE." *

The discovery of this correspondence after the Revolution of 1870 caused the Government of National Defence to issue a decree ordering the prosecution of M. Devienne before the Court of Cassation, sitting as a Chamber of Discipline, for having seriously compromised the dignity of the magistracy in scandalous negotiations, he having been summoned to give explanations but having failed to comply with the request, besides absenting himself from Paris at the hour of the national peril, although he was the head of the first judicial body of the State.† This decree was signed by Emmanuel Arago as delegate of the Minister of Justice.

M. Devienne, it may be explained, had fled to Brussels at the fall of the Empire, and from that city he wrote first to M. Crémieux, Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice, who had taken up his quarters at Tours with other members of the new Republican Government, and secondly to Emmanuel Arago who had remained in the capital. In his first letter M. Devienne declared that he should be the first to ask for a decision when it became possible. His explanations would be

* From the "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale," Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1870.

† The siege by the Germans was then impending.

neither long nor difficult, said he, and they would show that the allegations and imputations contained in the newspapers (there were many slanderous articles at the time) were absolutely erroneous. "I am certain," he added, "that I did not forget my dignity on an occasion when I undertook what I considered, and still consider, to have been a duty." Again, in writing to Arago, Devienne protested that he had done nothing wrong: "When the situation of the country admits of free discussion in proper form I will prove that I did not compromise my dignity in negotiations of a scandalous character. . . . I will prove that your police, your newspapers, and you yourself, carried away by delight at the opportunity of striking a political adversary, have blindly libelled me with respect to a matter which was very different from what you allege. You appeal to the law. I in my turn invoke it also, and far more energetically. The day of justice will come, and it is with impatience that I await it."

It was only in July, 1871, after the insurrection of the Commune had been suppressed, that M. Devienne appeared before the Court over which he had so long presided. He then stated to the judges that if he had intervened in the affair of the relations of the Emperor Napoleon with Mlle. Bellanger, he had done so at the express request of the Empress Eugénie, who, having discovered her husband's infidelity, was sorely afflicted by it and threatened to leave him. To prevent not only a public scandal but a complete rupture between husband and wife, he, Devienne, had inquired into the affair, with the result already known, and had obtained the dismissal (*éloignement*) of Mlle. Bellanger. On July 21, 1871, the Court, having considered M. Devienne's statement and the proofs adduced in support of it, delivered judgment to the effect that he had been guilty of no misconduct, but that his action had been, on the contrary, a good and honourable one.*

The result was that Devienne was reinstated in his position as First President of the Court, and held that post until his age compelled him to retire in March, 1877. When a First President retires it is usual for the authorities to confer on him the title of Honorary First President, but the Government of

* See *La Gazette des Tribunaux* of the period.

the time refused to do this in Devienne's case, far less, however, on account of his conduct in connection with the Bellanger affair than on account of the part he had played at Bordeaux at the time of the Coup d'État, when he had sat on one of the Mixed Commissions which expelled so many people from France without due trial. Marguerite Bellanger, let us add, survived until November 23, 1886, when she died at Dommartin in the department of the Somme. She became very pious and charitable in her last years, and bequeathed all she possessed for the benefit of the Church or of associations connected with it.

It is well known that in 1864 and the earlier part of 1865 the Emperor and Empress were by no means on good terms. Several of the latter's intimates have described her as being very sad, deeply conscious of her husband's neglect. We do not think that there is any reason to doubt M. Devienne's statements to the Court of Cassation. They are of considerable importance, as they help to explain various things which occurred during the last years of the Empire.

The Empress may certainly have been somewhat worried by the turn which events were taking politically, about the time we have mentioned. It is true that there was as yet no sign of the collapse of the hazardous Mexican expedition which she appears to have favoured. Maximilian of Austria entered Mexico city as Emperor in July, 1864, and the Tuileries, confronted by the glowing despatches of the French commanders, did not as yet imagine either that they would fail to impose the new *régime* on the Mexican people, or that this mushroom transatlantic Empire could at the utmost only last so long as the United States, then in the throes of the War of Secession, remained disunited. On the other hand, however, the new phase upon which the Roman question entered in the autumn of 1864 was of a nature to give the Empress anxiety. By a convention signed in September it was agreed that the French troops should quit Rome at the expiration of two years, and that the maintenance of the integrity of the Papal dominions should afterwards be entrusted to the Italian Government. That measure had raised the ire of Pius IX., who, early in December, and apparently in a spirit of revenge, issued an Encyclical Letter in which several of the chief principles, not

only of modern civilization generally, but of the very organization of France, were condemned as heretical. An angry controversy at once arose in the French press, and on January 1, 1865, the Imperial Government notified the bishops that the publication of the Papal Encyclical was prohibited, as it contained propositions contrary to the Constitution of the Empire. Some thirty of the bishops protested against this prohibition, and the relations between the Government and the clergy became extremely strained. In that affair the Emperor was on one side and the Empress on the other—thus even in that respect some personal estrangement was inevitable, but the Emperor's private conduct about this period was certainly the chief cause of the trouble apparent to the whole Court.

In our account of Napoleon's gallantries we have striven to express ourselves temperately. We have set down naught in malice, but have refrained from chronicling many scandalous rumours of the period, only giving particulars respecting those affairs which are thoroughly well authenticated. The Gordon, Howard, and Vergeot episodes were antecedent to the imperial marriage, and of them the Empress Eugénie could not complain. She was no mere child when she consented to link her destiny with that of Napoleon III.; she must have known at least something of his past. Perhaps she imagined, as other women have done in similar situations, that her beauty and charm would suffice to keep her husband in the path of marital duty; but she should have remembered that he belonged to a race devoid in certain respects of moral sense. That reminds us that we omitted to mention previously that while Napoleon III. had an illegitimate half-brother, Morny, on his mother's side, he also had another, the Count de Castelvecchio, on his father's. That little touch will serve to complete the picture. That the Emperor wronged his wife in the case of the Countess de Castiglione and that of Marguerite Bellanger is indisputable, and those instances alone would suffice to constitute serious grievances, even if there were no others, as there may have been, though, for lack of conclusive evidence, we have refrained from insisting on that side of the question.

There was, we think, something of the nature of Louis XV. in Napoleon III. Like the Well Beloved, he had his secret

diplomacy; like him he was partial to the perusal of police reports and the private correspondence of his *entourage;* like him, again, he was fond of women. To those who did not know the Emperor in that respect, it was a revelation to see him at some evening gathering—at Compiègne, for instance—walking slowly down a room between two long lines of radiant courtesying beauties. The right hand was raised in the familiar fashion to twirl the pointed moustache, the eyes glanced almost stealthily to right and left, momentarily glittering as every now and then they espied some vision of particularly attractive loveliness. Again and again the simile which that spectacle suggested to the mind was that of a Sultan passing his odalisques in review. Thus, even if the Emperor's actual lapses were far fewer than was rumoured, one could well understand such rumours arising, and spreading from the Court to the city, and thence through the world at large.

CHAPTER IX

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

Branches of the House of Bonaparte and their Rank at Court—The Emperor's Civil Family—The Lucien Bonapartes—The Murats—Table of Allowances to the Imperial Family—Additional special Grants—Sums secured by various Branches—Baron Jerome David—Emoluments of the Jerome Bonapartes—The Bonaparte-Paterson Lawsuit—Prince Jerome's last Marriage—His Protest to Napoleon III.—Curious Letter from Prince Napoleon to Mr. Jerome (Paterson) Bonaparte—Jerome Bonaparte *fils*, Cassagnac and Rochefort—Relationship of the Jerome Bonapartes to the British Royal House—Prince Napoleon (Jerome)—His early career and Character—His Marriage with Princess Clotilde and their Home at the Palais Royal—The Prince's Love Affairs—Edmond About's famous Sketch of him—His later career and his sons, Princes Victor and Louis—Princess Mathilde—Her Character, Marriage, and Entourage—The Head of the Murats—Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

At the establishment of the Second Empire nearly all the branches of the Bonaparte family existing at the beginning of the century still numbered representatives. The line of Napoleon I. was, of course, extinct, but his brother Lucien, Prince of Canino, had left numerous descendants, one of whom was married to a still surviving daughter of Joseph, King of Spain. Further, Napoleon's sister Elisa, sometime Grand Duchess of Tuscany, was represented by her daughter, the Princess Baciocchi, and there were several descendants of Caroline Bonaparte and her husband Murat, King of Naples. The great Emperor's brother, Prince Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, was still alive, with a son and a daughter by Catherine of Wurtemberg, in addition to the offspring of his contested marriage with Miss Paterson of Baltimore. Finally, Napoleon III. himself represented the line of Louis King of Holland.

Failing direct male descent from Napoleon III. (and, later, from the Imperial Prince), the succession to the throne, as indicated in a previous chapter, was vested "in Prince Jerome and his direct, natural, and legitimate descendants, proceeding from his marriage with Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg by order of primogeniture, from male to male, and to the perpetual exclusion of women." The Senatus Consultum and the Organic Decree of 1852 containing that provision were confirmed by Clause 4 of the Constitution of May 21, 1870, and as a result of the stipulations, Prince Jerome, his son Napoleon, and his daughter Mathilde ranked as Imperial Highnesses, and, with the Empress and Imperial Prince, constituted what was strictly the Imperial Family. In 1855 the so-called "Civil Family of the Emperor" was formed, it being provided that "the sons of the brothers and sisters of the Emperor Napoleon I., who do not belong to the Imperial Family, shall bear the titles of Prince and Highness (*i.e.* without the adjunction of the word "Imperial"), together with their family name. At the second generation only the eldest sons shall bear the titles of Prince and Highness, the others having the title of Prince only. Until their marriage the daughters of Princes related to the Emperor shall enjoy the title of Princess, but after marriage they shall bear only the names and titles that may belong to their respective husbands, unless there be a special decision of the Crown to a contrary effect. The Princesses of the Emperor's family who have married Frenchmen or foreigners do not take at Court any other rank than that of their husbands."

The numerous descendants of the first Napoleon's brother Lucien, against whom the above stipulations seem to have been chiefly directed, were obliged to submit to them, but they always contested their equity, and claimed that Napoleon III. had no right to deprive them of the title of Prince or Princess of the Imperial Family, as it had been granted to them by the first Napoleon's decree of March 22, 1815. As a matter of fact, Napoleon III.'s stipulations were not enforced with absolute rigidity. For instance, three of Lucien's daughters, the Marchioness Roccagiovine, the Countess Primoli, and the Princess Gabrielli, were, by courtesy, generally known and

addressed at the Tuileries as the Princesses Julie, Charlotte, and Augusta.

At the advent of the Second Empire there were four sons of Napoleon I.'s brother Lucien living. Those were the Princes Charles Lucien of Canino and Musignano,* Louis Lucien,† Pierre Napoleon,‡ and Antoine.§ Louis Lucien and Pierre Napoleon were included in the civil family of Napoleon III. in 1855, Antoine gained access to it at a later date, but the eldest brother, Charles Lucien—a distinguished ornithologist—was excluded, in spite of a decree of February 21, 1853, declaring him a French Prince. His three sons were admitted at successive dates—first, Prince Joseph Lucien Bonaparte,‖ in 1855; secondly, Prince Napoleon Charles,¶ in 1860; and thirdly, Prince Lucien Louis,** best known as Cardinal Bonaparte, in 1865. The Murats were also represented in the civil family, at first merely by the former King of Naples' surviving son, Napoleon Lucien Charles, Prince Murat and Prince of Pontecorvo;†† and afterwards by the latter's sons, the Princes Joachim ‡‡ and Achille Murat.§§ Their sister, the Princess Anna,‖‖ who married Antoine de Noailles, Duke de Mouchy and Prince-Duke de

* Born in Paris in 1803; married in 1822 to Lætitia-Julie, daughter of King Joseph of Spain, by whom he had twelve children, four boys and eight girls. He died in 1857.

† Born in England in 1813, married Maria Cecchi of Lucca in 1833, was separated from her in 1850, and died in 1891.

‡ Born at Rome in 1815, died at Versailles in 1881. We shall deal with him hereafter in more detail.

§ Born at Frascati in 1816, married Carolino Maria Cardinali of Lucca in 1823, and died at Florence in 1877.

‖ Born at Philadelphia, U.S.A., in February, 1824; died at Rome in 1865.

¶ Born at Rome in 1839, and died there in 1899; married in 1859 Maria Christina, daughter of Prince Ruspoli, by whom he had three daughters.

** Born at Rome in 1828, and died there in 1895. Created a Cardinal-priest of the Holy Roman Church in March, 1868.

†† Born at Milan in 1803, died in Paris in 1878; married at Bordentown, U.S.A., in 1831, Carolina Georgina Fraser, of Charlestown, by whom he had three sons and two daughters. She was descended from the Lords Lovat.

‡‡ Born at Bordentown in 1834; married first Maloy Louise Caroline, daughter of Napoleon Alexandre Berthier, Prince of Wagram, in 1854, and secondly, Lydia Hervey, of Brighton, widow of Baron Arthur Hainguerlot, in 1894. One son and two daughters by the first marriage.

§§ Born at Bordentown in January, 1847; died in Mingrelia, Southern Russia, in 1895; married, in 1868, Salomé, daughter of David Dadiani, Prince of Mingrelia, by whom he had two sons and a daughter.

‖‖ Born at Bordentown in 1841.

Poix, in 1865, did not belong to the civil family, not did her elder sister, the Baroness de Chassiron, who had lost her title of Princess by her marriage with an official of the Council of State; but their mother, Princess Lucien Murat, and their sisters-in-law, Princesses Joachim and Achille, were included in it. The other female members of the civil family were the Princess Baciocchi, daughter of the first Napoleon's sister Elisa, and the Princess Napoleon Charles Bonaparte, *née* Ruspoli.*

All the members of the civil family were more or less provided for out of Napoleon III.'s civil list, and his munificence extended also to a number of more or less distant relations. Some idea of the annual outlay, apart from endowments constituted at the establishment of the Empire, will be gathered from the list we print on our next page. We have included in it the special State allowances to Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde, which allowances did not come out of the civil list; but it will be found that in 1868 the latter alone contributed over £52,000 to the support of members of the imperial family. At that date, too, some who had been pensioned in earlier years were dead; while, in addition to the aforesaid £52,000 from the general civil list fund, there were many special grants from the privy purse.† Not only were the debts of young Prince Achille Murat paid on various occasions, but he secured a special grant at the time of his marriage, his takings during the Empire amounting to quite £30,000; while Princess Anna, Duchess de Mouchy, obtained more than three times that amount. In round figures, the first five Murats in our table secured about half a million sterling. Further, the Countess Rasponi, *née* Murat, netted, in one way or another, about £45,000, and the Pepoli Murats were allotted a like sum. The payments from the general fund of the civil list to the many members of the Lucien branch of the Bonaparte family were well over £500,000, and yet the keeper of the privy purse was constantly being badgered for extra allowances or loans. On one occasion Sir Thomas Wyse, as the husband of Letizia Bonaparte, secured a privy purse grant of £16,000, in addition to what his wife was receiving regularly. On the other hand,

* See note ¶, p. 211.

† See tables on pp. 150, 151.

STATE ALLOWANCES AND CIVIL LIST GRANTS TO THE IMPERIAL FAMILY IN 1868.

Names.	Amounts.	
	Francs.	Francs.
Bonapartes—Jerome branch:		
H.I.H. Prince Napoleon	—	1,000,000
H.I.H. Princess Mathilde	—	500,000
Elisa branch:		
Princess Baciocchi	150,000	
Item Life Annuity for the redemption of the Majorat of Bologna	100,000	250,000
Lucien branch:		
Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte	—	100,000
Prince Pierre Bonaparte	—	100,000
Prince Antoine Bonaparte	—	100,000
Prince Lucien Bonaparte	—	20,000
Prince Napoleon Charles Bonaparte ...	50,000	
For rent of mansion	20,000	70,000
Princess Marianne Bonaparte	—	6,000
Marchioness Roccagiovine	20,000	
For residence	20,000	40,000
Countess Primoli	20,000	
For residence	20,000	40,000
Countess Campella	—	20,000
Princess Gabrielli	20,000	
For residence	20,000	40,000
Prince Gabrielli, son	—	6,250
Marchioness Christina Stephanoni ...	(Daughters of Princess Gabrielli)	6,250
Marchioness Amelia Parisani		6,250
Countess Lavinia Aventi		6,250
Mme. Valentini	—	25,500
Mme. [Lady?] Bonaparte-Wyse	40,000	
Item for life insurance	6,975	46,975
Mme. Rattazzi, *née* Wyse	—	24,000
Mme. Turr, *née* Wyse	—	24,000
M. Lucien N. Bonaparte-Wyse	—	2,000
Mrs. A. Booker	—	6,000
Mme. C. Honorati-Romagnoli	—	6,000
Murat branch:		
Prince Lucien Murat	(Originally 100,000)	50,000
Princess Lucien Murat	—	100,000
Prince Achille Murat	—	24,000
Princess Joachim Murat	—	20,000
Baroness de Chassiron, *née* Murat ...	—	30,000
Countess Rasponi, *née* Murat	—	50,000
Marquis Pepoli	—	25,000
Countess Mosti, *née* Pepoli	—	8,333
Countess Ruspoli, *née* Pepoli	—	8,333
Countess Tattini, *née* Pepoli	—	8,334
Paterson branch:		
M. Jerome Bonaparte, *fils*	—	30,000
Morganatic wife of King Jerome:		
Marchioness Bartholoni	—	12,000
Total ...	£112,437 = Francs	2,810,975

the allowance to Mme. Rattazzi, *née* Wyse, and sometime Countess de Solms, was at one moment suspended. Early in 1865 she gave great offence at Court by the publication of a book entitled "Les Mariages d'une Créole," in which she seriously libelled M. Schneider, the owner of the Creusot iron and steel works, who succeeded Walewski as President of the Legislative Body; the result being that Mme. Rattazzi was struck off the list of the Emperor's annuitants and ordered to quit France. A couple of years later, however, she again secured her former allowance.*

It should also be mentioned that there was Mme. Bonaparte-Centamori, dead apparently in 1868 (the date of our list), who had enjoyed, in earlier years, allowances amounting altogether to £21,000. One might include, too, among the payments to members of the imperial family the special grants and the annuity secured by Baron Jerome David, as, although he was legally the son of Charles Louis David, the son of David the great painter, it was generally admitted that his real father was none other than old Prince Jerome, the ex-King of Westphalia. Baron David's mother was a beautiful Greek, named Maria Capinaki, whom Jerome, the Don Juan *par excellence* of the Bonapartes, met at Rome. He became godfather to his own child, and that sponsorship subsequently served as an official explanation for the high favour to which Baron Jerome David gradually attained at the Tuileries. From being a deputy he rose in time to such positions as Vice-President of the Legislative Body and Minister of Public Works. For those duties he naturally received emoluments apart from the allowance made him by the Emperor,† and that was also the case with respect to several of the Bonapartes and Murats. One was a senator, another director of the Jardin des Plantes, another a general of brigade, another a cavalry captain, and so forth, in such wise that civil list and privy purse grants by no

* Some further particulars respecting Mme. Rattazzi will be found in a note on p. 292.

† The Baron died at Langon (Gironde), in 1822, having been predeceased by both the children of his marriage with Mlle. Jeanne-Cécile Merle, in such wise that the family, which may be regarded almost as an illegitimate branch of the Bonapartes, is extinct. The Baroness Jerome David was a lady of the greatest beauty, distinction, and virtue.

means represented the total amount of money which the minor members of the Imperial House drew from France.

The State allowance to the Jerome branch of the family was fixed originally at £60,000 per annum, and apportioned as follows:—Prince Jerome, £40,000; Prince Napoleon, £12,000; and Princess Mathilde, £8000. When, however, Prince Napoleon married Princess Clotilde of Savoy, the above amount was increased to £88,000 a year, apart from a special wedding grant of £20,000, and it was provided that the Princess should receive an annual allowance of £8000 from the French exchequer if she should survive her husband. In 1860, however, old Prince Jerome died, and £60,000 a year again became the allowance of his branch of the family, two-thirds of the amount then going to Prince Napoleon, and one-third to Princess Mathilde. Moreover, already at an earlier date, the Palais Royal and the Château of Meudon had been diverted from the actual dotation of the Crown and transferred to Prince Jerome, passing afterwards to his son, Prince Napoleon. The last named, in addition to his State allowance, drew annual sums of £1200 as a senator, £200 as a grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and £400 as a general officer on the unemployed list, besides receiving payment at various times for certain special duties, such as Minister for Algeria, Vice-President of the Council of State, Vice-President of various international exhibitions, envoy abroad, and so forth. It has been calculated that the total receipts of the Jerome branch of the Bonapartes from 1852 to 1870 exceeded a million and a half sterling, of which amount about a million was taken by Prince Napoleon alone.

In 1861, the year following the death of old Jerome, proceedings were instituted before the Paris Court of First Instance for a declaration of the validity of the marriage which he contracted at Baltimore in December, 1803, with Miss Elizabeth Paterson, of that city. It will be remembered that this marriage was protested against by the Prince's mother ("Madame Mère), and annulled by two decrees of Napoleon I. Shortly after the establishment of the Second Empire, Mr. Jerome Paterson-Bonaparte, the issue of the marriage, arrived in France, and was well received by Napoleon III., who granted him

by decree the nationality of a French subject, and authorized him to bear the name of Bonaparte, besides giving his eldest son, a young man of five and twenty, who had served in the American forces, a commission in the French army, which subsequently enabled him to serve with distinction in the Crimea. In July, 1856, however, the Imperial Family Council, after inquiring into the Baltimore marriage and the decrees of Napoleon I., upheld the view that the former was null and void. The object of the proceedings instituted in 1861 before the Paris Court by Mrs. Bonaparte, *née* Paterson, and her son was to set that decision of the family council aside. The great advocate Berryer, who appeared for the plaintiffs, laboured hard to show that the family council had no authority to adjudicate upon the case, and that the decrees of Napoleon I. were void, as he had not the power to annul a marriage contracted before he became Emperor. Quite different were the views held by Prince Napoleon's counsel, Maître Allou, who in the course of years became a great authority on marriage *procédure*, figuring, we believe, in more "judicial separation" cases than any other advocate of his time. He claimed that the whole question had been settled by the decrees of the first and the family council of the third Napoleon. Davignon, the Public Advocate, representing the State, favoured Berryer's view in some respects, and not in others. For instance, he held that the decrees of Napoleon I. did not affect the validity of the Baltimore marriage, but were in many respects illegal and unconstitutional. Further, he discarded the plea that the marriage had been in any degree clandestine, or that it had been nullified by the non-publication of the banns in France. But, passing to the two sentences of the family council in 1856, which had pronounced against the validity of the marriage while declaring that Mr. Jerome Bonaparte was entitled to bear that name, Davignon argued that the family council was sovereign in all matters pertaining to the imperial family; that the case was therefore *res judicata*, the court being bound by the council's decision and debarred from further action. The court's finding (February 15, 1861) was in accordance with Davignon's views. The judgment contained no expression of opinion on the merits of the case, but was based entirely on the ground that the

Imperial Family Council had finally and conclusively adjudicated upon the question submitted to the court. Briefly, the Bonapartes were above the law!

Various interesting matters came to light during the proceedings. It was shown, for instance, that Prince Jerome had contracted in his old age a clandestine marriage with the Marchioness Bartholoni, who by reason of her wit and sculptural beauty was one of the most admired women of the time. In his will, dated July 6, 1852, Jerome declared that he had married her "in presence of the Church," thereby signifying that the civil ceremony had not been performed, and he left her an annuity, which was generously supplemented by the Emperor.*

Further, a very curious letter addressed by Jerome to Napoleon III. was read during the judicial proceedings. It protested against the decrees in favour of "the son and grandson of Miss Paterson," which decrees, said Jerome, "dispose of my name without my consent, introduce into my family, without even my being consulted, persons that have never belonged to it, cast a doubt on the legitimacy of my children, and prepare for them [here he was a true prophet] a scandalous lawsuit. . . . They constitute an attack upon my honour and that of the Emperor, my brother [Napoleon I.], by annulling the solemn engagements into which we entered with the King of Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Russia, as a condition of my marriage with the Princess Catherine." Jerome therefore appealed for a prompt and final decision, saying that he was fast drawing to the close of his career, and that he regarded it as a sacred duty to see that a question which compromised his dearest interests should be settled in his lifetime. There can be little doubt

* See the table on p. 213. It may be added that when Jerome, while playing cards with M. de Damas, his aide-de-camp, was suddenly stricken with paralysis, which seizure was followed by his death, Mme. Bartholoni was immediately summoned, and nursed the unfortunate old man while he lingered, unable to move or to speak, but hearing and seeing everything. His son, Prince Napoleon, behaved at that time in a most abominable manner, showing no respect whatever for his father's terrible condition. Further, he flatly refused to attend the funeral, which took place at Vilgenis, the Emperor, Empress, and Princess Mathilde being present. The reason given by Prince Napoleon for absenting himself was that he could not conscientiously attend the religious ceremony.

that it was this urgent appeal which led to the decision of the Imperial Family Council.

But a yet stranger letter produced during the trial was one written by Jerome's son, Prince Napoleon, to his half-brother, the son of Miss Paterson. The sentiments it displayed were very different from those of the father. Dated July 25, 1854, the letter ran as follows:—

"My dear Brother,

"I have gone through a great deal, but am glad to find that your kind sentiments remain unchanged. It is with real satisfaction that I hail the blending of those family sentiments with personal sympathy. I appreciate them the more as I cannot say as much of all my relations. As for my sister [Princess Mathilde], she in particular is a stranger to me. But those sad reflections ought not to proceed from my pen now that I feel genuine delight in recalling myself to your fraternal souvenir. I know not what fate the war may have in store for me [he was already in the Crimea, we think]. I hope something will be decided before the winter. A thousand good wishes to your son, whom I embrace and love already by reason of all the good reports I have heard of him.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

As it happened, all the cordiality of that "fraternal" letter did not prevent Prince Napoleon from contesting in open court, seven years later, the validity of his father's marriage to his "dear brother's" mother. The Paterson Bonapartes never succeeded in gaining their point (the judgment of 1861 was subsequently confirmed by the Paris Appeal Court), and some kind of compromise was ultimately arrived at. Miss Paterson's grandson, who had served in the Crimea—M. Jerome Bonaparte *fils*, as he was called—remained resident in France, and was often seen at the Tuileries, sometimes also at the Palais Royal. As our table on p. 213 will have shown, he received from Napoleon III. an annual allowance of £1200. It so chanced that he acted as one of the seconds of the well-remembered Paul de Cassagnac of *Le Pays* when the latter fought his famous duel with Henri Rochefort on January 1, 1867. Cassagnac had called Rochefort out for slandering the memory of Joan of Arc, and thus, while most Parisians were exchanging visiting

cards and sweetmeats in honour of the New Year, those two firebrands of the press met in a snowstorm on the plain of St. Denis for the purpose of exchanging four bullets. At the first shot fired by Cassagnac, Rochefort was hit on the left side, near the waist, and staggered and fell. For a moment there was great anxiety, it being thought that he had received a fatal wound, but it was found that he was only suffering from shock. The bullet had glanced off him after striking something hard, concealed in the waistband of his trousers. He himself was anxious to know what it might be, and on the waistband being cut open a consecrated medal of the Virgin was found inside it. Great was the amazement of Cassagnac and Jerome Bonaparte on discovering that a professed free-thinker carried a consecrated medal about him, and they were equally astonished that the Virgin should have protected a slanderer of the Maid of Orleans. On the other hand, Rochefort himself could in no way account for the presence of the medal. Only afterwards did he learn that it had been secretly sewn in his waistband by one who, loving him, had thereby hoped to ensure his safety. She was the mother of his children, and, some four years later, after the Commune of Paris, when he was about to be transported to New Caledonia, he married her as she lay on her death-bed in the hospital of Versailles.

But let us now pass to Prince Jerome's so-called legitimate children. In August, 1807, he espoused Princess Frederika Catherine Sophia (usually known as Catherine), daughter of Duke Frederick of Wurtemberg (in whose favour that State was first raised to the rank of a kingdom) by the Princess Augusta Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. The last named was a daughter of Princess Augusta of Great Britain, sister of George III., whence it followed that Catherine, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, was a great-granddaughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Moreover, her father's sister married the Emperor Paul of Russia, and her brother, Prince Royal and later King of Wurtemberg, allied himself first to a Bavarian Princess and later to a Russian Grand Duchess, in such wise that by Catherine's marriage with Napoleon's brother Jerome the Bonapartes became connected with some of the chief reigning houses of Europe.

Catherine of Wurtemberg was a clever, high-minded, and devoted woman, who clung to her husband however volatile his conduct might be. Three children were born to them—a son who died when young; a second one, the Prince Napoleon we have frequently mentioned; and a daughter, the Princess Mathilde. Prince Napoleon,* an Imperial Prince of France (December 2, 1852), designated as successor to the Empire, Count of Meudon in France and of Moncalieri in Italy, Napoleon V. in the eyes of the French imperialists after the death of the son of Napoleon III. in Zululand, was born in September, 1822, at Trieste, while his parents were living there in exile. They subsequently removed to Rome, where their son was reared until he had completed his ninth year. He then went to a college at Geneva, which he quitted in 1837 to enter the military school of Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart. He subsequently spent some years in travel, in Germany, Spain, England, and even France, where he was more than once permitted to stay by the Government of Louis Philippe. Both he and his father were there at the time of the Revolution of 1848, and Prince Napoleon, offering himself as a candidate in Corsica, was elected a member first of the Constituent and later of the National Assembly.

He did not, however, support the cause of his cousin, the future Napoleon III. On the contrary, he identified himself with the extreme Radicals, the "Mountain Party"† of the Legislature, repeatedly opposing the measures of his cousin's administration, and on one occasion even voting for the impeachment of his ministers. Nevertheless, the future Emperor evinced the greatest patience and forbearance towards Jerome's son, contrasting which with the latter's reckless violence, Odilon Barrot was of opinion that the only possible explanation lay in certain mysterious family secrets, which gave the radical Prince a certain hold over his ambitious cousin. At one moment, to get rid of this thorn in his side, the Prince President appointed Prince Napoleon ambassador at Madrid—a strange ambassador, who all along his route gathered the most advanced democrats

* Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul. His usual signature, however, was "Napoleon (Jerome)."

† So called because it sat on the highest row of benches in the Assembly.

around him, and denounced in the bitterest terms the government by which he was employed. So bad was his conduct in that respect that it became necessary to recall him before he even reached Spain! He afterwards plunged more and more into opposition courses, and at the Coup d'État he was among those who signed the first protests against it.

While willingly accepting the honours and emoluments showered upon him at the re-establishment of the Empire, Prince Napoleon persevered in more or less fractious conduct throughout the reign. How far he was sincere in the profession of radical views, and how far he merely gave them expression in order to annoy and baulk his cousin and win a certain reputation for independence of character, must, we think, always remain uncertain. His alacrity in accepting honours and wealth from the sovereign whom he so constantly opposed, and even denounced, did not redound to his credit. Even as the Empress Eugénie claimed to play the part of Marie Antoinette, so Prince Napoleon assumed a *rôle* akin to that of Philippe Égalité, a comparison which suggested itself the more readily as he resided, like the Duke of Orleans, at the Palais Royal, while the Emperor, like Louis XVI., occupied the Tuileries.

Although Prince Napoleon had never served in any army, he was, as we mentioned previously, made a general officer by the Emperor, and sent to the Crimea in command of the third division of St. Arnaud's forces. The accounts of his share in the battle of the Alma are conflicting. According to some he behaved right gallantly, according to others he covered himself with disgrace. His early return from the war certainly indisposed the Parisians against him, not for a while, but for the rest of his life. Detested already by the genuine imperialists for his affectation of radicalism, distrusted by true democrats on account of his alacrity in accepting the Emperor's favours, he utterly failed to win any measure of popularity, and it was in vain that a small *coterie* of adherents praised his talents—which were considerable—and tried to induce the public to take him seriously.

In point of fact, the Prince lacked those qualities which are essentially requisite in every man of ambition, be he

either politician or soldier, that is, the qualities of patience and perseverance. He could command neither his will nor his tongue. A fluent but unequal speaker, he frequently became intoxicated with his own words, and lost the power of controlling his utterances. He often began by saying that he intended to remain calm, but a moment later you could detect passion growling in his resonant, domineering voice. He would also express his intention of respecting the proprieties, and yet immediately afterwards galling epithets would leap from his lips. Disturbed thereby, he would then try to beat a retreat, and fail. Annoyed with himself for having let his tongue run on, and annoyed with his hearers because he had thus given them an opportunity of judging him, he would finally break off in the midst of a sentence, leaving his discourse unfinished, save for the angry gesture in which he usually indulged before sitting down. Such was Prince Napoleon in the Senate and the Council of State, at Ajaccio, and elsewhere.

After one of those explosions there often came a fit of dejection, perhaps of repentance, which carried him off to his estate of Prangins, in Switzerland, where, deserting political life for months at a stretch, he remained, ploughing in silence "his lonely furrow." More than once he proved himself to be, politically, something like the Lord Rosebery of the Empire. Further, he dreamt rather than he conceived. He began a thing and never finished it. Ambassador, general, functionary, minister, whatever post he might hold, it lasted no longer than a fragile toy in the hands of a self-willed child. It was his constant practice to throw the helve after the hatchet; he broke down every steed that was offered to him before he was even well in the saddle.

His few partisans used to say that he was fit only for the first rank, and could not serve in the second. But even as the earlier period of his life showed that he could not obey, so the last period showed that he was not fit for command. Thus it is principally by way of presenting the reader with a curiosity that we will quote the description of the Prince, which, apropos of his portrait by Flandrin, was penned in 1861 by Edmond About—a description which created an extraordinary sensation when it first appeared in print, and drew

down upon the *Opinion Nationale*, in which it was issued,* an official warning that the journal would be suppressed should it ever dare to print anything similar. This, then, is what About wrote—

"This portrait is not merely a good painting, it is a great work, the fruit of a superior mind, a high intellect. If every scrap of contemporary history were to be lost, this canvas alone could tell posterity what Prince Napoleon was. Here we see the man himself, this misplaced Cæsar,† whom nature cast in the mould of the Roman emperors, but whom fate has hitherto condemned to stand with folded arms at the foot of a throne. We see him, proud of the name he bears and of the talent he has revealed, visibly cut to the heart by, and nobly impatient of, a fatality which, doubtless, will not always prevail against him. We see him, then, an aristocrat by education, a democrat by instinct, the legitimate, not the bastard, son of the French Revolution; born for action, but condemned for a time to aimless agitation and sterile motion; thirsting for glory, scornful of common popularity, caring nothing for common report, and too high-hearted to court either the masses or the middle classes pursuant to the old traditions of the Palais Royal. Yes, this is the man who solicited the honour of leading the French columns to the assault of Sebastopol, and returned to Paris shrugging his shoulders because of the delays of a siege which seemed to him to be stupid. This is the man who, from mere curiosity and to relieve the *ennui* of an active mind, went on a promenade, with his hands in his pockets, among the polar icebergs where Sir John Franklin lost his life. This is the man who, with vigorous arm, undertook the government of Algeria, and threw it up in disgust because he had not sufficient freedom of action. This is he who recently stood forth in the Senate; placed himself *per saltem* in the front rank of the most illustrious orators, crushing the Papacy as a lion of the Sahel crushes some trembling victim; and that done, turned on his heel and strolled back to his villa in the Avenue Montaigne, where he is surrounded by the exquisite atmosphere of elegant antiquity. If there be one characteristic of that noble and remarkable face which M. Flandrin has not quite conveyed, it is the delicate, acute, Florentine expression which makes the Prince

* The Prince financed that journal, which was then edited by Adolphe Guéroult. He had previously financed *La Presse*, which Nefftzer and Peyrat conducted.

† *César déclassé*—the name stuck, but not in the sense in which About intended it.

so like a member of the Medici family. It should be possible, I think, to cast upon canvas some reflection of the graces of that powerful, delicate, and versatile mind, which astonishes, attracts and overawes, captivates without seeking to captivate, and rivets without effort the devotion of his friends."

Looking back, that portrait seems to us like a caricature; and although Edmond About, like Émile de Girardin, the Guéroults, Edmond Texier, and various other "Liberals" of the day, was an *habitué* of the Palais Royal, one of those who dined and wined and hobnobbed with Prince Napoleon, he assuredly had his tongue in his cheek while penning so extravagant, so exaggerated an effusion. It was taken seriously enough, however, by the powers of the day.

Girardin, whom we have just named, was an extremely self-opinionated individual, who frequented the Palais Royal more for an opportunity to air his own paradoxical views than from any feeling of regard for or belief in Prince Napoleon. One evening he expounded a favourite political system of his, a kind of mitigated anarchism, in which the unlimited liberty of the citizens had, as its counterweight, the absolute independence of the authorities.

"Let me see if I understand you," said the Prince at last. "I represent authority, you represent liberty. You say and do whatever you choose against me, both in your newspapers and at your public meetings, in the streets, and so forth. That is the portion of liberty. On my side, I set batteries of artillery at every street corner in Paris, and if you annoy me I shoot you down. That's my independence. Is that your idea?"

"Quite so."

"Then I'm perfectly ready to adopt your system," the Prince retorted gaily.

"Don't trust him," said one who knew him well in those days; "if he should ever reign, he would be a modern Tiberius, not from motives of cruelty, but from egotism. He is *blasé* and bored."

About's account of the Prince's exploits, in the description we have quoted, was in some respects grotesque. Leaving aside the debatable question of the Alma, his voyage to the

polar circle, made in June, 1856, was a very commonplace affair, which, although undertaken, according to official accounts, for "scientific purposes," yielded no results of scientific value. It amounted, in fact, to little more than a sojourn in Greenland among the Esquimaux, followed, as a *finale*, by a series of visits to Christiania, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. As for the post of Minister of Algeria, this was merely given to the Prince by way of supplying him with a little routine occupation. He threw it up, undoubtedly, but any man of sense would have known beforehand that the Ministry was bound to clash with the Governorship of the colony, and could at the utmost prove little more than an ornamental post.

The Prince's marriage on January 30, 1859, with the Princess Clotilda Maria Theresa of Savoy, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel II., was contracted for political reasons, and proved as unhappy as such marriages usually do. It is even astonishing that the Prince should have assented to it when it was suggested to him by Napoleon III. In any case his assent showed that, much as he laid claim to independence of character, he could put that aside when a large increase of income was offered him. Directly the match was made public it was expedited with a haste which astonished Europe, as it seemed little short of indecent. It is true the marriage had been secretly arranged some time previously, being one of the consequences of the conference of Plombières (July '58), when Count Cavour and Chevalier Nigra met Napoleon III., Count Walewski, Baron de Billing, and M. Mocquard to settle the question of "United Italy." However, immediately the Princess was deemed old enough to marry, Prince Napoleon swooped down on Turin like a burglar. He was then over thirty-seven, while the poor little bride was but fifteen years and ten months old. The marriage was compared not unaptly to that of an elephant and a gazelle: the bridegroom, with his marked Napoleonic features, being broad and bulky and ponderous, the bride short, slight, and frail looking, with fair hair and the characteristic tip-tilted nose of the Royal House of Savoy. She seemed indeed, as she really was, a delicately nurtured child, fresh from the nursery.

The marriage followed the Emperor Napoleon's memorable

public warning to Baron Hübner, the Austrian Ambassador, at the New Year reception at the Tuileries; but although that warning presaged hostilities on the part of France in support of Italian independence, the Piedmontese by no means favoured the union into which their King's daughter was forced. They regarded it, in fact, almost as a *mésalliance*. It was useless to protest however. Prince Napoleon hurried his child-wife away to France. As in those days there was no Cenis, or Simplon, or Gothard tunnel, the journey was made by way of Genoa, and thence by sea to Marseilles; and when the bridal couple made their state entry into Paris on February 4, every one noticed how tired and sad and shy was the juvenile countenance of the poor young lady, whom "Plon-Plon" had brought back with him. The reception was distinctly cold, but that was on account of the husband's personality; the silence of the crowd meant no disrespect for the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. She, indeed, was spoken of with no little sympathy; and it may here be added that throughout the remainder of the Empire no voice was ever raised in criticism or disparagement of the retiring, charitable, pious, and unhappily mated lady of the Palais Royal. Even at the Revolution of 1870 she was treated with the utmost respect and deference. Three children were born of the marriage, as follows: Firstly, Prince Napoleon Victor Jerome Frédéric, who came into the world at the Palais Royal, on July 18, 1862, and who is now the Head of the House of Bonaparte; secondly, Prince Napoleon Louis Joseph Jerome, who was born at the château of Meudon on July 16, 1864, and is now a general officer in the Russian service; thirdly, Princess Marie Laetitia Eugénie Catherine Adélaide, born at the Palais Royal on December 20, 1866, and married in 1888 to her uncle, Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, and sometime King of Spain. He died in 1890.

Prince Napoleon had the customary vice of the Bonapartes. Both before and after his marriage his name figured in the scandals of the time. It was associated notably with those of two actresses, Rachel and Mlle. Judith. By the last named he had, in 1853, a son, who died in 1885. Another illegitimate son by an Englishwoman is said to be still alive. But the

most discreditable of all the intrigues in which Prince Napoleon, or indeed any Bonaparte, ever engaged, was that with the notorious Cora Pearl. It was matter of common notoriety, and so little pains were taken to conceal it that we can remember seeing the woman's brougham waiting in the Rue de Montpensier, and she herself slipping out of the Palais Royal and springing into the vehicle. She left him, it seems, because he did not open his purse often enough to suit her.

As most people are aware, the Palais Royal was originally built by Richelieu, and called in his honour the Palais Cardinal. It passed into the possession of Louis XIII., and later, while Anne of Austria was Regent of France, it became her residence, afterwards going to her younger son, the Duke of Orleans. From that time onward the palace underwent so many changes architecturally, that little remained of the original structure. Twice in the eighteenth century it was badly damaged by fire, which led to much rebuilding. It was in 1780 that, for purposes of gain, the Duke of Orleans, subsequently known as Philippe Égalité, raised the rows of houses with arcaded shops around the palace garden. Lack of money prevented him from completing his plans, and for many years some of the galleries were mere wooden structures. The garden, the coffee-houses, and the underground circus in the centre of the garden were, it will be remembered, associated with notable events of the French Revolution. Later the palace galleries were largely given over to gamblers and harlots, the spot becoming the centre of the fast life of Paris. Under the Consulate the palace itself was the quarters of the "Tribunat," but Napoleon eventually attached it to the domains of the Crown. In 1815 his brother Lucien resided at the Palais Royal, which afterwards reverted to the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe. It was there, indeed, that he was officially notified of the legislative decision which declared him "King of the French." The palace was pillaged in 1848, and was subsequently used as military headquarters and for fine art shows. After the Coup d'État, Napoleon III. assigned it as a residence to his uncle, Prince Jerome, but so much money was spent in renovating the Tuileries and perfecting the Louvre that until Prince Napoleon's marriage with Princess Clotilde only urgent repairs were carried

out at the Palais Royal. A little later came important changes. The grand staircase was entirely rebuilt, and most of the apartments were redecorated. The rooms were very numerous; there were, if we remember rightly, over a score of salons, but they were mostly rather small. Very fine, however, was the Salle des Fêtes, with its oval sky-ceiling, gilded cornices, central marble fountain, and lofty chimney-piece, surmounted by a bust of Napoleon III., with attendant female figures upholding the imperial escutcheon. The prevailing style of decoration was a kind of modernized Renaissance, in which the emblems of the Empire were blended with ornamentation characteristic of the Francis I. and Medici periods. For instance, in the magnificent Salle des Colonnes, a crowned imperial eagle appeared in each of the intercolumniatory compartments, above female demi-figures which raised baskets of fruit and flowers beside busts of such celebrities as Buffon, Voltaire, Machiavelli, Molière, Corneille, and Descartes. From the Salle des Colonnes an arcade led to the Salle des Batailles, where the panels were hung with some fine old tapestry representing the victories of Louis XIV., the general effect being somewhat spoilt, however, by the garnet velvet upholstery of the furniture.

Perhaps the most satisfactory apartment was the so-called morning reception room, in which Prince Napoleon usually gave audience. Here again the imperial eagle figured in the friezes above the walls, but all the rest was of late Renaissance style. Very striking was the lofty chimney-piece with its large white marble medallion of Venus rising from the waves. The picture-gallery, hung in red silk damask, contained some good paintings, notably family portraits, and a wonderful one of Rachel the *tragédienne*. There was also a salon effectively fitted with green marble, and another hung with superb Gobelins. The old chapel of Louis Philippe's time was turned by Prince Napoleon into a kind of museum (he was, we may mention, a collector of considerable taste), a new chapel being fitted up near the private apartments of Princess Clotilde in the right-hand wing of the palace. This new chapel, lighted by armorial windows and having a vaulted ceiling, all azure and golden stars, contained a curious little altar formed of a slab of marble resting on small pillars of massive gold, and

surmounted by a statuette of Our Lady of Victory. Princess Clotilde's rooms, which extended as far back as the palace garden, and included two salons, a boudoir, a private library, and a bedroom, were furnished and decorated throughout in a clear blue, in keeping with the Princess's complexion; but the bedroom of the Prince was hung with dazzling orange silk. "At all events, he knows himself," a visitor remarked one day. "That yellowish hue is very appropriate. Yellow is the colour of jealousy, and in nearly all his actions the Prince betrays his jealousy of the Emperor."

It was not often, as the years went by, that grand entertainments were given at the Palais Royal, for Princess Clotilde gradually led a more and more retired life. But the few balls which took place were marked by magnificence and taste. Dinner-parties were much more frequent. When the Prince was in Paris, not a week elapsed without one of those *petits diners* at which he gathered together the politicians, journalists, literary men, and artists of his *coterie*. Some of these were epicures in their way, and the *cuisine* was excellent, much more refined than at the Tuileries. But although there was no appearance of a scramble, everything was served and consumed with a rapidity which was scarcely an aid to digestion. For instance, you sat down at eight o'clock, and at a quarter to nine, after ten or a dozen dishes and eight kinds of wine, you found yourself in the smoking-room finishing your Turkish coffee. The system was the same at the Tuileries, where the Emperor declared that three-quarters of an hour was ample time for dinner, coffee included.

Besides the use of the Palais Royal, Prince Napoleon enjoyed that of the historic château of Meudon, erected by the "Great Dauphin" at the close of the seventeenth century,* and overlooking the valley of the Seine from the heights between Clamart and Sèvres. The Germans destroyed it by fire during the siege of Paris in 1870. Here Prince Napoleon at one time kept a pack of hounds, with which he was accustomed to go buck-hunting on Sunday mornings while his wife was at her

* The older one, built by Cardinal de Lorraine, after Philibert Delorme's designs, was in a state of ruin at the time of Napoleon I., who caused it to be demolished.

prayers. The Emperor also placed the woods of Villefermoy in Seine-et-Marne (2500 acres in extent) at his disposal for shooting purposes. The Prince's name was associated, too, with another place, a model of a Pompeian house, which he erected in the late fifties at the Champs Élysées end of the Avenue Montaigne, and called the Villa Diomède. It was not simply intended as a toy, but fitted with all modern requisites, although it exhibited the characteristics of Pompeian architecture. Entering by a portico supported by yellow pillars and columns, you found bronze statues of Minerva and Achilles on either side of the peristyle, while, in mosaic work on the walls, appeared two huge dogs tugging at their chains as if to spring upon intruders, and justifying the inscription of *Cave Canem*, which was set beside them. The *atrium* of the villa was a real Napoleonic conceit. The light fell from the *impluvium* on some half-fluted purple columns of the Ionic order, between two of which was an altar adorned with garlands and bearing a large white marble bust of the first Napoleon, who appeared there as the senior tutelary deity of the abode. All around, between the columns and the marble couches, on which you might recline while listening to the murmur of scented water falling from a head of Minerva into a basin of porphyry, were ranged busts of many other members of the House of Bonaparte, figuring as subordinate or attendant *lares*. The misfortune was that the libations to those family gods were poured forth too frequently by Cora Pearl. Already in 1864 Prince Napoleon had grown tired of that "exquisite atmosphere of elegant antiquity," as About phrased it, but he did not find a purchaser for the villa till a couple of years later, when he parted with the building and its contents—there were many fine bronzes—for about £70,000.

In 1863 the Prince, accompanied by his wife, went officially to Egypt, to inspect the progress which was being made with the Suez Canal. Other missions and appointments followed, but in the spring of 1865 came the most serious of his ruptures with his cousin the Emperor. The latter was then in Algeria, the Empress remaining in Paris as Regent; and the Prince was deputed to proceed to Corsica to inaugurate at Ajaccio some memorials to the glory of the first Napoleon and his brothers.

He profited by this opportunity to deliver what for the period was a somewhat revolutionary speech, in which, besides personally advocating the widest liberty, he claimed that the mission of the first Napoleon, and by inheritance that of his successor, was merely to use dictatorship as a means of emancipation. A similar opinion had been expressed long previously by Napoleon III., who had promised liberty as the crowning of the edifice, and had departed, for some four years already, from the strict principle of personal rule, which had been observed during the first period of the Empire. But Prince Napoleon's reckless, almost violent phraseology gave offence, and in the result the Emperor wrote his cousin a severe letter, which was published in the *Moniteur*. After declaring in this missive that the programme placed under the ægis of the first Emperor could only serve the enemies of the imperial government, Napoleon III. added: "What is clear to all is that, in order to prevent anarchy of opinion—true liberty's most formidable foe—the Emperor established, first in his family and then in his government, so severe a discipline that it admitted of but one source of will and action. In future I shall not depart from that line of conduct." To that covert threat of disciplinary measures if he should venture to speak his mind again, Prince Napoleon retorted by resigning his posts as Vice-President of the Council of State and President of the Commission for the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and it was not until more than two years had elapsed that he would accept any other official functions.*

Meantime he never went to the Tuileries unless he was absolutely compelled to do so, as, for instance, to attend the opening of a parliamentary session; and the antagonism between the Tuileries and the Palais Royal was acute. In the end, curiously enough, the latter virtually won the day. The Emperor's views gradually inclined more and more towards the Prince's, and the experiment of real and fairly liberal parliamentary rule was tried. If its execution had been confided to

* The Prince also got into trouble with the Duke d'Aumale for attempting to criticize some passages reflecting on the Bonaparte family which figured in the Duke's "Histoire de la Maison de Condé." The Duke answered the Prince in a slashing pamphlet entitled "Lettre sur l'Histoire de France," and if any other man but Prince Napoleon had been concerned in the affair, a duel would certainly have ensued.

some new man—could such have been found—a man who had compromised himself neither in connection with the origin of the Empire nor in connection with the anti-dynastic opposition, the experiment might possibly have succeeded; but it was entrusted to M. Émile Ollivier, whom the democratic party regarded as a renegade, and whom most imperialists distrusted, holding that as he had betrayed the Republican cause he might well betray that of the Empire. It was an unfortunate position, and even if there had been no Franco-German war we think that the Empire could only have been saved by the early retirement of Émile Ollivier, for in spite of the result of the last Plebiscitum (May, 1870), he, personally, was a very unpopular man—one whose antecedents placed powerful weapons in the hands of the anti-dynastic opposition. At the most he could only serve for a time as a stop-gap, or a kind of bridge, over which the Empire might pass from the old men of the Coup d'État to the younger and as yet untried generation.

But we are anticipating. Whether Prince Napoleon was sincere in advocating unrestricted freedom of the press and right of public meeting, or whether, as there are real grounds for thinking, his outbursts on those subjects were simply dictated by his detestation of his cousin's right-hand man, Rouher, the powerful "Vice-Emperor," he saw some attempts made to give effect to his preachings. The war came, however, and the Empire fell. For a time the Prince sought a refuge in Italy. The letters patent by which his father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, created him Count of Moncalieri, are dated November 1, 1870. Later he was able to return to France, not being in the direct line of succession to the Empire, which was still represented by Napoleon III. and the Imperial Prince. In 1873 he was even elected President of the Conseil général (County Council) of Corsica, but he intrigued against the Imperial Prince even as he had intrigued against the Emperor. In 1874 the very men who had elected him refused to attend the sittings at Ajaccio, in order to avoid assembling under his chairmanship. So he failed again, missed even that chance of establishing a footing in public life, even as he had missed all his other chances, or failed in all his dreams. He never secured the crown of France any more than he secured that of Poland

or Hungary or Tuscany, as he had at one or another moment dreamt of doing. After the death of the Imperial Prince he was a Pretender in little more than name. Though the Republic took measures against him on various occasions, he was never a danger; he was too unpopular, too much distrusted. In 1884 the Bonapartist party actually renounced his leadership, and his son Victor broke away from him. Briefly, in spite of undoubted gifts, culture, taste, wit, and talent, Prince Napoleon left behind him nothing save a record of failure, instability, and foolish opiniativeness, with that portrait by Flandrin, which, according to Edmund About, was to supply all deficiencies. If we remember rightly, the Prince's circumstances were greatly reduced when he died at Rome in March, 1891. Of his two sons, Prince Victor, though now nominally the head of the Bonapartes, is, like his father, no danger for the French Republic. He has taken little part in politics beyond issuing an occasional manifesto, to which few have accorded attention; and even if by some extraordinary revulsion of feeling the imperialist cause should ever again appeal to Frenchmen, the Prince's private circumstances would virtually prevent his elevation to the throne. Living in retirement at Brussels, he has chosen, perhaps, the better part of life—a quiet home and attendant affections. His brother, Prince Louis, the Russian general, has often been mentioned, however, as a possible pretender, and is, perhaps, better placed for the assumption of such a *rôle*. But personally he has made no sign, and, when all is said, the French imperialist party dwindles year by year, day by day, in such wise that there seems to be little likelihood of any Bonaparte ever again obtaining an opportunity to come forward as the saviour of the nation.

Let us pass to Princess Mathilde, the daughter of old Jerome, and Prince Napoleon's sister. The artistic taste and perception which, it may readily be admitted, were possessed by both her father and her brother, were found in a yet higher degree in her. She was probably the most cultured, and in her sphere the most talented, of all the Bonapartes. Of fine physique, very good looking when young, she always remained a woman of dignified presence, in spite of the corpulent figure

and the pendent cheeks of advancing years. She cultivated art in several of its branches, her ability as a painter was real, and, from the establishment of the Empire until her death in January, 1904, she surrounded herself with artists and literary men, gathering at her residence—first in the Rue de Courcelles, and later in the Rue de Berri, as well as at St. Gratien, in the northern environs of Paris—a large company of talented and eminent people, many of whom she reconciled to the imperial *régime*, while others were at least induced to tolerate it by the influence of her personality, which attracted, pacified, and disarmed. Prince Napoleon's *coterie* seldom gained recruits, whereas the circle of Princess Mathilde was always expanding. If we were called upon to name all those who met at her house, we should have to enumerate two-thirds of the men who made any reputation in literature, science, journalism, painting, sculpture, and music in the days of the Empire. We prefer to send the reader to all the social chronicles of that time, notably to the Goncourt Memoirs, and even to Viel Castel.

The Sunday *soirées* in the Rue de Courcelles were always attended by a crowd of notabilities. Some gathered in the large Salon de Conversation, which was hung with ancient and modern paintings, and displayed on either side of its chimney-piece some absolutely colossal Chinese vases adapted to support candelabra. Facing the fireplace, and reflected in the lofty mirror above it, rose the famous life-size statue of the young Florentine singer fingering his mandoline—a statue familiar to all by the many small reproductions in bronze popularized by Barbédienne. If you preferred music to conversation you passed on, through other rooms, to a spacious semicircular salon, where you might listen to Miolan-Carvalho singing an air from the "Huguenots," or Christine Nilsson repeating some dreamy Swedish song, or Gardoni interpreting Verdi. At times that gifted amateur, Mme. Conneau, whose voice was worth a hundred thousand crowns a year, would sing "Son vergine vezzosa" with a sweetness and power such as only Grisi had excelled. At another time the Princess's chamber-musicians, directed by M. Sauzay, would execute some learned *concerto*; and at yet another moment Bressant and Madeleine Brohan, taking their stand near the chimney-piece, would act, with that

restraint of voice and gesture which is needful in a drawing-room, some little two-part comedy by Octave Feuillet; or else Coquelin and some pretty *soubrette* would play one of the sprightly Neapolitan *fantasias* of Théôdore de Banville.

If there came a pause in the music or the playing, you passed through one of three doorways into the Princess's wonderful conservatory, or winter garden, where you found a surprising wealth of tropical plants and beautiful statuary. Truncated columns, adorned with enamelwork, served as stands for lamps and candelabra; Eastern rugs were spread over the paths, rare Chinese and Japanese cabinets, vases, and curios peeped from among the verdure; armchairs and ottomans and sofas stood invitingly here and there; and in one corner you noticed the little writing-table at which the Princess usually attended to her correspondence in the morning, surrounded by her four pet dogs, Phil, Tom, Miss, and Lolotte, whom Jadin portrayed on canvas. The Princess's customary place at the Sunday *soirées* was near the chimney-piece in the Salon de Conversation, but from time to time she passed through the various rooms, and whenever she paused among a group of guests the conversation sparkled, for she was gifted with no little natural wit.

When she was young there had been some question of her marrying her cousin, the future Napoleon III. She was a woman fit for a throne, but, given her sense of personal dignity and her independence of character, her union with a man of the Emperor's disposition would hardly have proved, we think, a satisfactory one. As it happened, she made a most unhappy marriage. Born at Trieste in May, 1820, she was wedded at Florence, on November 1, 1840, to Prince Anatole Nicolaïewitch Demidoff, of San Donato, who was her senior by seven years.* One is reminded of the irony of life on reading the effusive letters by which that young Russian millionaire announced the consent of the Princess's father to other members of the Bonaparte family. His dearest wish was about to be gratified, his happiness knew no bounds! Five years later he and his wife

* He had been created Prince of San Donato by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His father had been the Russian diplomatic representative at Rome and Florence.

were separated. He had treated her with great cruelty, and it was the Emperor Nicholas who insisted on the separation. According to one account, the Czar discovered the situation during a stay he made at Florence—probably after his visit to London in 1844. In any case the separation was effected by his authority, and Prince Demidoff, whose income was then about £90,000 a year, was ordered to pay his wife £20,000 annually, and to abstain from going at any time to any place within a hundred miles of where she might be living. Demidoff was compelled to obey, for fear lest all his property in Russia should be confiscated. It is thus that an autocrat is able to enforce his decision, which, in the case in point, was a just one. Prince Demidoff survived until May, 1870, and for a good many years Princess Mathilde enjoyed the jointure fixed by the Czar, in addition to her French civil-list allowance. This enabled her to live in dignity, entertain freely, assist many struggling artists and writers, and do no little good unostentatiously in various ways. She was long the providence of the village of St. Gratien, where she had her country seat.

At the same time she was a Bonaparte, the daughter of old Jerome, the hero of a hundred gallantries; and after brushing mere scandal aside, it must be said that her name was associated with those of two men of her time, first Alfred Émilien, Count de Nieuwerkerke, and secondly Claudius Popelin. Nieuwerkerke, Superintendent of Fine Arts under the Empire, a tall, handsome, bearded man, was of Dutch origin, but was born in Paris in 1811. He married a Mlle. de Montessuy (who predeceased him), and survived until 1892, when he died at Lucca. During the Empire his relations with Princess Mathilde were matter of common notoriety. His official functions frequently exposed him to attack, but she upheld him against all comers, and at one time had a very serious dispute respecting him with her brother, Prince Napoleon, who, in order to annoy her, had omitted Nieuwerkerke's name from some artistic commission which he had been selected to appoint.

Later, Claudius Popelin, the painter, engraver, and enameller, took Nieuwerkerke's place beside the Princess. The son of a Paris merchant, and born in 1825, Popelin was a widower at the time, having lost his wife in 1869. Ten years later the

Almanach de Gotha stated that Princess Mathilde and M. Paupelin (*sic*) had been married in England in December, 1871. It is certain that the Princess was in England at the date mentioned, but subsequent to the statement of the *Almanach de Gotha* a paragraph signed A. Rénal was published in *Le Figaro* declaring, on the Princess's behalf, that the assertions respecting the marriage were untrue. Nevertheless, down to the time of Popelin's death in 1892, the Princess's intimates were certainly under the impression that he was at least morganatically her husband. On the whole, whatever lapses there may have been in the Princess Mathilde's life, we feel that they may be more readily condoned than those of any other member of the imperial family. Bearing in mind that she was a Bonaparte, with all the temperament of that race, one must recollect that, after a most unhappy period of wedlock, she was separated from her husband when only five and twenty years old, and that there was no possibility of her marrying again while he lived—which he did, as already mentioned, until 1870. Thus, after the separation, the only prospect before the young Princess was one of long lonely years. That may not be excuse, but it will serve to explain her position, and why she accepted such consolation as she found. For our part we do not feel inclined to throw stones at anybody, either man or woman, who is debarred by the rigour of laws or the dogmas of churches from living in that marital state for which all of us are intended.

Earlier in this chapter we referred to the Murat family,* which in social matters often figured prominently during the Empire. It will have been noticed that the head of the house, Prince Lucien, married an American lady of Scotch descent, and that their children were born at Bordentown, in the United States. The story of the union in its earlier period is interesting. Until Prince Lucien—the second son of the great Murat—was twelve years old he saw his father occupying the throne of Naples, but in 1815 he became an exile, going with his mother to Trieste, and thence to Venice, where he lived till 1825. He then started for the United States, intending to join his elder brother and his uncle Joseph there, but unfortunately his ship

* See *ante*, p. 211.

ran aground off the coast of Spain, and, his identity being discovered, he was for some time kept a prisoner by the Spanish Bourbons. Ultimately, he contrived to reach America, where he married Miss Fraser and settled down to commercial pursuits. In these, however, he was so unlucky that his means were soon exhausted, and the situation was only saved by his wife, a woman of high character. Calling herself simply Madame Murat, she opened at Bordentown a school for girls, by which means and in spite of many difficulties she contrived to support herself, her husband, and their children—there being in all five, one of whom died before the departure of the family for France. This occurred about the time of the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic. Prince Murat then became a deputy, exerted himself on his cousin's behalf, and after the Coup d'État was created a senator and confirmed in his rank and titles. Napoleon III. had a high opinion of the Princess, and it will have been observed that her personal allowance from the civil list was £4000 a year. We believe that she received that sum direct because the Prince was extravagantly inclined. All his children were favoured by the Emperor and Empress, the latter of whom was particularly attached to the tall and beautiful Princess Anna, who married the high-born but diminutive Duke de Mouchy.

In 1861, after Garibaldi had driven Francis II. from Naples, it occurred to Prince Murat that his chance had come, and not only were certain letters published in which he asserted a claim to the Neapolitan throne, but a ridiculous attempt was even made to form a Murat party in Southern Italy. It would certainly have failed even if it had not been promptly stopped by the intervention of Napoleon III. We do not recall any other noteworthy excursion of Prince Murat's into politics during the Empire, but the marriages of his younger son and his daughter were social events of importance in the eyes of the fashionable Paris of that time. On each occasion there was a ceremony at the chapel of the Tuileries, and in the case of Prince Achille Murat, his bride being of the Greek faith, a second and gorgeous one took place at the Russian church near the Parc Monceau. Prince Joachim Murat (Achille's elder brother) figured very conspicuously at Court. His

marriage, in 1854, with the daughter of the Prince de Wagram had enhanced his social importance, and he was a soldier of some ability, besides being a very handsome one, superb in his uniform as Colonel of the Guides—that semi-hussar regiment originally formed by Count Fleury. Physically, Prince Joachim may not have resembled his grandfather—he certainly displayed neither his whiskers nor his mane of curly hair—but he had all the dash of a light cavalryman, and this and the picturesqueness of his uniform often conjured up a memory of those swift squadrons, brave alike in heart and apparel, at whose head the great Murat so often swept the legions of the foe from the battlefield.

In his old age, Prince Lucien, the head of the family, led a somewhat singular life. His circumstances had been greatly reduced by the fall of the Empire, and he had also become very unwieldy, gouty, and uncertain on his legs. One evening in 1876 or 1877 we saw him alight with difficulty from a vehicle outside the Paris music-hall known as the Folies-Bergère, and, assisted by a valet, enter that house of entertainment and take a seat in the stalls. On inquiry, we ascertained that this was his practice every evening. He engaged a stall by the month, crawled to it with his valet's help night after night, and remained till the ballet was over, when, having feasted his eyes on the agility of the legs of the *danseuses*, he once more tried to use his own and shuffle out of the house. It was a curious ending to a career of many vicissitudes. The Prince died in Paris in April, 1878, and less than a year afterwards his devoted wife followed him to the grave.

Her Scotch descent reminds us of the similar origin of another connection of the Bonaparte family. This was Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, the eighth son of the first Marquess of Bute—in fact, his only son by his second marriage, which was with Frances, daughter of Thomas Coutts, the banker. In 1824 Lord Dudley Stuart married Christiane Egypta Bonaparte, a daughter of the first Napoleon's brother Lucien by his marriage with Catherine Boyer. The Princess Christiane had divorced Prince Arved Posse of Sweden a year before her marriage with Lord Dudley Stuart, to whom in 1826 she bore a son, who became a captain in the 68th Regiment of Foot, and died at

Brompton in 1889, leaving, we think, no issue. Both Lord Dudley and Captain Dudley Stuart were well known to Napoleon III. The former passed away in 1854, but for some years afterwards the latter was invited to the Tuileries and Compiègne whenever he came to France.

It remains for us to say something respecting a Prince who, in one or another way, frequently proved himself a thorn in the Emperor's side. This was Prince Pierre Napoleon, a younger son of the original Lucien Bonaparte. Pierre was a man of violent character and particularly pugnacious instincts. In 1832, when about seventeen years old, he joined his uncle, ex-King Joseph of Spain, in the United States, and afterwards took service in Columbia under Santander, the Republican general. Returning to Italy, he there embroiled himself with the Papal authorities, who ordered him to quit the States of the Church. This he refused to do, and on the arrival of some gendarmes to expel him he resisted and wounded two of them. Nevertheless he was apprehended and imprisoned for a time in the castle of St. Angelo. On his release he returned to America, and was there about the time when, after the Strasburg exploit, his cousin the future Napoleon III. was shipped across the Atlantic by order of Louis Philippe. However, they saw comparatively little of each other at that time, as Pierre's violent disposition was in no wise to Louis Napoleon's liking. The former, on returning to Europe, sought service in Turkey, fell out with some Albanian Palikares, and had to leave the country. After the French revolution of 1848 he contrived to secure election as a deputy, but he frequently displayed the utmost violence in the Assembly, often insulting his colleagues, and on one occasion brutally assaulting one of them, a man much older than himself. To get rid of this quarrelsome cousin, the Prince President at last procured him a commission in the Foreign Legion, and sent him to Algeria. He was present at the operations against Zaatcha, but again misconducted himself, returned to France without leave, and was thereupon cashiered. Nevertheless, after the establishment of the Empire Pierre Bonaparte was recognized as a Prince of the imperial house, included in the Emperor's civil family, and allotted an annual vil-list allowance of £4000. He repeatedly applied for an

official post, but Napoleon III., knowing his disposition, was unwilling to give him public employment. Prince Pierre then pestered his cousin year after year for loans, advances, and extra allowances. At one time he wished the Emperor to buy some unproductive property which he owned in Corsica, at another he needed money to go shooting in the Ardennes, and so forth.

At last on January 10, 1870, his violent temperament led him to the perpetration of a crime which scandalized the whole world and shook the Empire severely. He had written some heated articles for a Corsican journal, *L'Avenir*, in reply to an attack on the memory of Napoleon I. which had appeared in *La Revanche*, another newspaper of the island, and one which represented the democratic party there. The quarrel was taken up by a Paris journal, *La Marseillaise*, the organ of Henri Rochefort, who had risen to fame with *La Lanterne*; and one of *La Marseillaise's* contributors, Paschal Grousset—later of the Paris Commune, and also one of the founders of the Corsican print *La Revanche*—deeming himself to be insulted by the Prince, sent him a challenge. The seconds who carried it were Ulrich de Fonvielle, a well-known journalist of the time, and a young man of about one and twenty who contributed to *La Marseillaise* under the *nom de plume* of Victor Noir. His real name was Salmon, a contraction of Salomon, and he was of Jewish blood. His father had been a watchmaker, and he himself a linendraper's assistant before taking to journalism, to which he seems to have turned in imitation of his elder brother, Louis Noir, who, in course of time, became fairly well known as a writer of serial stories.

On the arrival of Fonvielle and Victor Noir at Prince Pierre's residence in the chief street of the virtually suburban district of Auteuil, an unfortunate altercation arose. The Prince subsequently alleged that he had been provoked and even struck by Noir, but it does not really appear that any such blow was dealt. What is certain is that the Prince refused the challenge handed to him, declaring that he would not fight M. Grousset, whom he held to be a mere subordinate of Rochefort's, and, according to Fonvielle's account, he added: "I challenged Rochefort because he is the champion of *la crapule*

[*i.e.* the lowest of the low]. As for M. Grousset, I have nothing to say to him. Are you jointly responsible for those carrion?" "Sir," replied Fonvielle, "we have come here loyally and courteously to fulfil the commission entrusted to us by our friend." "Do you accept responsibility for those scoundrels?" the Prince reiterated. "We are responsible for our friends," answered Noir. Thereupon Prince Pierre, suddenly stepping forward, drew a revolver from his pocket and fired at Noir, who, pressing both hands to his breast, staggered back through the doorway by which he and Fonvielle had entered the room. Fonvielle, according to his own account, would also have been shot had he not produced a pistol, which momentarily checked the Prince. As it happened, the latter fired after him without effect as he was escaping into the street, where he found Noir, who had mustered sufficient strength to descend the stairs, but was now near death—the Prince's bullet having injured his heart and entered his lungs. He soon afterwards expired in a chemist's shop.

The sensation which the affair created was profound, and serious were the troubles in which it involved the Government. There were tumultuous scenes at Noir's funeral, the democratic agitation grew apace, and but for the strength and vigilance of the police and the military, Revolution might have broken out in Paris. Prince Pierre was arrested—so also was Fonvielle—lodged in the Conciergerie, and finally sent for trial before the High Court of Justice assembled at Tours. That tribunal, as its composition foreshadowed, contrived to acquit him, but not even in the days of the Dreyfus case was *res judicata* more liable to criticism.* At the same time, outside the ranks of the extreme anti-dynastic party, there were not wanting people who expressed sympathy with the Emperor on account of the trouble in which he was involved by members of his family—trouble brought to a climax by the impetuous violence of that "Corsican wild boar," as Prince Pierre was not unaptly called.

The Prince's matrimonial entanglement had also long been a source of some annoyance to Napoleon III. On March 22, 1853, he had contracted in Paris a morganatic marriage

* The Prince, though acquitted of murder, was sentenced to pay £1000 as compensation to the Noir family.

(a religious ceremony alone being performed) with a person of modest condition named Justine Éléonore Ruffin, who, having been born in 1832, was seventeen years younger than himself. Under the circumstances she was not received at Court, where, by the way, the Prince himself seldom put in an appearance; and although, at the time of the Noir affair in 1870, the newspapers generally alluded to her as the "Princess Pierre," it is a question (having regard to the family discipline of the imperial house) whether she then had any real right to the title, notwithstanding the fact that the Prince had married her a second time, on October 2, 1867, at La Cuisine, in the Florenville canton of Belgian Luxemburg. That marriage legitimated the children of the union, a boy and girl, in Belgium, but not, apparently, in France, for after the fall of the Empire Prince Pierre (to whom we would give all possible credit for steadfastness in his affections) married Mlle. Ruffin yet a third time —that is, at the French Legation at Brussels on November 11, 1871. The private decisions and enactments of the Imperial Family Council respecting the marriages of the Bonaparte Princes were then null and void; and Pierre Bonaparte's wife fully acquired by this last union a right to style herself Princess, while, in accordance with the common law of France, her children undoubtedly became legitimate there, with a right to the titles of Prince and Princess—though without the qualification of either Imperial Highness or Highness.*

The son of the union, Prince Roland Napoleon Bonaparte, was born in Paris on May 19, 1858. Educated for the military profession, he served at one time in the army of the present Republic, holding a commission in the 36th Regiment of the Line; but in later years he took, with infinite credit to himself, to serious scientific pursuits. He married, in November, 1880, Mlle. Marie Félice Blanc, daughter of François Blanc, the millionaire founder of the famous gaming tables of Monte Carlo. The wedding was the occasion of a great mustering of the French imperialist party. The Prince's mother was present,

* In the case of French citizens, those qualifications are not recognized by French law any more than is that of Excellency, formerly used in addressing French Ministers of State and Ambassadors. Nevertheless, it is occasionally given, in courtesy, by foreigners to the French envoys abroad.

we remember; but his father, who by reason of his antecedents would scarcely have been *persona grata* in that assemblage, did not attend.* It was currently reported at the time that in addition to a mansion in Paris and a palace in Italy, the bride had brought her husband a million sterling. The union was, unfortunately, brief; Princess Roland died at St. Cloud in 1882, some four weeks after giving birth to a daughter, Princess Marie.

Prince Roland's sister, Princess Jeanne, was born on September 25, 1861, at L'Abbaye-d'Orval, in Belgian Luxemburg, and in 1882 she married Christian, Marquis de Villeneuve, a former deputy for Corsica, whom, in course of years, she presented with two sons and four daughters.

* Prince Pierre Bonaparte died at Versailles, in April, 1881.

CHAPTER X

BANQUETS, BALLS, AND OTHER COURT FESTIVITIES—THE GREAT YEAR, 1867

Family Dinners at the Tuileries—The Grand Surtout—The services of Plate, China, and Glass—The Losses and Breakages—Maillard's curious Reports—The Curée of the Liberal Empire—Maillard at the Revolution—Dupuy, the chief Comptroller of the Table—The Maîtres d'Hôtel—Benoît, the Head Cook and his Assistants—Composition of the Kitchen Service—Table and Kitchen Salaries—State and other Dinners at the Tuileries—The Dinner of the Beauties—The Palace Receptions—The great Balls—The Empress's Mondays—Masked and Fancy-dress Balls of the Reign—The Ballet of the Bees—Strange Costumes at Court—The Pageant of the World—A Triumph of American Beauty—Some of Mme. de Metternich's Pleasantries—A Jockey Club Ball—One of the Emperor's Riddles—Home the Medium at Court and afterwards—Some Parisian Festivities—The Great Year 1867—A Political Survey—All the Sovereigns in Paris—The Attempt on the Czar—The Shooting of Maximilian—The Year ends ominously.

EVERY Monday when the Court was at the Tuileries there was a family dinner there, which certain Princes, Princesses, and other connections of the imperial house usually attended when they were in Paris. In the first years of the reign this dinner took place on Sundays, but as the Emperor often had to devote several hours to audiences on Sunday afternoons, and afterwards felt tired, Monday finally prevailed as the day for the dinner. Those who usually attended the family dinners were Prince Jerome (with an aide-de-camp) whenever his health allowed, Prince Napoleon (also with an aide-de-camp, but not during his *brouilleries* with the Emperor), Princess Clotilde (with a lady of honour), Princess Mathilde (with a lady in waiting and her *chevalier d'honneur*), Prince and Princess Murat, Prince and Princess Joachim Murat, the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, Prince and Princess Gabrielli, Marquis and Marchioness Roccagiovine, Count and

Countess Primoli, and the Duke and Duchess de Cambacérès, as well as the Colonel of the Cent-Gardes, and the officers and ladies in attendance that day on the Emperor and Empress. The guests were received in the Empress's private apartments, and at table Princess Clotilde invariably sat on the Emperor's right hand and Princess Mathilde on his left; while to the Empress's right was Prince Jerome or Prince Napoleon, and to her left either the last-named or Prince Murat. The *menus* of these dinners did not differ much from those of ordinary days, but silver-gilt plate and fine Sèvres porcelain appeared on the table.

The "Grand Surtout de Table," in the execution of which eight skilful artists had co-operated under the direction of Messrs. Christofle, included four principal pieces, partly cast, partly *ciselés*, and in a few respects of galvanic work. The centre-piece represented France, standing between allegorical figures of religion, justice, concord, and strength, and distributing crowns both to the glory of war and to the glory of peace. The former was represented by a warrior urging on the four fiery steeds of his chariot, the latter by a woman whose car was drawn by four quiet oxen. There were also four large cups with figures typifying the north, east, west, and south of France, and four candelabra with figures emblematical of science, art, industry, and agriculture, together with ten dishes of Sèvres porcelain mounted on stands of silvered bronze. All the plate displayed the finest chiselled *repoussé* work, and the *surtout* was altogether very remarkable. When the question of ordering it arose early in the reign, it was suggested to the Emperor that it ought to be of massive silver, but he rejected the idea, saying, with a smile, that one never knew what vicissitudes history might bring in its train, and that, if the *surtout* should be of massive precious metal, somebody might be tempted some day to have it melted down. He desired a fine work of comparatively small intrinsic value, which might be preserved for the sake of its artistic merit and not destroyed for the sake of its substance. His wishes were respected, and it so happened that in later years, the principal pieces, after being somewhat badly damaged in the conflagration of the Tuileries, but repaired by Messrs. Christofle, were sent to the

Musée des Arts décoratifs as splendid examples of the art to which they belonged.

The plate at the Tuileries also comprised four dinner services; first, a silver one of a hundred covers decorated with the imperial eagle, and known accordingly; next a silver-gilt service of forty covers, which was the one used at the family dinners and at those attended by foreign royalties; next an elegant silver forty-cover Louis XVI. service, which was used on ordinary occasions; and, finally, a silver service by Froment-Meurice, in which all the tureen and dish covers were surmounted by finely-chiselled *natures mortes:* pheasants, partridges, hares, turkeys, fowls, vegetables of various kinds, and so forth. There was also a dessert service of vermeil with the eagle and crown in relief on every piece. All the plate, china, and glass were in the keeping of an official named Maillard, who was lodged in the palace and received a salary of £240 a year. To him also the table-linen was delivered by the Lingerie impériale, according to the quantity he specified. On the occasion of a great ball at the palace (a ball, of course, meant supper) he would apply for a hundred and twenty table-cloths, and a hundred and thirty dozens of napkins, that is sufficient for about one thousand five hundred people.

The porcelain in M. Maillard's charge was chiefly Sèvres. The plates, dishes, and stands of the finest dessert service had borders of a light grey with arabesque work in gold. Landscapes with figures were painted in the centre of the plates, the actual cost of production of each of which was £12. There was next a service with the well-known Sèvres-blue border, golden arabesque work and golden stars spangling the plates. The third service was of white Sèvres, with golden bands and the imperial crown and monogram in the centre of the pieces. Sets of soup-plates were adjoined to each of the services we have described. For the ball suppers there was a very large service of a good quality of "commercial china," decorated in the same style as the white Sèvres set. The glass comprised a service in *verre mousseline* with engraved and gilded monograms and bands, this being used in conjunction with the vermeil plate; next a larger and simpler set decorated in corresponding style;

and a third and yet larger one, engraved without gilding. This last was used at the ball suppers.

M. Maillard, who had immediate charge of all those things, was, according to every account, a painstaking, orderly, and reliable man, but the loss and breakage, particularly during the last year of the Empire, was very large, and more than once the "Chef de l'Argenterie" tore his hair in despair. Here is a report of his, addressed to the Adjutant-general of the Tuileries about the time of the declaration of the Franco-German War:

"General,—There are the following deficiencies in the linen used at the balls:—

Ball of January 16	... ...	26 napkins.
,, ,, 30	... ...	22 ,,
,, February 13	... ...	27 ,,
,, ,, 27	... ...	21 ,,
,, May 18	... ...	28 ,,
,, June 10	... ...	40 ,,

"Every possible search and endeavour has been made to find them, but has yielded no result, and it is at the last extremity, General, that I make this declaration of the loss."

On April 1, 1870, moreover, Maillard is found reporting that the breakages at recent palace dinners and ball suppers have amounted to no less than 474 pieces of china (plates, cups, etc.) and 183 pieces of glass. The period, it will be remembered, was that of Émile Ollivier's brief spell of power, when, while the democratic revolutionaries were howling and demonstrating at the Belleville public meetings, a motley crew of new parliamentarians, who claimed to support the "reformed" *régime*, rushed upon the Tuileries to feast and enjoy themselves at the imperial expense. It was again a *Curée*, not that of the Coup d'État, but that of L'Empire Libéral. Those who had participated in the earlier *Curée* may have been men of little principle, but, with few exceptions, they were possessed of manners; whereas those of the last *Curée*, whatever might be their moral value, had no manners at all. While their leader, Ollivier, beamed on them benignly from behind his glasses, they smashed the china of the Tuileries and carried off the napkins in their pockets. When an Irish peer, who strayed into one of those last entertainments at the palace, was asked his opinion

of it, he replied, "Oh, Donnybrook Fair—only more so!" The disorder, the lack of propriety, the loud, vulgar criticism, the mobbing of the Emperor and Empress, the scrambling for supper, the jeering laughter when anything was damaged or broken—all those little incidents were premonitory signs of the approaching *débâcle*.

When the Revolution came at last, Maillard inserted a final and pathetic little entry in his register:—"September 4, 1870. Her Majesty the Empress left at half-past one, by way of the Palace of the Louvre. All the *personnel* left about four o'clock in the afternoon after the occupation of the Palace of the Tuileries by the National Guards. They wrote up, 'Death to Thieves,' on all sides. I have been unable to put things away in their proper places; they have not allowed me time to do so." That *cri du cœur* of a good servant will appeal to us all, whatever opinion we may entertain of the Empire.

The chief Comptroller of the Service de Bouche, or Table Service, was M. Dupuy, son of an *employé* in the household of Charles X. He had served the Duchess of Orleans as a *maître d'hôtel*, and was chosen in 1848 to co-operate in the organization of the Prince President's household. In a gold-laced coat, with a cocked hat under his arm and a sword at his side, Dupuy attended all the official dinners and fêtes, exercising a watchful supervision over everything. Subsequent to the fall of the Empire, Thiers, on becoming Chief of the Executive Power, also employed Dupuy to organize his household. At the Tuileries there were two sub-comptrollers under Dupuy, and, subject to the instructions of the Adjutant-general, he was supreme over the table, pantry, plate, and cellar services.

There were four chief *maîtres d'hôtel* at the palace, two for the Emperor, one for the Empress, and one for the Imperial Prince. Next there were four table-layers, and two principal carvers, one of the latter having been cook to the Prince de Joinville on his voyage to St. Helena to fetch the remains of Napoleon I. When there were many guests at table a certain number of ushers and *valets-de-chambre* served as additional *maîtres d'hôtel*. Félix, the Emperor's chief usher, always carved for him personally. The ordinary uniforms, or liveries, of the *maîtres d'hôtel* were of brown cloth, with velvet collars, and

gold eagle buttons; but on gala occasions these table officers appeared in sky-blue *habits à la française*, with tails lined with white satin, collars embroidered with white silk, bright cut-steel buttons, white waistcoats, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Swords in white scabbards dangled beside them, and cocked hats with black plumes and steel galoon-work were carried under their arms.

M. Benoît, the head cook of the palace, had previously served the Duke de Noailles. He entered the imperial household as successor to an Englishman, Evans, whose cookery, perhaps, may have inclined Napoleon III. to the plain substantial fare which he preferred during the last five-and-twenty years of his life. Under M. Benoît were two *sous-chefs*, Meurice, who, like Evans, had served the Emperor in England, and Brot, who had held a post in Louis-Philippe's kitchen. The kitchen service further included:—

1 chief larder-man	with 6	assistants.
1 „ roaster	„ 4	„
1 „ sauce cook	„ 4	„
1 „ stewer	„ 2	„
1 „ *entremets* cook	„ 3	„
1 „ pastrycook	„ 6	„
1 general cook	„ 4	„
6 kitchen men.		

All roasting was done at wood fires, and all grilling and frying were included in the roasting service. The pantry department comprised a *chef*, *sous-chef*, and twelve assistants. Maillard, who really belonged to this section of the household, had sixteen assistants under him. Further, there was the cellar service under M. Boulé, with six assistants. Every day dinner was served at the Tuileries for 130 domestics, inclusive of the kitchen, pantry, and cellar services. The *menus* comprised soup, three dishes of meat, inclusive of fish, one of vegetables, and dessert, with a half-bottle of *vin ordinaire* for each man.

The principal salaries of the table, kitchen, and pantry services were as follows:—

Classes.	Amounts per annum.
Chief comptroller (Dupuy)	£400
Sub-comptrollers with rent money	254
Empress's *maître d'hôtel*	120

Classes.	Amounts per annum.
Maîtres d'hôtel with rent money	£112
Table-layers	72
Carvers	80
Head cook (Benoit)	200
Assistant *chefs*	120
Chief larder-man	72
Assistants ... ... from £48 to	56
Chief roaster	60
Assistants ... ... from £40 to	48
Chief sauce-cook	60
Assistants	48
Chief pastrycook	56
Assistants	48
General cook	60
Assistants	48

All the *employés* of the table-service, and indeed all domestics of the household, received as a New Year's gift double wages each time that the month of January came round. It was known to them as "the Emperor's month." The extra payments in question are not included in the above list. It should further be mentioned that all servants who did not sleep at the palace received allowances for rent, varying from £8 to £12 a year—a small sum, it should be said, when one remembers how largely rents increased in Paris under the Empire owing to the Haussmanization of the city.

Every morning the heads of the various departments presented their reports to the Adjutant-general of the Palace, to whom the chief cook also submitted menus for the meals of the following day. Besides the table of the Emperor and Empress, several others had to be served—for instance that of General Rolin, which included six covers, that of Madame Pollet, also of six covers, that of Bure, the Crown treasurer, that of Piétri, the Emperor's secretary, that of Thélin, of the Privy Purse, that of Dupuy, the chief comptroller, etc. Every year, early in January, a grand dinner was offered to the principal officers of the household and their wives. A little later came the so-called Dinner of the Marshals, which the War Minister, and the general officers holding great commands likewise attended. Next there was a grand dinner given to the ministers in office and their wives, followed by dinners to the

senators, the councillors of state, the chief judges, the deputies, the head officials of charitable societies under the imperial patronage, and so forth. Each of those repasts was a banquet of from sixty to one hundred and thirty covers, the wives of those male guests who were married men being invariably included in the invitations. At that time, indeed, Frenchmen seldom if ever herded together by themselves to gorge and guzzle *à l'Anglaise.* They did not think of sitting down to table without the company of ladies, but in these Republican days they have become infected with English egotism, and the exclusion of women, which once would have been regarded as a gross insult to the fair sex is now considered a mere matter of course in Paris.

On arriving at the Tuileries for one of the grand dinners, the gentlemen ranged themselves in a row on one side of the salon where they awaited the coming of the Emperor and Empress. The ladies formed another row on the other side, and the sovereigns passed down those lines of guests, who were presented to them in turn by the chamberlains and ladies of honour. It was the Prefect of the Palace who allotted the seats at the table, in accordance with a list which had been previously submitted to the Emperor. One of the bands of the Imperial Guard usually played during the repast. At a grand dinner of an average number of covers there would be about thirty large silver candelabra on the huge horse-shoe table, as well as numerous plants in vases, baskets of flowers, and some six dozen dessert stands and dishes. The *menu* generally comprised a choice of two soups, two dishes of fish, eight *entrées,* three or four roasts, four sorts of vegetables, and half a dozen different *entremets,* together with a succession of fine wines.

Somewhat late in the reign the Empress secured the services of a young African attendant, who was generally called her Abyssinian page, though we believe that he came from the Egyptian Soudan, and had been brought or sent to Paris by M. de Lesseps. The young fellow answered to the name of Scander, and at grand dinners he usually stood behind the Empress's chair, garbed in splendid brocade, in a semi-Venetian, semi-Oriental style. But although Scander helped to enhance the decorative aspect of the banquets, he was by no means a

satisfactory servant, for he only obeyed orders when he felt inclined to do so, and was often insolent with other domestics. What became of him we cannot say, but we think that he was no longer at the Tuileries at the Revolution.

One of the most memorable of the palace banquets was that given after the Crimean War, when the Emperor, suddenly rising from his chair, raised his glass and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I drink to the health of two men whom I hold in the highest esteem—Marshal Canrobert and Marshal Bosquet." There had been no previous indication that the Emperor intended to raise those officers to the highest rank in the army, and the surprise at the announcement was very great. Canrobert expressed his gratitude in his usual effusive way; while Bosquet, a grave, taciturn man, who, unhappily, had already contracted the pulmonary complaint which carried him off betimes, said merely a few words, and then despatched a telegram to his mother. Another very interesting Tuileries dinner was offered by the Empress to the Emperor in fulfilment of a wager she had lost. It has passed virtually into history as the Dinner of the Twenty Beauties, the invitations being confined, so far as the ladies were concerned, to the most beautiful women whom the Empress could find in her Court. They included ten Frenchwomen: the Duchesses de Persigny, de Cadore, and de Montmorency, the Marchionesses de Canizy and de Las Marismas, the Countesses de Pourtalès and de Montebello, and the Baronesses de Bourgoing and de Pierrebourg. There were also two Russians, the Duchess de Morny and Mme. Léopold Magnan; two Italians, the Countess Walewska and Mme. Bartholoni; a Jewess, the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild; a Scotchwoman, the Maréchale Canrobert; a Creole, the Marchioness de Chasseloup-Laubat; together with the Princess Anna Murat, a semi-American, the Marchioness de Galliffet, a semi-Englishwoman, and the Princess de Metternich, a Hungarian, who, of course, was included less for the beauty of her person than for that of her *esprit*. Finally, the Empress herself, who was a Spaniard, completed the score.

As a rule the grand dinners at the Tuileries were followed by receptions, often open ones so far as officials and their wives were concerned. At certain periods of the year came solemn

State receptions. Each 1st of January, for instance, there was an imposing gathering of the Corps Diplomatique and all the chief services of the Administration. Napoleon III. then often delivered himself of those oracular pronouncements on European affairs which alternately alarmed or tranquillized the world. Further, he generally contrived to be at the Tuileries on St. Napoleon's Day, August 15, to receive congratulations; and, again, at the opening and closing of legislative sessions there were usually gatherings of senators and deputies to hear the speeches from the throne. On those occasions, as at the concerts during Lent, light refreshments, such as tea, ices, *sorbets*, coffee and pastry, were offered to the company.

The balls were of various kinds—first the great State balls, then the masked and fancy ones, then the smaller Monday balls given by the Empress, and finally the children's balls in honour of the Imperial Prince. Paris danced in those days—on a volcano, if you like, but none the less right merrily. Public dancing halls were scattered all over the city, from the Quartier Latin to the haunts of the rag-pickers. With each ensuing Carnival there came numerous masked balls, not only at the Opera house and a score of other public establishments, but also at the palace itself, and at one and another ministry and embassy. Even clubs, like the Jockey and the Union, gave balls of that description in those days. Then, too, the balls of the Hôtel de Ville were famous; and although the noble Faubourg St. Germain, the abode of the Legitimist society, was supposed to be sulking because the Count de Chambord was not upon the throne, some splendid entertainments were given from time to time in its spacious drawing-rooms; while in the Bonapartist districts of Monceau, Beaujon, the Champs Élysées, and the Faubourg St. Honoré, *fête* followed *fête* throughout the Paris season.

On the nights of a great ball at the Tuileries the Place du Carrousel was illumined by the huge bonfires lighted there for the benefit of the many waiting carriage-servants, and by the blaze streaming from all the first-floor windows of the palace, from the Salle des Travées to the Galerie de Diane. Up the grand staircase went the guests, past the motionless Cent-Gardes in their resplendent uniforms. The Emperor and

Empress received the Diplomatic Body and other prominent personages in the Salon Louis XIV., under the picture which showed the Grand Monarque designating the Duke d'Anjou to the Spanish envoys, and saying to them, "Gentlemen, here is your King." The Emperor wore the uniform of a general, with the ribbon and star of the Legion of Honour on his breast, the Empress was in silk and lace, with a diadem on her head, the "Regent" on her bosom, and a belt of brilliants around her waist. The presentations over, the imperial *cortège* was formed, the officers of the Cent-Gardes opening the march, while in attendance were all the splendidly attired state and court officials. Their breeches and stockings were uniformly of white silk, but the coats of the masters of ceremonies were violet and gold, those of the prefects of the palace amaranth and gold, those of the chamberlains scarlet and gold, those of the equerries green and gold, those of the orderlies pale blue and silver, and those of the officers of the hunt green and silver. Then the aides-de-camp were in full military uniform; and there was also the army of domestics—the ushers in brown and gold, the footmen in green and gold and scarlet, and the beadles or Suisses with plumed hats and broad red baldricks embroidered with imperial eagles. In the train, too, of the Sovereigns were Princes and Princesses of their house, foreign Ambassadors and envoys, Marshals of France, the Presidents of the Senate and the Legislative Body, and other high and mighty personages in more or less splendid uniforms, with ribbons and stars and crosses galore.

Through the Salle du Trône, the Salon d'Apollon, and the Salon du Premier Consul went the pompous procession, the Empress with glittering eyes and smiling lips, the Emperor with his far-away or his moody look, and the usual occasional twirl of his moustache. As they reached the entrance of the Salle des Maréchaux, the chief usher cried aloud, "The Emperor! The Empress!" The Cent-Gardes at the door stood at attention, and the beadles stationed there struck the floor with their staves, and repeated the cry, "The Emperor! The Empress!" Whereupon, passing between the hangings of gold and crimson, their Majesties entered the huge, lofty hall, where the great chandelier and the many tall candelabra cast

the most brilliant light over the wonderful assemblage of uniforms, court coats, fair shoulders, jewels, and gowns of well-nigh every hue. The orchestra struck up "Partant pour la Syrie" while down the hall, past the life-size portraits of the mighty marshals and the many busts of distinguished generals, their Majesties went towards a raised platform where chairs of state were set. When they had taken their seats the dancing began.

In the earlier years of the reign there was always a *quadrille d'honneur*, in which the Emperor and Empress, Princess Mathilde, Prince Napoleon, and Princess Clotilde participated, with, at times, Morny or Walewski. The last named was a born dancer (dancing, in his time, was considered a necessary accomplishment in the diplomatic profession), and it was with a very courtly grace that he went through the steps of a *cavalier seul*.* Foreign royalties, when any were present, and certain foreign ambassadors also participated in the *quadrille d'honneur*; but in the later years of the Empire—if we except 1867, when Paris was crowded with crowned heads—the Emperor and Empress seldom, if ever, danced. After a time they quitted their seats on the raised platform and strolled through the various rooms, watching the evolutions of their guests or chatting with one or another of them. There were always at least two orchestras, one in the Salle des Maréchaux, another in the Galerie de la Paix. Waldteufel and Strauss (not Johann) conducted, and the music varied according to the fashion of the time. From the earlier Viennese waltzes one came to "Il Bacio," and then to the dance airs of "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande Duchesse," and "Chilpéric."

The scene in the Salle des Maréchaux was a dazzling one on the night of a great ball. Stands were sometimes ranged around it for the convenience of the great throng of onlookers. It was the fashion, too, for lovers to make appointments under the portrait of one or another marshal. When some enamoured young man of position learnt that the lady of his heart would be at the next Tuileries ball, he would say to her: "Be under

* Even Bismarck could waltz, and it was at the Tuileries, in 1867, and in his "White Cuirassier" uniform, that he waltzed for the last time. His partner was the beautiful Mme. Carette. He was then in his fifty-third year.

Augereau, or Masséna, or Berthier, at midnight." That witching hour was the favourite one for such assignations, as it was also the supper-hour when the imperial party quitted the scene and the dancing flagged. Love, of course, was in no hurry to go to supper; and, besides, from the opening till the close of the ball a refreshment buffet was installed in the Salle des Travées—a buffet at which ices, *sorbets*, tea, coffee, claret-cup, lemonade, syrups, pastry, and cakes were freely dispensed, the Service de Bouche providing 1000 cups and saucers and like numbers of ice-glasses, coffee-glasses and tumblers. On an average, 8000 ices and from 150 to 200 gallons of liquid refreshment were consumed at a grand ball, the lemonade and syrups being prepared in earthen pitchers, which kept them delightfully cool. Supper was served in the Galerie de Diane, first for the Emperor, the Empress, their family, the Corps diplomatique and other important guests, others being admitted afterwards in batches of about one hundred at a time, when the chamberlains and other officials zealously gave preference to ladies. It was a standing supper, served at a huge buffet decorated with the *grand surtout* and other ornamental plate. At one of the *fêtes* offered to foreign sovereigns in 1867, the guests were so numerous that the palace playhouse had to be turned into a supper-room. At the Empress's *petits bals*, for which only some 600 invitations were issued (whereas there were often 3000 to a grand ball) the guests took supper seated at thirty tables in the Galerie de la Paix and the Salon Louis XIV.

Those *petits bals*, which were given on Monday evenings, and therefore became known as the Empress's Mondays, were far more enjoyable than the State affairs. The ladies were as bravely arrayed as ever, but the men, the Emperor included, wore merely evening dress, with knee-breeches, no uniforms being displayed. The guests, on arriving at the palace, went straight to the Empress's apartments, whence they proceeded to the Salon d'Apollon and the Salon du Premier Consul, in the last of which the orchestra was stationed under a portrait of Napoleon I., which gave the room its name—a remarkable portrait, by the way, lost unfortunately in the conflagration of 1871. The young Consul of France appeared in it with a

fine classical profile, and long hair falling over the collar of a red uniform, as he passed on horseback before a veteran grenadier, who presented arms to him.*

At the *petits bals* it was chiefly in that Salon du Premier Consul that dancing took place, but before it began the Empress entered the room in State, preceded by the officers of her Household and attended by her ladies-in-waiting. The lady guests were drawn up on either side, with the gentlemen behind them, but once this review was over, there was no further formality. The Emperor, for his part, slipped into the rooms without ceremony, as his wife's private guest. She, as a rule, did not dance at those Monday gatherings, but flitted for a while about the salons, and then retired to her private apartments, with one or two foreign diplomatists or other personages, until the time came for the cotillon, which she always witnessed. We mentioned in an earlier chapter that the cotillon was led for several seasons by that smart, curly-haired equerry (who, to the disgust of others, would ride *à l'anglaise*, and not in French military fashion), the Marquis de Caux, Madame Patti's first husband. After his marriage, there was no *conducteur attitré* of the cotillon, but the Empress personally designated one or another younger guest for the duty. One night her choice fell on an Englishman, Mr. Hubert Jerningham,† who, although confronted by the most critical Parisian audience that could have been collected together, acquitted himself right brilliantly of the task.

During the earlier years of the Empire, Carnival time was always celebrated at the Tuileries by a grand fancy-dress ball—at times a masked one. Abbé Deguerry, of the Madeleine, did not object so much to fancy costumes, but he did seriously object to masks, as they allowed, said he, of a good deal of impropriety which would not otherwise take place. Accordingly, he did not hesitate to censure the practice of masking, even denouncing it in a sermon which he preached before the

* The composition undoubtedly inspired that of Müller's equestrian portrait of Napoleon III. In this a grenadier of the Second Empire was shown presenting arms to the Emperor as he rode under the entrance arch of the Tuileries. It was a good painting, of both artistic and historical value.

† Later Sir Hubert, and Governor of Mauritius—a far cry from the Tuileries.

Emperor and Empress. As it happened, in the last years of the reign the fancy balls were mostly given for the entertainment of the Imperial Prince and his young friends—that is, they became children's parties, at which the little Prince figured, now in the revolutionary character of Massaniello, now as a juvenile mediæval knight wearing chain armour. At an earlier period, however, when those balls were reserved to "grown-ups," the Emperor (who in his younger days had figured as a troubadour at the Eglinton tournament) frequently assumed fancy dress—swathing himself in an Arab burnous, or else displaying a £200 "costume Henri II.," with a short mantle hanging from his shoulder and a rapier at his side. At one ball of the time the Empress was seen in her favourite character, that of Marie Antoinette,* at another as a Titianesque patrician lady of Venice—her costume then being of crimson and black, spangled with sequins interspersed with diamonds. The *fête* on that occasion (March, 1863) was remarkably brilliant. The Emperor, in order to be in keeping with his consort, had also donned a Venetian costume, white and crimson. Princess Mathilde represented Anne of Cleves, after Holbein's picture at the Louvre, while Princess Clotilde wore gold brocade, after a figure in a painting by Paul Veronese. The Duchess de Persigny, whose hot temper was notorious, appeared, appropriately enough, as Fire; Mme. Alphonse de Rothschild was a bird of paradise, and the Countess Aguado a pack of cards, while the Princess de Metternich flaunted the attire of an "Incroyable" of the Directory. The most startling costume, however, was that of La Castiglione, who came as Flaubert's Salammbo, with her marvellous hair streaming around her, a golden diadem circling her brow, her bosom virtually as bare as her arms, and her feet likewise bare, in golden sandals. With one hand, the Count de Choiseul, who impersonated a negro, upheld her train of some gossamer-like fabric, while with the other he bore aloft a strange antique-looking parasol, such as might have been used, indeed, to shade some beauty of olden Carthage.

The great entertainment of that evening had been devised by Countess Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie, who, for all her

* See *ante*, p. 201.

services in matters of that kind, ought to have been appointed "Directrice des Menus Plaisirs." Her invention on the occasion we refer to, was the famous "Ballet of the Bees," for which Mérante, the ballet-master of the Opera, had trained twelve of the most beautiful and ablest dancers of the Court. At a given signal four huge beehives, festooned with flowers, were carried on litters into the Salle des Maréchaux by servants attired as seventeenth-century gardeners. As soon as the hives were set in position and the first strains of the orchestra sounded, three beautiful women, winged and wearing short-skirted costumes, which simulated as closely as possible the appearance of bees, emerged from each hive, carrying garlands of violets. Among the ladies were Princess Lise Troubetskoï, Mlle. de Nelidoff, Mme. Léopold Magnan, Baroness Molitor, and Mme. Brincard; and again and again, with a skill rivalling that of professional dancers, they executed the various charming and difficult terpsichorean feats which Mérante and the Countess Stéphanie had assigned to them. The very nature of the ballet was, of course, a clever compliment to the Emperor, who, with the Empress, sat on his throne admiring and applauding it, for the bee is the family emblem of the Bonapartes and the violet their chosen flower.

Another year, the Countess Stéphanie planned a different entertainment—a gipsy quadrille, with her brother, the ugly chamberlain, Count Charles,* as the gipsy king, and a number of ladies and gentlemen of title as his subjects. At other times still stranger figures appeared at the Tuileries masked balls. A gigantic flageolet, which careered about the rooms in eccentric fashion, turned out to be the gallant Marquis de Galliffet, a horrid-looking black devil proved to be the beautiful Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild, an obelisk was none other than a very tall officer of the Cent-Gardes; while a quartette of four sphinxes, who propounded impossible riddles, was found to consist of the Duchess d'Isly, the Maréchale Canrobert, Countess Fleury, and Baroness de Bourgoing.

* He is often alluded to by the memoir writers as "Duke Tascher de la Pagerie," and was so styled occasionally by his contemporaries; but, in point of fact, his ducal title was the Bavarian one of Waldburg, which the Emperor allowed him to assume.

But the fancy balls at the Tuileries had several serious rivals, for similar entertainments often took place at the ministries and the foreign embassies. We recall one given by Morny, at which the Princess Mathilde, for once casting her dignity aside, appeared in tatters as a beggar-maid—whether Tennyson's, we cannot say, but in any case no King Cophetua "sware a royal oath," on that occasion, vowing that she should be his queen. It would, by the way, have been a futile oath, the Princess being bound already by the chains of matrimony. Again, there was a ball given by Marshal Randon at which, to the mingled delight and dread of the fair guests, four young African lions were introduced into some of the pageantry of the entertainment. One year, too, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski provided a "Quadrille des Patineurs," the participants in which, clad in Polish costumes, went skating in couples round an ornamental staff, whence radiated cherry-coloured ribbons which they held.

At another time there was a wonderful pageant at the Ministry of Marine, a pageant emblematical of all the countries in the world, France coming first, clad in white, with a tricolour scarf about her, and an olive branch in her hand. Then Europe, personified by Mme. Bartholoni, appeared in a triumphal chariot, escorted by ladies representative of various countries, and followed by Mme. Rimsky-Korsakoff as Asia, with attendant crocodiles, houris, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, and Indian maids. Next, to the strains of the overture of "L'Africaine," came the Princess Jablonowska, garbed as Cleopatra, with a lion cub at her feet, and flanked by Mme. de Montaut arrayed as a Soudanese warrior, mounted on a dromedary. But "Yankee Doodle" sounded, and then, under garlands of flowers, America was seen in a hammock hanging between palm trees, and attended by typical "uncle Sams," Californian miners, Peruvian incas, and Mexicans *à la* Montezuma.

Ah! those pageants and those balls, it would be difficult to exhaust the list of them. There was a ball given by Mme. Drouyn de Lhuys at the Foreign Office when Mme. de Metternich appeared as a Spanish bull-fighter, Mme. de Galliffet as a tulip, and Princess Lise Troubetskoï as a butterfly, while the Emperor and Empress, muffled in dominoes and closely

masked, went hither and thither to ascertain, perhaps, what good, and particularly what ill, might be said of them. Then, again at the Foreign Office, but in the Marquis de Moustier's time, there was a ball at which young America carried all before her. She was rising rapidly in Parisian society, which, following the example of the Tuileries itself, gave a cordial welcome to the new transatlantic aristocracy, the Noblesse of the Dollar. The Miss Slidells, as War and Peace, Miss Dix as the Marguerite of "Faust," Miss Hitchcock as a jockey, the lovely Miss Beckwith as Aurora—they were the young ladies whose charm and tastefulness triumphed at the "Foreign Affairs" in 1867, that year of the Empire's apogee. Elsewhere France held her own. We recall an entertainment at the Prince de la Moskowa's residence in the Rue de Marignan, when a most amusing village wedding-party appeared in the salons, the blushing bride being impersonated by a distinguished senator, the amorous bridegroom by the staidest of judges, and the mayor, gendarmes, and peasant guests by a series of princes, dukes, and counts.

Then there were the balls given by Princess Pauline Metternich at the Austrian embassy in the Rue de Varennes. One time the palm for effectiveness went to Mme. de Morny and Mme. de Girardin for their impersonation of white roses sprinkled with dewdrops of diamonds. But Princess Pauline (of whom we shall have more to say a little later) was possessed of no little eccentricity as well as wit. One Thursday night—her night, as a rule—she put a crowning touch to a farcical entertainment by lighting a cigar. And as thirty lady-guests did likewise, the *soirée* suddenly became a *tabagie*. Another time the Princess announced her intention of giving a dance during Lent. Everybody was lost in amazement at the idea, some even spoke severely of such an infraction of both religious duty and good taste. Nevertheless, all who were fortunate enough to secure invitations accepted them. Dancing went on till nearly midnight, by which time supper was very generally expected. But all at once the orchestra ceased playing, and the Princess, taking her stand in the middle of the room, exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a Lenten ball. Lent means fasting, as you are aware; so I warn you that you

must not expect supper here to-night. Prav stay as long as you please, but I should be sorry if you were to stay so long as to be unable to get supper elsewhere, should you desire it." The guests listened, stared, and finally laughed, deeming it best to face the situation with good countenances, though the laugh was, we fancy, on the wrong side of their mouths. Some imagined, however, that the Princess's speech was a mere joke, and that supper would be duly provided, as otherwise the Austrian embassy's reputation for hospitality might be seriously compromised. But they were quite mistaken, no supper was served, and one and all withdrew, tired and hungry on a bleak March night.

That little episode reminds us of a *contretemps* that occurred at a fancy ball given one year at the Prussian embassy. So far as dancing and costumes were concerned it was a very brilliant affair, to the success of which La Castiglione contributed by appearing in the costume of a Red Indian "brave," with an aureola of feathers about her head. Unfortunately the supper arrangements were defective. Prussian parsimony had presupposed that a very limited number of guests would require food, and even the appetites of the Corps diplomatique were overlooked. Turkey, having found no seat at table, went home famished and furious, with the result that war raged between the Sublime Porte and Berlin for several weeks afterwards. Spain was even more angry than Turkey, regarding its failure to secure any supper as a direct insult to its grandeeship, and proclaiming *urbi et orbi* that there was no truth whatever in the old story that it subsisted entirely on cigarettes and chocolate.

À propos, however, of the Princess Metternich to whom we were referring just now, it was she, we think (may we be forgiven if we are in error!), who on one occasion invited a number of Court and diplomatic guests to a dinner, when they were vastly amazed by the behaviour of some half-dozen servants, who not only pronounced their names all amiss when announcing them, but indulged in various strange pranks, such as flunkeys usually reserve for the servants' hall. The climax came directly dinner was served, for the aforesaid menials rushed into the dining-room, seated themselves at table, and

raised their knives and forks as if in eagerness to despatch the various viands. The startled guests wondered if they were dreaming, and some testy folk among them were already turning on their heels when the laughter of the hostess, mingling with that of the servants, restrained them. Briefly, those servants were all young men of good position, "got up" to act the parts assigned to them. Some, not content with assuming powdered wigs and all necessary *maquillage*, had even been brave enough to sacrifice their moustaches and whiskers the better to disguise their identity.

Reverting to the balls of the time, there was yet another one, deserving of mention here, although it was not attended by ladies of society. It was given, indeed, in March 1865, to persons of the *demi-monde* by the younger and more frivolous members of the French Jockey Club. The gilded saloons of Les Trois Frères Provençaux were selected as the scene of the entertainment, and there was no question at all of anybody being sent home supperless. But a serious question of costume arose. It was feared that there might be some very unpleasant bickering and jealousy if Mlle. Chose—"protected" at the rate of £1000 a month—should flaunt all her diamonds and other finery before Mlle. Machin, who derived but a quarter of the aforesaid amount from her own particular protectorate, and had very few diamonds to show. So the word went forth that all the *invitées* were to appear as *grisettes*. But if man proposes, woman disposes, and her ingenuity is never at a loss. The more opulent "ladies of the lake," as they were called in those days—after the lake in the Bois de Boulogne, round which they drove every afternoon—arrived on the scene in great splendour, wearing Manon Lescaut, Pompadour, and Camargo costumes, with no lack of powder in their hair or diamonds either. When the organizers of the entertainment expressed their surprise at this magnificence, they were quietly answered: "Oh! I am a grisette Louis Quatorze,"—or Louis Quinze, as the case might be. Briefly, the gathering did not include a single grisette after the fashion of those in Murger's "Vie de Bohême."

It was at Compiègne (we shall speak hereafter of the Court's annual sojourn there) that there was most indulgence in

"drawing-room games" and private theatricals; but something of the kind was also witnessed, now and then, at the Tuileries. There was no card-playing at the palace—except on the occasion of the grand balls, when a few tables were set out for whist; but the Emperor, the Empress and their familiars sat down now and then to a quiet family game of "loto," or even "consequences." The Emperor, moreover, sometimes roused himself from his ruminations to ask a riddle. One night he put the following question to his *entourage:* "Why is it that in winter we usually feel the cold more in our feet, although they are protected by boots, than we do on our faces which are bare?" Some pedant, who was present, wished to supply a scientific explanation of the phenomenon, but the Emperor restrained him. The others "gave it up," as the saying goes. "Well," said Napoleon, as gravely as if he had been warning Austria or Prussia, or promising France the long-delayed "crowning of the edifice," "it is like this: The temperature being low naturally affects the base more than it does the summit." That may not be a particularly good joke, but Napoleon III. was certainly not destitute of wit or power of repartee. Unluckily, his jests more frequently took the form of play upon words, *double entente*, as it is called, and in that case all point is usually lost in a translation. For instance, one day, when, greatly to the Empress's annoyance, some impossible person indulged in sundry Voltairean remarks respecting the Holy Ghost (*L'Esprit Saint*) and Pentecost, the Emperor quietly remarked: "As it is certain that that gentleman does not possess *l'esprit sain* (a sound mind) he would do best to say nothing more on the subject."

At times, notably as the Imperial Prince grew older, there were conjuring entertainments at the Tuileries. If we remember rightly, too, the Davenport brothers gave a *séance* there before they succumbed to the ridicule with which the exposures of Viscount Alfred de Caston inspired the Parisians. Subsequently a very notable wizard appeared on the scene, none other than David Dunglas Home, whom Robert Browning satirized as "Sludge." It was, we think, a Russian ambassador, Count Kisseleff, who introduced Home to the Tuileries, where he turned tables, practised crystal gazing, and conjured up spirits.

To some it may seem surprising that so orthodox a Catholic as the Empress Eugénie should have shown any favour to a man like Home, but it must be remembered that the superstitions of the Churches often induce others. Moreover, the Emperor himself was more or less of a fatalist, and thus Home became for a time *persona gratissima* at the Tuileries. Sceptical courtiers looked on and wondered at the infatuation of the sovereigns for that long, lanky, lion-maned individual, who before giving any grand *séance* lived, according to his own account, for days together on nothing more substantial than sugared water. Ministers, it has been said, even became perturbed at the influence which Home began to exercise; and, according to one account, he was denounced as a foreign spy, and as such expelled from France at the instigation of Count Walewski. But many years ago, Baron de Billing, who, from being Walewski's secretary, rose to a high position in the French diplomatic world, assured us that Home did not quit France for any political reason. According to M. de Billing it seems that so long as Home was content to conjure up the spirits of certain historical personages, such as Napoleon I. and Marie Antoinette, and ascribe to them language of an oracular vagueness, appropriate to the spirit-world, all went well with him. He followed the Court from the Tuileries to St. Cloud, and thence to Biarritz, where, however, he received his *congé*. It appears that the proximity of Biarritz to Spain turned his thoughts to *cosas de España* with which he was by no means well acquainted, though they were, of course, familiar enough to the Empress. Thus Home for the first time began to blunder, and finally, on an occasion when, imperfectly informed respecting the Empress's childhood, he nevertheless presumed to evoke the spirit of her father, the Count de Montijo, he perpetrated a series of very ridiculous mistakes. The Empress's eyes were then opened, she realized that the man in whom she had foolishly begun to believe was merely a charlatan, and he was promptly turned out of the Villa Eugénie.

He went to Russia (where, we think, he had been before), and the Russian Court, which has often yielded to ridiculous superstitions—the more recent case of Philippe will be remembered—gave him a cordial welcome. In 1870, however,

he followed the German armies to France, and, ostensibly as the correspondent of a Californian newspaper, installed himself at Versailles, where he gave *séances* for the entertainment of the princelings of the ornamental staff. We remember that he subsequently showed us a little Sèvres cup or vase which he had taken from the château of St. Cloud during the conflagration there; and that, descanting on the fate of the Second Empire, he declared he had been treated with base ingratitude by Napoleon III. and his consort, for he had generously warned them of the danger of downfall. They, however, refusing, in their pride, to believe him, had dismissed him from their presence. However the "Ides of March" had come, and swept them away.

The policy of the Empire towards the Parisian working-classes was to give them, first, plenty of employment, such as the Haussmannization of the city provided, and, secondly, plenty of amusement. The *bourgeoisie* of various degrees was treated in a similar manner. We have alluded to the multiplicity of the Parisian dancing-halls in those days. Theatres, circuses, and concert-rooms were likewise more numerous than they had ever been before; while each year brought in its train a succession of pageants and *fêtes*, either in the city itself or its immediate vicinity. There was the New Year Fair on the Boulevards, the Carnival procession of the Fat Ox, the Mid-Lent or Washerwomen's Festival, the Ham Fair and the Gingerbread Fair at the Barrière du Trône, the Promenade of Longchamp, the Fête Napoleon on August 15, the *fêtes* of St. Cloud, Les Loges and Sceaux, the annual crowning of the Rosière of Nanterre, and many other celebrations. Both the Fat Ox and the Washerwomen's processions went the round of Paris, visiting the various ministries, the embassies, and even the Tuileries. In 1869, when the prize ox of the Paris cattle-show was christened Chilpéric, in honour of Hervé's opera-bouffe of that name, a wag wrote some verses respecting the doomed beast's progress through the city, and a few of them may be quoted here:

Il visite sur sa route
Les ministres d'aujourd'hui,
Qui demain seront, sans doute,
Moins *à la mode* que lui.

Puis, par un autre caprice,
On introduit Chilpéric
Près la grande ambassadrice,
Madame de Metternich.

La cliente noble et riche,
Que Worth habille de neuf,
Oublie un instant l'Autriche
Au spectacle du bœuf.

* * * * *

Il désire peu de chose :
Voir l'Empereur et mourir.
Il le voit, et l'on suppose
Que cela lui fait plaisir.

On coming to the Tuileries the Fat Ox procession passed under the triumphal arch into the reserved part of the Place du Carrousel, and the Emperor, the Empress, and the Imperial Prince stationed themselves on the palace balcony to inspect it, while both *largesse* and refreshment were distributed among the masqueraders by the officers and servants. Much the same reception greeted the arrival of the Washerwomen's procession, only then the Emperor came into the courtyard to kiss the queen of the day, and present her with a jewel. When the Court was at St. Cloud in the early autumn, the Emperor and Empress often strolled through the local *fête*, visiting the various booths, admiring in turn the bearded and the colossal lady, the sword-swallower, and the two-headed calf, to say nothing of the familiar "live lion stuffed with straw, and the dead eagle picking his eyes out." But the day of days for the Paris populace was the Fête Napoleon, that precursor of the Fête Nationale of present times. There was the inevitable review, usually of the Army of Paris, sometimes 80,000 strong, and occasionally of the National Guard, as it was then constituted. There were also performances "gratis" at the theatres by imperial command; there were fairs on the Place de la Bastille, the Place du Trône, and the Trocadéro; balloon ascents on the Champ de Mars; and water-jousts on the Seine; together with the march of the old surviving veterans of "La Grande Armée," from their asylum at the Invalides to the Place Vendôme, whither they went to deposit wreaths on the railings around the column raised to that same army's glory by the great captain, whose effigy arose above it. By day the streets

of Paris were bright with bunting, at night they blazed with illuminations, and there were fireworks galore—everything being done better than it is done now, because it was so largely undertaken by the Parisian authorities, in such wise that harmonious schemes of decoration and illumination were carried out, often on a very large scale indeed. Of course, the *fête* had its purely official side, such as the great reception at the Tuileries, when congratulatory addresses and telegrams poured in without cessation, the special prayers, too, for the Emperor and his family in all the churches, and the banquets and *soirées* given in connection with the departments of the State.

One year stands out prominently in the annals of the time as the year of both Imperial and Parisian splendour. That was 1867. It is true that, since we last glanced at the political situation—in or about 1860—the Empire had received many blows, met with many losses and reverses. Its most able men in the spheres of politics and finance were dead or in retirement. Its Mexican policy had encountered a terrible rebuff, the United States having compelled the withdrawal of the French forces of occupation. Again, the imperial prestige had suffered badly both with regard to Poland and to Denmark, in the last case largely through the refusal of England to join in intervention. Then, too, the crash of Sadowa—or Königgrätz, if that name be preferred—had re-echoed far and wide, to the serious damage of the Emperor's reputation. Prussia was now supreme in Germany, and none of the secretly anticipated compensations, either on the Rhine or in Belgium, had been secured by France. The menace of war with Prussia hovered over the land, for it seemed as if the difficulties of the Luxemburg question could only be solved by gun and sword. Further, there was trouble imminent with Italy, although the interposition of Napoleon III. had secured that country the possession of Venetia, for, in one or another way, she still demanded Rome, and the French troops, previously withdrawn from the Eternal City, had to be despatched there afresh to check the designs of Garibaldi.

Over home affairs hung several ominous clouds. The year opened with the Emperor's decision of January 19, cancelling the Legislature's right to present addresses to the Crown, but

granting it, instead, the right of interpellating Ministers. Braggart Rouher, the so-called Vice-Emperor, was more powerful than ever, being now both Minister of State and Minister of Finances; but other officials had lost their posts. The Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat had been dismissed from the Ministry of Marine, and replaced by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly; Marshal Randon had rightly been compelled to surrender the Ministry of War to Marshal Niel, who had, however, a formidable task of army reorganization before him. And the portfolio of Finances, now assigned to Rouher, had been relinquished by Fould. The latter's departure was a serious loss to France, for if her military forces needed to be strengthened, her finances also required the strictest supervision, the most careful handling. Fould's retirement was hailed with applause, however. He might be an expert financier, but he was a close-fisted one, and such as he were not liked in those spendthrift days. When his few friends claimed that he had served the Empire well, they were answered: "Oh, he need not go without reward, Jews never do; and doubtless the Emperor will be pleased to create him Duke de Villejuif." *

But there were other notable features in home affairs at that period. Both the anti-dynastic and the constitutional Oppositions in the Legislative Body were gradually growing stronger. The Republican cause, in particular, was making steady progress in Paris and other large cities. Further, owing in part to the check which the Haussmannization of the capital had already received on account of the great outlay it entailed, there was less contentment than formerly among the working-classes. There had been many strikes, and great was the dissatisfaction with the high rents prevailing in the city. The Emperor knew that grievance to be genuine, and although he was inadequately seconded, he had been studying it seriously for some time past, devising or examining plans for the erection of workmen's dwellings in the immediate vicinity of Paris. He himself set up a row of them near the Avenue Daumesnil at Vincennes, and also showed some pattern cottages at the Exhibition of 1867. Of late years his ideas on this subject have found some favour in France. Instead of workmen being

* A play on the word—*vile juif* signifying "vile Jew."

invariably herded in huge tenements inside Paris, many now have cottage-and-garden abodes, notably in the south-west suburbs. That, of course, has been facilitated by the vast improvement in means of communication since the days of the Empire.

The great Exhibition of 1867 naturally gave impetus to trade, money still seemed to be plentiful enough; and whatever ruins might lie, whatever crumbling might be going on, behind the façade of the Empire, that façade still remained imposing, and displayed itself in all its magnificence during that remarkable year—a year of festivity unparalleled in the history of any other nation. The huge Exhibition building on the Champ de Mars may not have been outwardly beautiful, but it was extremely well arranged, and the display in its galleries and in the pavilions of the grounds, surpassed everything of a similar nature seen at previous world-shows. From April until mid-October Paris was crowded with foreigners from all parts of the world; and emperors, kings, princes, viceroys and other potentates responded with alacrity to the invitations of the Court of the Tuileries. A full recital of all the entertainments and pageants of the time, banquets, receptions, balls, gala theatrical performances, concerts, reviews, and what not besides, would make a volume; and here we can only treat the subject briefly. One entertainment, however, was often much like another, and thus a detailed narrative might prove tedious.

Altogether over eighty royalties—crowned heads, princes, princesses, grand and arch dukes and duchesses, reigning dukes, etc., etc.—flocked to Paris in that year of jubilee. The very first to arrive was Prince, now King Oscar of Sweden, whom Baron de Billing used jocularly to call the King of the Jews on account of his descent from Bernadotte. Years ago, during some of the early talk respecting Zionism, the Baron was wont to remark: "Nonsense, we need not go to war with Turkey to give Palestine back to the Jews—let them emigrate to Sweden, they will find a king of their race on the throne there." After Prince Oscar came the young Prince of Orange, the unfortunate Citron, as he was called. Then, in turn appeared the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King and Queen of the Hellenes,

Queen Pia of Portugal, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, a Prince of Japan, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The month of June brought both the Czar Alexander II., accompanied by his sons and other grand-dukes, and the King of Prussia, with his son (later the Emperor Frederick) and Bismarck and Moltke also. Subsequently came the Crown Prince, later King of Saxony, Prince, later King, Humbert of Italy, his brother, the Duke of Aosta (later Amadeo of Spain), the Crown Prince, now King of Denmark, the Count and Countess of Flanders, and a crowd of German and other princelings. Next we saw the Khedive, Ismail the Lavish, who fell desperately in love with Hortense Schneider, Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse;" and Sultan Abdul Aziz the Murdered, with whom were both his future successors, Murad the Madman and Abdul the Damned. Not a week, hardly a day, elapsed without bringing a royalty to Paris, where spring, summer, and autumn were all Shrove Tuesday and Carnival time, Lent arriving later—in 1870.

The Exhibition was opened on April 1; the political clouds lifted on May 11, when the neutralization of the Grand-duchy of Luxemburg was at last agreed upon. Then *Tout à la joie!* became the cry of Paris. Nevertheless, the summer brought some unpleasant incidents. On June 6, when the Czar and the Emperor Napoleon were returning together from Longchamp, after passing, in company with the King of Prussia, some forty battalions, sixty squadrons and twenty batteries of the army of Paris in review, the first-named was fired upon by a Polish refugee named Berezowski. The only injury inflicted on the occasion was experienced by an unfortunate horse, which a zealous equerry, M. Raimbeaux, spurred forward to cover the menaced monarch; and the Czar, like all the other royalties, attended a great ball at the Russian embassy that same evening as though nothing unpleasant had happened. But a day or two later, when he visited the Palais de Justice, some young advocates of the Republican party, more zealous than well-bred, made a demonstration against him, and one of them, Charles Floquet (subsequently a pitiable prime minister of the Republic), shouted "Long live Poland!" in his face. Thus, in spite of all the courtesy of the Tuileries, the splendour of the hospitality

extended both there and at the Élysée, where the Czar actually resided, and the unparalleled magnificence of the ball which Baron Haussmann gave at the Hôtel de Ville at a cost of £30,000 (8000 persons being present), the Russian visit ended very badly. The King of Prussia remained in Paris some days longer, and while Moltke quietly went hither and thither, taking note of all things military, the equally wily Bismarck gratified Napoleon with some private confabulations in the imperial cabinet, even as he had favoured him with previous ones on the sands of Biarritz in October, 1865. At that time Napoleon had deemed Bismarck to be a madman, and Bismarck had regarded Napoleon as a fool. What were their respective thoughts of each other in 1867—when Königgrätz had come and gone?

But let us proceed. Trouble again arose to dismay the Court of the Tuileries at the time of the Sultan's visit in August and the great distribution of the exhibition prizes at the Palais de l'Industrie. This was a gorgeous, crowded ceremony, when Princes and Princesses of many nations mustered beside the Emperor, the Empress, and the Sultan, on the great throne, all gold and crimson. Two guests, however, who were to have been present at the pageant were conspicuously absent. They were the Count and Countess of Flanders, brother and sister-in-law of the unhappy Empress Charlotte of Mexico. The news had come, indeed, that Maximilian, her husband, had been shot at Queretaro by the Mexican Republicans. The blow was a severe one for the proud Empire of France, which had set him on his precarious throne. The "greatest scheme of the reign" was quite ended now. And it was of little use to point out that Maximilian had brought the death-penalty on himself by decreeing it for his adversaries. The Queretaro execution recoiled on both Napoleon and his consort, who had conjointly sent the unlucky Archduke on the maddest of enterprises across the seas.

A little later, after remaining in Paris to entertain the Kings of Sweden and Portugal, who, in their turn, participated in the procession of royalties, the Emperor and Empress journeyed to Salzburg, there to meet Maximilian's brother, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and express, perhaps, their belated

penitence. Subsequently the Austrian ruler came to Paris, going thence to Compiègne; and possibly one might trace back to the long conversations which took place there between him and Napoleon III., the first idea of a compact which might enable them to revenge themselves on Prussia—Prussia which had driven Austria out of Germany, and denied France all compensation for her neutrality. In any case that great year, 1867, ended inauspiciously. Marshal Niel brought forward his scheme for the creation of a Garde Mobile, by which means it was hoped to give France an army of 1,200,000 men; and the atmosphere was on all sides heavy with rumours of approaching war.

CHAPTER XI

THE GRACES OF THE EMPIRE—SOME STATESMEN AND DIPLOMATISTS

Mesdames de Galliffet, Pourtalès and Metternich—Their Husbands also—The Gambling Countess Kisseleff—Other Russian Ladies—Marshal Magnan's Son and Daughters—The Duchess de Morny—Countess Lehon—Morny as President of the Chamber—His Death and Fortune—The Walewskis—Schneider—Mme. Rattazzi—Billault—The Sandon Scandal—Vice-Emperor Rouher—Some last Ministers of the Interior—Pinard and "Madame Bovary"—Magne, Delangle and Baroche—Baron Haussmann—Ministers for Foreign Affairs—Thouvenel, Drouyn de Lhuys and others—Foreign Ambassadors—Baron Goltz and Napoleon III.—"The Fatal Ambassador"—Dix and Washburne—Lord Cowley and Lord Lyons.

THREE ladies, whom we have already had occasion to mention incidentally, have virtually passed into history as the Graces of the Second Empire. The Court of the Tuileries included so many beautiful, charming and witty women that perhaps some injustice has been done in raising any particular trio to a pedestal. Nevertheless, the ladies in question, Mesdames de Galliffet, de Pourtalès, and de Metternich, were undoubtedly, in one or another way, fascinating figures of the reign. The two first were beautiful in different styles, the third was distinguished by her wit, sprightly vivacity and elegance; and, after all, the appellation bestowed upon them was in a measure justified, because taken conjointly they embodied all that can make their sex attractive.

The Marchioness de Galliffet, who bore the Christian names of Florence Georgina, was the daughter of Charles Laffitte—the banker and sportsman, once well known on the turf as "Major Fridolin"—by his wife Florence Anna Cunningham, an English lady. Mlle. Laffitte was still in her teens when in November, 1859, she was wedded, at Maisons-Laffitte, to Gaston Alexandre Auguste, the present Marquis de Galliffet and Prince de

Martigues. He, born in January, 1830, and now therefore in his seventy-eighth year, is the son of Alexandre, Marquis de Galliffet and Prince de Martigues, by his second wife *née* Baulde de Vieuville. By a first marriage with Mlle. Adélaïde des Roys d'Asport, Marquis Alexandre had a daughter, now deceased, who married the Marquis de Barbentane; and the first offspring of his second union was also a girl, who espoused Count de Vassinhac d'Imécourt, and who, if still alive, which we doubt, must be over eighty years of age.

The Galliffet family is a very ancient one, originally of Dauphiné, whence the still existing branch passed into Provence in or about 1540. It can trace its descent back to Jean de Galliffet, *damoiseau*, who held the Dauphinese lordships of La Galliffetière and Savoyroux in 1380; and it claims that it would have been able to prove a yet remoter ancestry had not many early title-deeds been destroyed during the League and Huguenot wars. The principality of Martigues (near Marseilles and Aix-en-Provence) dates from 1580, when it was created by Henri III. in favour of Emmanuel of Lorraine, Duke de Mercœur, and his heirs and assigns. It passed by acquisition to Marshal Villars in 1714, then to the Vogüé family in 1764, and finally to the Galliffets eight years later. The arms of the latter are gules, charged with a chevron argent and three trefles or. A ducal coronet surmounts the shield, and the family motto is "Bien faire et laisser dire," which may be Anglicized bluntly as "Do right and let folk chatter."

Gaston, Marquis de Galliffet, enlisted as a "private" in 1848, and has thus risen from the ranks to the highest position that is nowadays attainable in the French army. His early career was marked by certain episodes on which we will not insist, as they were of the kind commonly known as youthful indiscretions.* In 1853 young Galliffet had become a Sub-Lieutenant in the Guides, and it was as such that he went to

* The police documents concerning them have been published, first by M. Millerand, the Republican politician, in *La Petite République*, June, 1894, and secondly in *L'Aurore*, February 22, 1900. Briefly put, the affair was this: The young man fell into the clutches of a designing and predatory woman, and was rescued from her by the police at the intervention of his family.

the Crimea, where, under the walls of Sebastopol, he gained the cross of the Legion of Honour and was for the first time mentioned in an "order of the day." In 1856 he was attached to Morny's embassy to St. Petersburg for the coronation of the Czar, and in the following year he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, which he still held at the period of his marriage; but, by that time, he had already exchanged from the Guides to the Spahis, and seen some service in Algeria. His father was then dead, and whether what has been written about the state of his fortune at that moment be true or not, it is certain that his charming bride brought with her a very handsome dowry. The marriage was followed by M. de Galliffet's promotion to a Captaincy and his appointment as an orderly officer to the Emperor, which post he held from February, 1860, till July, 1863,* when he returned to Algeria as a Major (*chef d'escadron*) in the 1st Hussars. It was, then, between 1860 and 1863 that M. de Galliffet first figured at the Imperial Court, where both he and his young wife soon became conspicuous, he by reason of his vivacity, his flow of spirits, his occasional eccentricities, and his brilliant horsemanship; she by reason of her blonde beauty, the indescribable grace and charm of a figure which was perhaps too slender to be altogether perfect, the readiness and spirit of her conversational powers, and the exquisite taste which she displayed in the art of dress. Two sons and a daughter were born of the marriage, which, as we have previously mentioned,† did not turn out satisfactory, in some measure perhaps by reason of the many occasional separations which the husband's profession necessarily entailed, before the final one was arrived at.

On quitting his post as orderly officer to the Emperor, M. de Galliffet, as we have said, returned to Algeria, but soon afterwards he proceeded to Mexico with the 12th Chasseurs-à-cheval. At the battle of Puebla he was wounded in a terrible manner and few expected that he would survive; but he

* Many misstatements have appeared in print on that subject. We have even read that the Emperor never saw M. de Galliffet till his return from Mexico; but we write this brief account with a full official list of M. de Galliffet's promotions and appointments before us. That is better than trusting to memory.

† See *ante*, p. 49.

fortunately did so, and was selected to convey some flags taken from the Mexican Republicans to France, and to present them to the Emperor. Napoleon, who was at Vichy, received M. de Galliffet with great kindness, and promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel (June, 1865). For a while, the injured officer lingered at Vichy, and was often to be seen either hobbling about the park on his crutches, or resting there under the shade of the fine old trees. Those who then happened to be visiting the famous spa occasionally heard him relate in his customary picturesque and realistic style the story of his terrible injuries.

"How it happened?" he would say. "Oh! we were charging. A shell exploded, and I was thrown to the ground. But that does not stop a charge, and the comrades went on fast enough. When I recovered consciousness I found that a part of my hip had been carried away, and that my abdomen had been cut open. My entrails were coming out. But what of that? When we go boar-hunting, and a hound is ripped up, we don't let it die; we put its entrails back, gather the flesh together and sew it up. Well, for my part, I tried to get on my feet again. At first I could only struggle on to my knees. Still that was something, and at last, holding my *képi* in front of me to prevent my inside from coming out altogether, I managed to stand up. That done, I made my way somehow to the ambulance, and—well, here I am."

At the ambulance, as it happened, M. de Galliffet remained for a considerable time in a very precarious condition. Ice was particularly needed for the treatment of his case, and at first none could be procured. Tidings of his dangerous state were sent to France, and many sympathetic remarks on the subject were addressed to Mme. de Galliffet by her friends. But she reassured them. "Oh, he will recover," said she, "he is such a lucky man!" At that same period it so chanced that the story of the lack of ice was related one evening at the imperial dinner-table at the Tuileries, just as the Empress had asked a servant for some ice to cool her wine. She listened, horror-stricken, to the story which was told, and then turning to the valet, exclaimed, "No, take it away—I can't bear the thought of ice now that I know there is none for our wounded soldiers."

In the case of M. de Galliffet's injuries, it became necessary to replace missing flesh by anatomical appliances, notably a kind of shield, which he has worn ever since. As is well known, his misadventure by no means impaired his military capabilities. He even returned to Mexico and commanded the French Contra-guerilla at Orizaba and Medellin. In 1867 he became a Colonel, and still held that rank at the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870. Almost on the eve of Sedan, that is on August 30, he was made a General of Brigade, and as such he commanded the 2nd Brigade of Margueritte's Division of light cavalry * in the famous if unsuccessful charge which was one of the redeeming episodes of the engagement which sealed the fate of the Empire. Meantime Mme. de Galliffet had remained in Paris, seconding the Maréchales de MacMahon and Canrobert in their solicitude for the French wounded, all three being prominently connected with the Société de Secours aux Blessés which had its headquarters at the Palais de l'Industrie. We often saw them there, Mme. de Galliffet and the Maréchale Canrobert—the beautiful dark, slim, queenly Flora Macdonald—simply dressed in slate grey, and Mme. de MacMahon in more solemn black. The last named, dark like Mme. de Canrobert but short and over buxom, did not strike one at first as looking particularly aristocratic, though as a daughter of the house of Castries she belonged to the most authentic old *noblesse* of France; but the ring of her voice, the flash of her eyes, the readiness and good sense of her decisions at committee meetings, and the untiring energy which she ever displayed in connection with the ambulance services, revealed her to be a *maîtresse femme*, the fit spouse of one who had already risen to the highest military rank, and was yet destined to become the Chief of the State.

Mme. de Canrobert, leaving Paris after the fall of the Empire, obtained Prince Frederick Charles's permission to enter Metz and join her husband at the time of that stronghold's surrender; but the Marchioness de Galliffet (while the

* The 2nd Brigade was composed principally of Chasseurs d'Afrique. The 1st was commanded by General Tillard, who, like Margueritte, was killed at Sedan.

Marquis, as one of the prisoners of Sedan, shared the captivity of his comrades at Coblenz) remained in Paris, heedless of the change of *régime*, and quietly and unobtrusively devoted herself to ambulance work throughout the bitter days of the German siege. We also remember seeing her at some charity sales which took place at that time for the benefit of destitute women—notably one at the Gare du Nord, when she disposed of eggs (not guaranteed to be fresh) at five shillings apiece, butter at £1 the tiny pat, and pieces of gruyère cheese at £6 each—only people like Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, Sir Richard Wallace, the Prince de Sagan, and the Duke de Castries being able to afford those rare and costly luxuries of the siege days.

Later, under Marshal MacMahon's presidency of the Republic, Mme. de Galliffet again appeared in society, though in a less prominent manner than in former years. The last time we saw her was, we think, at a great charity *fête* given in the Tuileries garden in or about 1880. She contributed largely to the success of that enterprise, and her unexpected reappearance in public seemed something like a resurrection. Many who had merely heard of her, who knew her only by name, flocked inquisitively to her stall. She had aged undoubtedly, but all the grace of former years was still there, together with all that taste in matters of dress which had helped to make her famous.

Another zealous worker at that same gathering was Mme. de Galliffet's friend the Countess de Pourtalès, over whom the years had passed, leaving little, if any, trace of their flight. Mélanie de Bussières had barely completed her seventeenth year when she married Count Edmond de Pourtalès. She was by birth an Alsatian, her father, Alfred Renouard de Bussières, belonging to a wealthy family of manufacturers of the Colmar district, with fine seats at Schoppenwihr and Robertsau, while her mother was a daughter of the Baron de Franck. As for M. de Pourtalès, he was descended from a French Huguenot family, which had emigrated to Switzerland at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but which established a banking house in Paris during the reign of Napoleon I., when the principality of Neufchâtel, to which the family belonged,

after being ceded by Prussia to France, was bestowed by the Emperor on Berthier. A certain Jérémie Pourtalès had been ennobled by Frederick the Great, and his three grandsons by his son Jacques were created Counts by Frederick William III. of Prussia in December, 1815, at which time, as may be remembered, the Prussian suzerainty over Neufchâtel was with certain limitations revived. It was, indeed, only brought to an end by the intervention of France and Great Britain in 1856-57, when war seemed imminent between Prussia and Switzerland—the result being that the Prussian ruler retained the title of Prince of Neufchâtel, and accepted pecuniary compensation for the loss of his political rights. Whatever might be her husband's nationality, Mme. de Pourtalès herself always remained *très Française de cœur*, and in 1870 she protested more than once that she was not a German but an Alsatian. After the fall of the Empire she was repeatedly subjected to insult and annoyance, being denounced as a German spy. Other ladies had a similar experience, notably the Countess de Béhague, the Duchess de Waldburg and Countess Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie. At one moment a report even circulated that Mme. de Pourtalès had been imprisoned in the fortress of Vincennes, but it was merely one of the *canards* of the time.

Under the Empire she and her husband resided in the Rue Tronchet, where Count Edmond's father had gathered together a famous collection of paintings and other works of art. When family arrangements necessitated the sale of that collection in April, 1865, it produced £113,000, or about £60,000 more than the original outlay. Several of the pictures were then purchased by Baron Seillières, Baron James de Rothschild, and Lord Hertford—the latter's acquisitions figuring nowadays in the famous Wallace collection; while Count Edmond, for his own part, bought in some fine examples of Rembrandt, Philippe de Champaigne, Quentin Matsys, and others, which still continued to adorn the walls of the mansion, where, prior to the sale, you could scarcely pass along the passages or cross the rooms, so large was the assemblage of artistic treasures, bronze, marble, glass, china, and what not besides. The very knocker of the *porte-cochère* was a striking *curio*, representing a Virgin and

Child in a basin of holy water, and we often wondered that it was never stolen by some collector carried away by that passionate craving which some of the class are unable to resist.

Count and Countess de Pourtalès entertained in the Rue Tronchet on a lavish scale. They were not merely society folk, but people of culture also. Of late years several of the Countess's letters have been published, showing that she was the active *collaboratrice* of the Marquis Philippe de Massa in some of the amusing sketches which he wrote for the private theatricals at Compiègne and elsewhere. At the same time, perhaps because she was, like her husband, a Protestant, Mme. de Pourtalès knew where to draw the line in matters of social frivolity. Her personal beauty was remarkable. Above an exquisitely proportioned figure, with perfect arms and shoulders, her head, poised on a graceful, swan-like neck, was crowned with an abundance of fair hair falling in what one may nowadays call, perhaps, the Edna May style, on either side of a low brow. The cheeks and chin were full; the complexion ever remained that of an English girl in her first season; the mouth was finely shaped, and the large liquid eyes were beautifully blue. And, as we have said, time seemed to pass and pass without impairing the Countess's charms.

Fifteen years after the Franco-German war, when she was again residing in Paris, trying, so it seemed, to effect a reconciliation between the Legitimist and Bonapartist aristocracies, and mixing no little in cosmopolitan society, particularly among Americans, in whom she appeared to take an especial interest, she was still for everybody *la belle* Mme. de Pourtalès.

Her friend, the Princess Pauline Metternich, was not a beauty. Somebody styled her *cette jolie laide*, she styled herself the monkey *à la mode*. The brow was good, distinctly intellectual, and the dark, sparkling, laughing eyes had a charm peculiarly their own. But the nose was bad, the nostrils were too open, and the ears elongated, almost pointed, a defect which the Princess scorned to conceal. The worst, however, was the mouth, whose defects were plainly due to a malformation of the upper jaw. Yet even that was forgotten when the Princess spoke, for she was the wittiest woman of the age. Of average height, she originally had a very slim figure, and could

assume, whenever necessary, the most aristocratic bearing in the world. With advancing years, however, she became somewhat stout. If she were occasionally eccentric, too vivacious or free spoken, in the old Tuileries days, there could be no question of her talents; and though she was not personally the Austrian ambassador, but simply that ambassador's wife, she undoubtedly exercised no little political as well as social influence at the Court of the Empire.

Daughter of a Hungarian magnate, Count Sandor, who was renowned for his breakneck feats of horsemanship, she married Prince Richard Metternich, son of the great Austrian Chancellor, when she was in her twenty-second year, her husband being eight years her senior. He was appointed Austrian ambassador to France in 1860, that is, after the Solferino-Magenta campaign. It seemed, therefore, as if his position in Paris might be for some time rather delicate. Besides, the *brusquerie* with which Baron Hübner, his predecessor, had been treated by Napoleon III. was not easily forgotten. However, the Prince and his wife were received with the greatest cordiality, and were soon quite at home at the Tuileries. Fully a head taller than his wife, and inclined to be burly, Prince Richard had a broad, open, smiling face, with a moustache and whiskers which suggested a cross between the orthodox Austrian style and the Lord Dundreary pattern. He was a born musician, having all the waltzes of Lanner and Gungl and Strauss at his fingers' tips; and many a time, *en petit comité* at the Tuileries, he would seat himself at the grand piano in the Salon d'Apollon and play air after air to the delight of all who were present. The Princess, for her part, was a fervent partisan of Wagner, and it is well known that it was she who prevailed on Walewski to allow the performance of "Tannhaüser" at the Paris Opera in 1861. She had previously tried to obtain the authorization from Fould, but he, possibly foreseeing the result, had refused it. There were only three performances, we think. At the second Princess Metternich broke her fan in vexation and left the house. The third was a perfect charivari, and a good many years elapsed before Wagner's music became acceptable to the Parisians generally. Mme. de Metternich was more successful in introducing Liszt to the Tuileries.

It has sometimes been claimed that she invented Worth, the famous English *costumier*. It seems better to say that she speedily recognized the great talents of the man who waged war against the crinoline, but who was obliged to compromise with it, accepting it in an attenuated form in his *jupe bouffante*—Anglicized at the time as the "puffed skirt"—and other creations. Worth had already been in business a couple of years when Mme. de Metternich became his customer, but her patronage undoubtedly helped him on to fame and fortune. Still she was not exclusively Parisienne, she remembered Vienna, whence she occasionally imported some novelty in dress. Her taste may not have been always impeccable, but her innate elegance, her *grand air*, enabled her to wear things unsuited to others. That was a point too often forgotten by those who took her as their pattern. Besides, it often happened that when she set a *mode* imitators exaggerated and thereby disfigured it, in such a way that what was alleged to be the Metternich style was not really that style at all. At times the Princess's ideas were quite charming, as, for instance, when she appeared one evening at a Court entertainment in a robe of white satin festooned with ivy leaves, with others serving for a girdle, and others again for both necklace and bracelets, the whole shimmering with diamond dewdrops cunningly set in their midst. She put her brilliants, and indeed all her jewels, to many uses, constantly having them reset, in such wise that folk who were not in the secret imagined her casket to be inexhaustible.

Yellow, being the Austrian colour, figured prominently in the Princess's equipages when she first came to Paris, the wheels and a part of the body of her carriages being of that conspicuous hue, even as her livery also was black and yellow. But for some reason, perhaps on account of the startling yellow chariots in which the "dead and dyed" Duke of Brunswick displayed his painted cheeks and flaxen wig, she at one time adopted a particular shade of green. Now it happened that one afternoon, when a carriage of that tint was seen in the Bois de Boulogne, several gentlemen, imagining that it must be the Princess's, hastened to uncover. But a moment afterwards they found, to their horror and amazement, that they had bowed to a notorious woman, whom they were

by no means desirous of saluting. When this person's impertinence in adopting her colour came to Mme. de Metternich's knowledge, she was momentarily dumfounded. But with sudden resolution she gave orders that her carriages were to be painted black, and until that was done she would not stir from the Embassy in the Faubourg St. Germain.*

She was particularly fond of private theatricals, tableaux, charades, short comedies, and other little pieces, and frequently appeared in one or another character on the drawing-room stage at Compiègne,† thereby contributing largely to the gaiety of the Court's annual sojourn there. In the famous "Review of 1865"—"Les Commentaires de César"—while the Prince de Metternich acted as orchestra, that is, by accompanying the entire performance on a cottage piano, the Princess appeared in three of the thirty *rôles* which the piece comprised, first in a blue "uniform" as a *vivandière* of Turcos, secondly in a "carrick" as a Paris cabman, and thirdly in a fancy costume of white satin trimmed with "notes of music" in black velvet, as the personification of Song. She was the soul of that performance of which we shall have more to say when we deal with the Court amusements at Compiègne. At another time she figured with Princess Czartoryska and others in a short-skirted "Diable à quatre" ballet; at another she danced in a ballet called "La Couronne Enchantée"; at another she appeared in a charade signifying Eugénie. She also collaborated with Octave Feuillet, Massa, and others in devising charades and other short pieces. On one occasion when the word adopted was *anniversaire* she assigned the interpretation of the second and third syllables (*iver* = *hiver*) to M. de Galliffet, who amused everybody by the manner in which he kept on falling down and trying to pick himself up on what was supposed to be ice. That was after his severe injuries in Mexico, and some concern was expressed lest he should hurt himself. "Oh! I'm plated," he rejoined; adding in memory of his ambulance experiences, "Besides, there is plenty of *ice* here."

* In the last years of the Empire it was removed to the Champs Elysées district.

† Not, as some have supposed, in the theatre of the château. The private performances never took place there, but on a stage erected at the end of a salon on the right of the long Gallery of Maps.

M. de Galliffet, be it said, was *en tout bien, tout honneur*, a very great admirer of Princess Metternich; and whenever he heard or read any disparaging remark concerning her, he called the offender to account with a promptness which left the Prince no opportunity to intervene, even if he had been so minded. In the same way as Paul de Cassagnac became known as the champion of the Empress, so was M. de Galliffet the Princess's. He fought various duels on her account, notably one with M. de Charnacé which made a stir. M. de Metternich also on one occasion fought a duel, but not on account of his wife. The affair occurred in October, 1869, and the Prince's adversary was Count de Beaumont, who, not content with having a very charming wife (a near relation of Mme. de MacMahon's), was also foolishly, inordinately, morbidly jealous. Nobody could glance at, nobody could say a word to *la belle* Mme. de Beaumont without incurring the Count's displeasure and suspicion. It was monomania which became so bad that in the autumn of 1869 he called out no fewer than four gentlemen in succession, one, as we have mentioned, being M. de Metternich. The duel was fought at Kehl with cavalry sabres, and resulted in the Prince receiving an ugly gash in the right arm. For the rest, whatever remarks malicious people may have indulged in, it need only be said that M. and Mme. de Metternich were greatly attached to each other, and that the affair was, from beginning to end, an extremely stupid one.

The Princess's occasional eccentricities were counterbalanced by many good qualities. Her life was no mere whirl of amusement, as some have imagined, she was a devoted wife and mother, and a first-rate manageress in her home. She also dispensed no little charity privately, and readily helped in any public work of benevolence. There was, however, one very strange character among the ambassadresses of those days. This was Countess Kisseleff, wife of the Russian representative in France after the Peace of Paris in 1856: a man who, before turning to diplomacy, had distinguished himself as a general officer against the Turks. He suffered from insomnia, and his wife, who ought to have lived in this age of "bridge," was a born gamester. Now, some time in the early sixties, the embassy was installed in the Champs Elysées, that is in the Countess Lehon's former

abode, the little house adjoining which, once tenanted by M. de Morny,* had also been secured as a kind of *annexe*. Count Kisseleff, keeping very late hours, although he was a septuagenarian, and often walking up and down the Champs Elysées before he turned in for the night, noticed after a time that whatever the hour might be there were always lights burning on the ground floor of the little house. Further, by peeping through the shutters he was able to detect that nocturnal card-play went on there. On one occasion, just as he had vainly tried to ascertain who the players might be, and was about to enter the adjoining mansion, a policeman happened to come up. So he inquired of him: "Do you know who it is that plays cards in there all night and every night?" "Oh yes," said the policeman, cheerfully, "it is Countess Kisseleff." "Ah! my wife," the ambassador replied. "Thanks. Good night." He, not long afterwards, shuffled off this mortal coil, but the Countess went on shuffling cards and losing money till the downfall of the Empire. "Of course I regret my husband," she was once reported to have said; "but now that he is dead there is no further necessity for me to go to Court. That gives me more time to amuse myself. When the Count was alive, I could only play cards at night, but now, you see, I can play all day as well."

Eccentric also, but in a different way, was Mme. Rimsky-Korsakoff, another Russian, and one who in the matter of costumes did her utmost to outvie both Princess Metternich and La Castiglione. Yet another prominent lady of Muscovite origin was Mlle. Helen Haritoff, niece of M. Garfunkel, the banker, who, for her part, was content to be lively and charming. After her marriage to Captain Léopold Magnan, the Marshal's son, in 1861, she was received with marked favour by the Empress Eugénie. Four of her sisters-in-law, Marshal Magnan's daughters, figured at Court, where during their earlier seasons they were known as "the Dresden chinas." They often took part in the private theatricals of the time, and speedily finding suitors they became respectively Mesdames Barrachin, Cottreau, Haentjens, and Legendre. Reverting, however, to the Russian *élégantes*, we must not omit from our list the Duchess de

* See *ante*, p. 26.

Morny, previously Princess Troubetskoï,* for during several years her position in France was of the highest.

Reared at the court of St. Petersburg among the Maids of Honour, and said to be really a natural daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, she was still in her teens in February, 1857, —the date of her marriage with Morny—a marriage which was distinctly favoured by Alexander II., who, after it had been arranged, settled, according to some accounts, a considerable sum of money on the charming but portionless bride. Nevertheless, the marriage did not take place without difficulty and delay, owing largely to Morny's position with respect to the Countess Zoé Lehon, that greatly admired "blue-eyed Iris," whom we previously had occasion to mention.† The daughter of the Flemish financier Mosselman, and born at his Paris establishment in the Chaussée d'Antin, she married in 1827 Charles Aimé Lehon of Tournay, one of the founders of the Belgian monarchy. Nine years later Leopold I. created Lehon a Count, and subsequently appointed him Belgian Minister in Paris, which post he retained for a dozen years. In 1842, however, when the Count had lost a good deal of money, owing to the frauds of his brother, a notary, the court of Tournay decreed a judicial separation between him and his wife with regard to their respective property, which separation soon extended, *de facto* if not legally, to their marital relations also. The Countess Lehon's wealth, with which she so largely assisted her lover Morny in his earlier career, was derived chiefly from the large interest which her father had bequeathed to her in the famous mines of La Vieille Montagne, near Moresnet, north-east of Liége—mines renowned in those days for their deposits of coal, iron, copper, and lead, as well as zinc, in such forms as blende and calamine. The Countess's salon in Paris was distinctly an Orleanist one, being frequented notably by the sons of Louis Philippe, as well as by Van Praet, the Belgian politician, Thouvenel, subsequently one of Napoleon III.'s Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and most of the diplomatists of the time. Count Lehon, born in 1792, was some seventeen years older than his wife, who, it is certain, long hoped that Morny would marry her as soon as she should be free. It so

* See also *ante*, p. 29.

† See *ante*, p. 26.

happened that in 1856 the Count was very ill and not expected to recover,* and thus the Countess could not control her indignation on hearing of Morny's projected marriage with the youthful Princess Troubetskoï. Dramatic incidents marked the negotiations which ensued, and it was only by a payment of about £100,000 that Morny was able to free himself from his long entanglement. The Countess Lehon had two sons and a daughter. One of the former, Count Léopold, became a naturalized French subject and sat in the Legislative Body of the Empire as a deputy for the Ain.† His wife, a beautiful woman, often figured at Court, and some ill-informed writers have more than once confounded her with her mother-in-law. The latter's daughter, Mlle. Louise Lehon, married Prince Stanislas Poniatowski, son of Prince Joseph, the senator of the Second Empire, in June, 1856; and after Morny's marriage early in the following year, the Countess Lehon, her children being established in life, withdrew altogether from society. She was almost forgotten when she passed away in the Rue de Tilsitt, Paris, early in March, 1880.

The half-brother of Napoleon III. found a devoted wife in the Princess Troubetskoï. We have previously referred to her beauty—she was a Greuze—and it may be added that her training at the Court of Russia had qualified her for the highest position. Her husband was conspicuous in society and powerful in politics. It has been said of Morny that he did most things, and did them well. Certainly nobody was more skilful in making money, nobody more lavish in spending it. Some have asserted that he presided over the Legislative Body of the Empire with an elegance and distinction unequalled by any other parliamentary president; but his amiability, his smiles, and his jests were, in reality, similar to those of a wild beast tamer, whose *belles manières* are assumed to curry favour with the gallery, and who, in dealing with his beasts, neither forgets that he has a whip in his hand nor hesitates, when occasion arises, to use it. At heart Morny detested parliamentary institutions, and felt no little scorn for the men who sat under him. Yet he certainly managed the

* He did recover, however, and survived until April 30, 1868.

† He died, October 31, 1879.

Legislative Body with skill, and when tact became necessary he could show it. His political *rôle* was by no means confined to his duties as President of the Chamber. That position gave him access to the Council of Ministers, and he did no little work behind the scenes, either in the council or in private conferences with the Emperor.

His death, in March, 1865, was a great surprise, both to the Court and the general public. He had been suffering for a month past from neuralgic trouble, coupled with symptoms suggestive of the influenza of these later days. He frequently complained of feeling run-down, exhausted, feverish, and sleepy. Nevertheless, Trousseau, Ricord, and other medical men, whom he consulted, detected nothing serious. Indeed, at the end of February the Duke seemed to be much better, and on the 28th, Shrove Tuesday, he drove out. But on his return home he complained that he felt as if he were on fire. Bronchitis supervened, but did not cause much anxiety. Preparations for a grand mid-Lent *fête* at the Palais Bourbon went on as a matter of course. But all at once an ardent fever again came upon the Duke, delirium followed, and the doctors declared that there was little hope of saving his life. He could no longer take food, his throat contracted till it was almost closed, and it was even difficult for him to speak. He was dying of a form of pancreatitis, a complaint of which medical science knew little or nothing before the discoveries of Claude Bernard. It must be said that he died bravely. Aware that his case was hopeless, he gave instructions about his will, and took leave of a number of his friends, as well as of his wife and their four young children. On the evening of March 9, news reached the Tuileries that he was sinking fast. Thereupon the Emperor and Empress drove to his residence, but on their arrival they found that he was delirious and unable to recognize them. Napoleon seated himself at the bedside, and took hold of his brother's hand, while the Empress fell upon her knees and prayed. After remaining there about half an hour, they withdrew to an adjoining room. A little later lucidity returned to Morny, and Count de Flahault (his father), who had arrived, told him of the Emperor's visit, adding: "He is still in the house. Shall he come back?" "Yes,

yes," gasped the dying man, "let him come to me." Napoleon then returned to the sick-room, but only a few words were exchanged, for delirium speedily reappeared. The Emperor then finally retired, shaken by convulsive sobs, and holding his hands to his face.

About one o'clock in the morning the last agony seemed imminent, and a messenger was sent for the Archbishop of Paris, who came and administered the viaticum. Some six or seven hours later, when the doctor in attendance entered the room, the valet who had devotedly nursed the Duke throughout his illness, said to him: "Monsieur le Duc is going fast." "Oh, the end will not come for some hours yet," the doctor answered; "but that blister makes him suffer without doing him any good. We must remove it." They then went to turn the Duke on his side, but at that same moment he gave a slight sigh and expired. Thus died the man who made Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.*

The young Duchess displayed great grief. In accordance with the Russian custom, she had her splendid hair cut off close to the head, and laid the long, fair tresses between her husband's hands in his coffin. For a long time, by her instructions, a cover was laid for him at every meal, as if he were still alive. But sorrow is seldom eternal, and, in 1867, Mme. de Morny became the wife of the Duke de Sesto.†

Very pompous were the obsequies of Napoleon's half-brother. The entry of his birth in the register of Versailles had been attested merely by a cobbler and a jobbing tailor, but all the great officers of state, thousands of troops, and half the population of Paris witnessed his funeral. He left a fairly large fortune for that period, but he had long lived in a style which had precluded the saving of money. For instance, there was his stud, which, at the time of his death, numbered 145 horses, and cost £60 a day, or nearly £22,000 per annum. Yet the total proceeds of the sale of those animals at Chantilly were under £13,000. It is true that the Duke's pictures and other *œuvres d'art* fetched better prices, amounting to about

* Private narrative of the Duke's valet.

† Three of her four children are, we believe, still alive—the Duke and the Marquis de Morny, as well as the daughter who became Marchioness de Belbœuf.

£100,000, or, roughly, a quarter of his fortune. On the other hand, during the last decade of his life he had spent quite £40,000 a year.

He was succeeded for a while in the Presidency of the Chamber by Count Walewski, who cut a poor figure in the post, being far better suited to diplomacy, and, one may add, far more of a gentleman than Morny; for, whatever might have been the latter's *grand seigneur* manner, the insolence of a *grand seigneur* towards inferiors had been blended with it too often. Walewski, however, was uniformly urbane and considerate. He amassed no fortune. When he died, in 1868, Mme. Walewski was left with perhaps £1000 a year, and was glad of her appointment as Lady of Honour to the Empress. She willingly surrendered the Landes property given to her husband by the Emperor, for numerous expenses attached to it, expenses for which there could be little or no return for several years. In writing previously concerning this lady,* we should have said that, in 1877, she contracted a second marriage—one with Signor Guiseppe Alessandro of Palermo. She was pensioned by the present Republic.

Walewski's successor at the Chamber was the great iron-master of Le Creusot, M. Schneider,† who had long been one of the Vice-Presidents, in such wise that on occasions when he had taken the chair, jocular deputies had remarked: "See what an aristocrat M. de Morny is. He can't come himself, so he has sent us his tailor." The reader may remember that it was for attacking M. Schneider as M. Tailleur, that Mme. Rattazzi was exiled from France.‡ That play on the meaning of M. Schneider's name was not, perhaps, in the best of taste. A more amusing appellation, however, was found for him as

* See *ante*, pp. 70, 154, 160, 179.

† Eugène Schneider, born in 1805, died in 1875. President of the Legislative Body from 1865 till September 4, 1870.

‡ See *ante*, p. 214. She was, in her way, a wonderful woman—one, too, who contrived to dispose of three husbands of different nationalities; first, Count Friedrich Solms, a German, next Urbano Rattazzi, the eminent Italian statesman, and finally Señor Luis de Rute, an ex-Secretary of State in Spain. At one time, La Rattazzi's declared ambition was to become the Mme. de Staël of the Second Empire, but it was in vain that she piled up volumes of history, poetry, romance, politics, and travels. Few were read, and all are now forgotten.

time went on. Age did not deprive him of his hair, but the latter's hue turned from red to a snowy whiteness, which circumstance, combined with certain gestures to which M. Schneider was addicted when he occupied the presidential chair, procured him the name of the White Rabbit, as if, indeed, he had been one of those toy, drum-beating rabbits beloved of childhood. Schneider was a very shrewd man, with but one defect as President of the Chamber: he talked too much, he explained too much, he always seemed to fear that the deputies did not understand him. However, he retained his post till the end—the bitter end—doing, vainly, of course, all he could do to save the Empire.

The death of Morny had been preceded by that of Billault,* the most dexterous of all Napoleon III.'s ministers, a skilful and resolute man, one who was never at a loss in a difficulty, who was always prepared to assume an amiable expression even when he was acting most despotically—in fact, the very man the *régime* needed. Short and slight, with a shrewd face and courtly manners, he was a Breton by birth, married to a daughter of one of the chief shipowners of Nantes; and he had come to the front very rapidly in his original profession, that of the bar. Moreover, at the age of thirty-five he was already under-secretary of State to Thiers. But his Liberalism did not survive the success of the Coup d'État. Taking the tide at its flood, he caused it to bear him to the highest position as Minister of State and speaker for the Imperial Government. He was often taunted with his earlier career. One day in the Senate, while he was singing the praises of the Coup d'État, Prince Napoleon suddenly exclaimed: "That's why you voted against Napoleon when I voted for him!" And amidst the general uproar the Prince added: "Yes, you voted for Cavaignac; I know it!" The Minister could only stammer in reply: "But for ten years past, having seen the Emperor at work, I have served him with fidelity and honour."

"Honour" was perhaps *de trop*, for Billault had been guilty of an infamous action; he had sent a former friend, an advocate named Sandon, to the madhouse of Charenton on the pretext that he was insane. It is true that Sandon had tried to

* Auguste Adolphe Billault; born November, 1805.

blackmail him by threatening to divulge certain letters in which Billault, before the Coup d'État, had written what he really thought of Napoleon III. Nevertheless, the man was not mad, and Billault's action, in which medical practitioners of standing and officers of the law acted as his accomplices, was a gross abuse of authority, a revival, so to say, of the old *lettre-de-cachet* system. There was some little scandal about the affair already in Billault's lifetime, a petition on Sandon's behalf being addressed to the Senate, but it was only after the Minister's sudden death in 1863 that the spurious madman recovered his liberty. Three years later Persigny wrote to Conti, the Emperor's Chef-de-cabinet, "M. Billault's conduct was beyond belief. The man whom he victimized is on the point of surrendering himself into the hands of the Opposition. We may have a frightful scandal. It seems that everything might be arranged for 20,000 or 30,000 francs which Conneau would undertake to draw from the funds (*i.e.* the Privy Purse). Besides, a frightful iniquity was committed and must be repaired." The Emperor, however, though he had given Billault a fine mansion near the Boulevards, refused to pay for his sins; and, though Sandon ultimately brought the affair before the courts, he obtained no compensation.

After the death of Billault came the pre-eminence of M. Rouher,* that vastly over-rated Auvergnat advocate, unparalleled for haughtiness and insolence by any statesman of any period and any country. That "Vice-Emperor," as he became from 1866 to 1869, did much harm to the Empire. His utterances were often most unlucky, his predictions almost invariably falsified by events. His meddling in foreign affairs had deplorable consequences. It is well known that Benedetti, the French representative at Berlin, communicated with Rouher over the head of his hierarchical chief, Drouyn de Lhuys, in moments of vital importance, such as the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866. Rouher was at that time one of the dupes of Bismarck; like the Palais Royal party, he favoured an understanding with Prussia; he opposed in the council all idea of intervention or demonstration; he thwarted the sensible policy

* Eugène Rouher, born at Riom, November, 1814; died at Paris, February, 1884.

of Drouyn de Lhuys, and scorned the statesmanlike advice of the Queen of Holland; he played a leading part in the proposals that France should obtain, with Prussian connivance, "compensation" on the Rhine or in Belgium; and it was at his château of Cerçay that the invaders of 1870 discovered confirmatory evidence respecting the damnifying documents on the subject of that "compensation," which Benedetti so foolishly left in Bismarck's hands. Rouher lacked, indeed, even the commonsense and foresight to destroy the proofs he held of the unscrupulous imbecility of the imperial policy in 1866, for which policy he was so largely responsible.

For the rest, there was a good deal of Barnum and something of Legree in Rouher's composition. He could bluster well enough when he felt himself the stronger. But, like most bullies, he was a coward at heart. He had behaved as one at the Coup d'État, and it followed, as a matter of course, that he could muster no courage at the Revolution. On the other hand, in minor offices of state, he showed himself a hard worker. He was also a ready, fluent speaker, with a gift of alternately pompous and vulgar eloquence. He possessed, moreover, a decorative presence which deceived superficial observers as to the real extent of his capabilities. He had a fine head set on a broad-shouldered frame, which unluckily became over-stout in his last years. He was married to a dark, plump, little woman of his own part of France, who seldom appeared at Court, but who was nicknamed *La petite Prune* by that lively "lady of the palace," Mme. de Sancy de Parabère, who, on her side, and by reason of her disputatious nature, received the nickname of *Corse entêtée* from the Empress.

We cannot pass every one of Napoleon's ministers in review. After all, they were for the most part but secondary figures at the Court, and a glance at a few of them will suffice. The last Ministers of the Interior, Ernest Pinard, Forcade de la Roquette, Chevandier de Valdrôme (nicknamed "the white horse" because he cantered about on horseback at popular demonstrations) and Chevreau (for a while Haussmann's successor as Prefect in Paris) were all failures. The personality of Pinard, who has left an interesting "Journal" throwing light on the home-policy of the Empire, and who came to grief over all the newspaper

prosecutions, the Baudin subscriptions and demonstrations in 1868, is of interest to students of Gustave Flaubert's writings. It was Pinard who spoke for the prosecution when proceedings were instituted against "Mme. Bovary;" and his "Journal" * shows that he went into the affair with distaste and distrust, but that having been designated as prosecuting counsel, he thought it would be cowardly to decline the duty. He seems also to have had a real grievance respecting the report of his speech as given in editions of "Mme. Bovary" issued *seventeen* years after the proceedings.

As for Forcade de la Roquette, Marshal St. Arnaud's step-brother, he served as chief minister during the latter part of 1869, when the Emperor's inclination towards a more liberal policy (consequent on the result of the general elections) led to the resignation of Rouher and others. After Forcade de la Roquette came Émile Ollivier, of whom we shall speak in due course, but another prominent minister of the reign we may mention here was Magne, who, like Rouher, had a *belle tête*, who like him dabbled disastrously in foreign politics, and who managed yet more disastrously his own particular department of Finance. Fould had struggled bravely, if often unsuccessfully, against the ever-growing extravagance of the Empire, but his successor accepted, even encouraged it. If the Empress was the Marie Antoinette, then Magne was certainly the Calonne of the Empire. His administration of French finances may be summed up in few words: it was a mere policy of loans. There was also Delangle, a Minister of the Interior (later of Justice) who was possessed of some capacity and liberalism, and came as welcome relief after the horrible General Espinasse and the law of public safety (1859–60). Again, there was the sententious law-twisting Baroche, whose last appointment was that of President of the Council of State and expounder of Government measures to the Chamber. He came into violent collision with Rochefort and the other adversaries of the Empire, and fell with Rouher.

Then, long a Minister *de facto* if not in name, there was Baron Haussmann, the famous Prefect of the Seine, who purified

* Pierre Ernest Pinard (born 1822, died 1896), "Mon Journal," 3 vols., Paris, 1892, 1893.

and embellished the city of Paris, but at the same time plunged it into debt. It was shown by the parliamentary debates in 1869 that some £90,000,000 had then been actually paid for the Paris improvements, and that over £40,000,000 were owing on account of them. Onerous loans also had been contracted with the Crédit Foncier, which, in order to save its governor, Frémy, from prosecution, had to reimburse some £700,000. However, to enable the city to continue its work, and pay interest on its debts, it was authorized to borrow another £18,600,000. Since then Republican administrations have spent over £100,000,000 in perfecting Paris. In Haussmann's days there was undoubtedly great financial mismanagement, but, if the work was done regardless of expense it was also done well; and in these later times a more indulgent view has been taken of the Baron's administration. In twelve years he achieved more than his predecessors had achieved in a century. And, whatever might be the illicit gains of certain speculators, his own hands, as we remarked once before, remained clean. A Parisian by birth, vigorous, handsome, with a beardless face and laughing eyes, he was a man who cared nothing for money. His despotic, enthusiastic, all-absorbing passion was to build his native city afresh, cleanse it, beautify it, make it the wonder of the world. And, as the Emperor—lavish on his own side as Haussmann was on his—shared that same passion, the Baron, until the days of Ollivier, remained *persona gratissima* at court. He had a charming and beautiful daughter, who figured prominently at the Tuileries both before and after her marriage to Viscount Pernetty. Those who libelled her father did not scruple to libel her also, and in a particularly abominable manner. But *passons*.

Probably the Ministers of the Empire most frequently seen at the Tuileries were those who were entrusted with the department of Foreign Affairs, for they constantly worked with the Emperor. Among them was Walewski, of whom we have repeatedly spoken, and who, like Marshal Randon and the Duke de Padoue, ranked among the "elegant" ministers of the reign. There was also Thouvenel, Walewski's successor, an ex-ambassador at Constantinople and a man of uncommon ability, who was sacrificed because he failed to effect an

impossible *modus vivendi* between Italy and the Pope. There was, too, in particular, Drouyn de Lhuys, who served as Foreign Minister at various periods, and who, had he been allowed a free hand, might possibly have extricated France from her difficulties, with regard both to Mexico, the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the predominance of Prussia in Germany. He, at all events, distrusted Bismarck from the outset, as many documents show, but he was thwarted by Rouher, Benedetti, and others, overruled by his imperial master, and finally threw up his post in disgust. Then came the Marquis de Moustier, the Marquis de La Valette, Count Napoleon Daru, Duke Agénor de Gramont, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, all nominally at the head of a foreign policy which became more and more incoherent as the influence of Rouher or the Empress Eugénie predominated.

With respect to the foreign ambassadors at the Court of the Tuileries, we have already spoken of Prince Metternich, Count Nigra, and Count Kisseleff. Prussia (and later the North German Confederation) was represented in Paris during the greater part of the reign by Baron Goltz, an expert diplomatist, in whom Bismarck had much confidence, and who for several years contributed powerfully to ward off war between his own country and France. He was, by the way, both by his birth and his death, somewhat of a Frenchman, for he had come into the world at the Prussian embassy in Paris, and he died at a Biarritz hotel. He had a very pleasant, tactful way, with some wit. On one occasion in 1866, during the Prusso-Austrian war, when the victors were levying large contributions on all the German cities they entered, the Emperor Napoleon remarked to Goltz that he regarded such treatment as very oppressive. And he instanced the case of Frankfort, where Vogel von Falkenstein and Manteuffel had levied between them over thirty millions of florins. "Surely that is too harsh," said the Emperor. "Oh dear no," replied Baron Goltz, smiling, "your Majesty forgets that Frankfort is the city of the Rothschilds." What would he have said had he lived to witness the German exactions in France in 1870–71? One can picture him remarking, with a chuckle, that the war levy of eight millions sterling paid by Paris was by no means too large for the city on which Haussmann had spent twenty times that sum.

Count Solms took charge of the North German embassy after Goltz's death in 1869. Then came Baron von Werther, whose nomination to the post, though nobody noticed it, was very inauspicious. The war of 1866 had followed his appointment to Vienna, and that of 1870 followed his appointment to Paris. He was *l'ambassadeur fatal.* Russia's representative in France after Kisseleff's time was Baron Budberg, who fought a savage duel with his colleague, Baron Meyendorff, and was succeeded by Count Stackelberg. Belgium long entrusted her interests to spruce little Baron Beyens, of whom it was said: "If ever you see Beyens near a petticoat you may be sure that it has a very pretty face." There were also occasional gorgeous embassies from distant lands, such as Persia and Siam and Japan, embassies which afforded no little entertainment at Court, where not even the Japanese were taken *au sérieux.* The American diplomatists in Paris had a trying time during the Civil War and the Mexican affair, but at a later date General Dix achieved considerable social success, it being under his patronage that the Court was first really invaded by a host of American beauties. Mr. Washburne, the last of the American envoys to the Empire, was, perhaps, too sincere a Republican to be altogether suitable to the Tuileries.

As for Great Britain, her representatives, Lord Cowley and Lord Lyons, were both men of high ability. It was said they did not entertain sufficiently, but the salary attached to the Paris embassy was not adequate for the time—nor is it now—and Cowley had reasons for husbanding his fortune, while Lord Lyons's was small. Cowley's task as a diplomatist was often most arduous, and great credit attaches to him for the manner in which he contrived to prevent any rupture between France and Great Britain amid the many difficulties which arose. Lord Lyons appeared on the scene at a much later date, and his career in Paris belongs, perhaps, more to the third Republic than to the Empire. Still, as we all know, both by suggestions to his own government and suggestions to the imperial government, he did all that lay in his power to prevent the war which swept the Empire away and mutilated France. Here let us pause in our survey of the men and women of the time, and pass to another phase of the Court life.

CHAPTER XII

THE IMPERIAL STABLES—FEMININE FASHIONS—SOME FEATURES OF PARIS LIFE

The Imperial Stables—The appointments of Fleury and Ney—The cost of the stables—The grand Gala Carriages—The Empress's Gift to the Duke d'Aumale—The Head Piqueur and others—Some of the Wages—The Posting Service—The "Petit Service" and Mr. Bridges—The Estafette Service—The Preliminary Ceremonial to a Drive—The Emperor's Phaeton Horses—His Speed and his Mishaps while Driving—The Saddle Service and Mr. Gamble—The Emperor's favourite Saddle Horses—Lizzy, the English Mare of the Coup d'État—The Emperor's Chargers—The Empress's Service—Her "Duc" and her favourite Horses—The Imperial Equerries—The Emperor and Count Lagrange—Life in Paris—Feminine Fashions—Great Costumiers and Milliners—A Peep into Worth's—The Crinoline and Principles of Dress—Colours of the Empire—The famous Bismarck Hue—Some striking Gowns—The Jargon of Fashion—The Chignon and the Bonnet—Strange Boots and Wonderful Garters—Eccentric Jewellery—Seven Toilettes a Day—Court Trains—Fashions for Men—The Boulevards, their Restaurants, Clubs, and Cafés—The Hour of Absinthe—The Drive in the Bois—A great Gambling Scandal—Journalism, Literature, Science, and Fads.

We mentioned in an early section of this work that the Imperial Stables were organized by Count Fleury, just as the Hunt was organized by the Prince de la Moskowa, Edgar Ney.* There was at first some difficulty respecting the appointments. At the period immediately following the Coup d'État, Fleury was neither a Count nor Ney a Prince, and the Emperor felt that he could not appoint them as Great Equerry and Great Huntsman. Wishing to assemble around the new throne as many as possible of the famous names of the First Empire, he proposed to give the former post to Caulaincourt Duke de Vicence, and the second to Berthier Prince de Wagram, and he fancied that Fleury and Ney would be willing to serve under them as First Equerry and First Huntsman respectively

* See *ante*, pp. 50 and 52.

But Fleury, who rightly felt that he knew a great deal more about horses than Caulaincourt did, and Ney, who rightly held that his name and origin were fully equal to Berthier's, were greatly offended by the suggestion. Besides, there was the question of giving high Court offices to men who had taken no part in the Coup d'État, when others had staked their lives and fortunes. That was the objection which Fleury, conscious of the fact that he could not himself as yet claim the highest rank, laid before the Emperor, who met it by proposing Marshals St. Arnaud and Magnan for the chief offices, or rather the ornamental dignity attaching to them. That arrangement was accepted by Fleury and Ney, as they were quite disposed to serve under the Marshals, whom, as we previously said, they ultimately succeeded. They were the very men for the duties they undertook, and in their respective spheres they contributed in no small degree to the splendour or enjoyment of the Imperial Court.

The reader may wonder what an Emperor's stables may cost. We will at least tell him what Napoleon III. spent on his. The average number of horses which the stables contained was 320, whose food alone, at the rate of £38 per head per annum, cost £12,160. But that was merely an item. There was a large staff, and scores of salaries, amounting altogether to £32,400 a year; while the total annual outlay for the purchase and keep of horses, the purchase and upkeep of carriages, the repair, warming, and lighting of stables and coachhouses, the liveries, office expenses, stable appliances, litter, medicine, etc.—briefly everything classed as *matériel*—was, on an average, £42,100. The total annual cost, then, was £74,500, in return for which expenditure Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, and the Imperial Prince (whose minor establishments are included in our figures) had many of the finest horses and carriages, as well as some of the most efficient equerries, trainers, grooms, and coachmen then to be found in the world. Perhaps even an American millionaire might contrive to spend rather less on his *service d'écurie*. But there is no gainsaying the fact that Count Fleury did things well. Like Haussmann, he cared nothing for money, he was only interested in what money could procure. You gave him *carte blanche*, and he in return gave you full

value for it. As it happened, large as the total outlay may have been, many of the stable salaries were really small, and from time to time Napoleon III. had to make special grants from the Privy Purse.

But let us consider the carriages, particularly the gala ones, which were kept at Trianon, and only brought to Paris on grand occasions. There was the so-called Coronation Coach, a masterpiece in its way, built for the coronation of Charles X., and completely restored—in fact modified—in 1852. The upholstery was of superb crimson velvet, with embroidery and tassels of gold. The eight glass panels were separated from each other by gilded caryatides and figures of fame; round the roof there was a gallery of gilded bronze; at each corner an eagle, also of gilded bronze; and on the summit a dazzling imperial crown. The body was richly carved and gilded, ornamented, too, with chiselled and gilded bronze work; and the harness was of red morocco with gilded ornaments. Before the coach was restored it had been valued at £2400. In restoring and modifying it Fleury spent £3640. And throughout the whole period of the Empire it was used on only one occasion—the baptism of the Imperial Prince.

The second coach, known as the "Voiture du Baptême," served both then and at the marriage of Napoleon III., as well as at Queen Victoria's departure from Paris in 1855 and on other special occasions. It had seven glass panels, was richly carved and gilded, and lined with white satin. Then came the Topaz, the Turquoise, the Diamond, the Opal, the Amethyst, the Cornaline, and the Victory coaches, all superbly decorated and gilded, several thousands of pounds being spent upon them under Fleury's orders. Further, he provided, for the gala and semi-gala services, eighteen berlines built by Ehrler of Paris. These also displayed no little gilding and bronze work, corner eagles, imperial escutcheons, and linings of white, green, and red satin. Finally, there was a very striking *calèche de gala*, called La Cybèle, which, after being built for Napoleon I., had passed into the possession of Louis Philippe's consort, Queen Marie Amélie. At the time of the restoration of the Empire, this coach was purchased by Napoleon III. for the small sum of £400, and was duly restored. No use, however, was made

of it; like the coronation coach, it simply remained on show at Trianon. Some years subsequent to the fall of the Empire, when nearly all those vehicles which were not state property had been disposed of, it occurred to the Empress Eugénie to offer La Cybèle to the Duke d'Aumale, who, she thought, might be glad to find room for it in his splendid coachhouses at Chantilly. With this offer was coupled a request that the Duke would refrain from thanking her. Made in an indirect manner, the offer was accepted, and the Duke d'Aumale requested Queen Victoria to express to the Empress his appreciation of this gift of a carriage which his mother had frequently used. Two years later the Empress was spending the winter in the environs of Naples when the Duke, on his way to his Sicilian vineyards, made a short stay in that city. Hearing that the Empress was in the neighbourhood, he decided to call upon her, taking her gift of La Cybèle as his pretext. It thus came to pass that these representatives of two dynasties which had once reigned over France, met for the first time. The Empress, be it added, was then already a widow, and her son was dead.

The head "Piqueur" of the imperial carriage service was M. Thuillier, who had previously been in the employment of the Marquis de Las Marismas, and who retained his post under Fleury until the fall of the Empire. With Thuillier there were several subordinate piqueurs, who had served Louis Philippe and the Duchess de Berry. Some of the imperial coachmen and postilions had had a similar experience. One of the latter had even overturned Louis Philippe and his family into a ditch one day, in the environs of Tréport—an accident which did not prevent Fleury from engaging him. Among the coachmen, Chapelle had received as a lad his first training in the stables of Napoleon I., and had driven both Louis XVIII. and Charles X. As we have already indicated, the wages of these men were not high. The head piqueur received £240 a year, the second £144, three others £120 apiece, while each of the remaining four had to be content with from £80 to £90. The coachmen's wages were as follows: Six of the first-class, £77 each; seven of the second-class, £72 each; four of the third-class, £60 each, and four others, £53 each; while the remuneration of the twenty

postilions varied from £44 to £50. However, the mere *personnel* of the carriage service comprised another eighty men of various categories, with salaries ranging from £48 to £120—the last figures representing the emoluments of the *chef de carrosserie et sellerie.*

There was also a posting service organized by Fleury in conjunction with Baron de Pierres. At that time, it must be remembered, railway communication was still very imperfect in some parts of the country, and when the Court was sojourning in the provinces, it often became necessary to post from place to place. Baron de Pierres, a native of the west of France, secured for the posting service, when it was first started, some forty Norman bay mares, which cost, on an average, £28 apiece, and he also recruited in Normandy the first dozen postilions. The number of the latter was subsequently raised to twenty, and that of the mares to seventy. It had become known, however, that the animals were required for the Emperor, and the prices consequently went up to about £48. In the last years of the Empire, when, apparently, mares of the required class were no longer so plentiful as formerly, as much as £56 was paid for one of them. The chief head-quarters of the posting service was at St. Cloud, but in the winter a "brigade" was quartered at the imperial stables near the Pont de l'Alma in Paris, for the Emperor's use whenever he went hunting or shooting in the immediate environs of the capital. Brigades of the posting service always followed the Court to Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and its other places of sojourn in the provinces, the postilions being employed for the large four and six horse *chars-à-bancs* occupied by the Court guests.

One brigade of the carriage service (that of the *petit service*, in fact) was lodged at the Tuileries. It included the Emperor's brougham and phaeton horses, the Empress's blue landau horses, and the brougham horses of the officials on duty. At the head of this service was an Englishman, named, we think, Bridges, or Briggs, who, in later years, when Marshal MacMahon became President of the Republic, was engaged to direct the stables at the Élysée Palace, and who finally entered the service of the Count de Paris. Bridges trained and exercised all the Emperor's phaeton and brougham horses. Under his orders

were Cerf, the Emperor's special brougham-coachman, and others who drove the broughams assigned to the aides-de-camp, orderlies, and chamberlains. Several horses were always kept harnessed in the palace stables, in such wise that whenever the Emperor wished to send any officer to one or another part of Paris, the envoy was able to start at once. It should also be mentioned that there was an imperial estafette service of five men, one of whom was always in attendance in an ante-room at the Tuileries, ready, at a moment's notice, to mount on horseback and carry any letter or despatch to its destination. These estafettes had a courier-like uniform, that is, a short green and gold jacket, a red waistcoat, white leather breeches, long boots, a gold-braided hat with the tricolour cockade, and a gold belt from which a long hunting-knife depended. They rode fast Norman mares, and in the streets of Paris everybody had to make way for them, as is done in London for the royal mail and the fire brigade.

Whenever the Emperor was at the Tuileries it was, for several years, his habit to drive out almost every day in a phaeton, accompanied by an aide-de-camp. As a rule the equerry on duty presented himself every morning at eleven o'clock to take the sovereign's orders, and at the hour appointed for the drive (or ride, as the case might be) he returned to announce that the horses were ready. All the officers on duty that day, the aide-de-camp, the chamberlain, the prefect of the palace, and the orderlies, then mustered in the chamberlains' salon, through which the Emperor passed on his way out, everything which he might require, hat, overcoat, gloves, cane or riding-whip, being deposited on a table there. The Emperor came in, exchanged a few words with the officers, and put on or took up whatever he might want. The ushers then threw the folding doors open, and, preceded by the chamberlain and the equerry, the Emperor passed through the ante-rooms, on either side of which the footmen were drawn up at attention. At the moment the sovereign reached the vestibule the *suisse* on duty there struck the marble flooring with his staff, crying aloud, "The Emperor!" Then, while Napoleon was mounting on horseback or getting into his carriage, the guard turned out, the drums beat, and the colours saluted, the same ceremony taking place on the return to the palace.

There were always some seven or eight pairs of phaeton horses at the Tuileries. Those which the Emperor preferred were two American bays, Good Hope and American, which had cost £600, and two English bays, Flick and Flock, for which the same amount had been paid by Count Fleury. They were remarkably fast and even trotters and were never known to break into a gallop. Among the other pairs were Commodore and General, Pretty and Fulton—all English, and costing £600 a pair—and Ohio and Santana, Jerry and Jackson, Jersey and Cob—all American, and costing from £360 to £480 a pair. Nearly all the brougham horses were Russian, the finest ones, Peterhof and Dnieper, having been given to Napoleon by Czar Alexander II. There were also two fine pairs from the famous Orloff stud, the prices of which ranged from £500 to £720.

To give an idea of the speed at which Napoleon drove, it may be stated as a fact that he invariably covered the distance between the château of St. Cloud and the Tuileries—six miles—in less than twenty minutes, that on some occasions he did so in fifteen minutes, and once or twice in thirteen. He was not a perfect driver, for he was almost invariably too severe on the off-side horse, and unpleasant, even disastrous, consequences occasionally ensued. The Duke de Conegliano recollects that one afternoon at Compiègne, after a ministerial council, Napoleon, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, set off in his *duc* * to which the American trotters Jersey and Cob were that day harnessed, in order to join the Empress, who had accompanied the court guests on an excursion to Pierrefonds. The Emperor cut through the forest, forcing the pace, and driving in his usual impetuous and defective style, in such wise that Jersey, the offside horse, who was both brave and fast, drew his comrade Cob along as well as the carriage, until on turning into the Pierrefonds road, he suddenly stifled and dropped dead upon a heap of stones. Fortunately the Empress was near at hand and was able to give the Emperor and the aide-de-camp a lift in her *char-à-bancs*. On another occasion while Napoleon was driving in Paris at his customary speed, one of the reins broke and the position appeared very critical, but, fortunately,

* A low park phaeton.

on drawing near to some palings, the horses stopped short of their own accord. From that time forward a pair of safety-reins was always provided, and attached to the splash-board of the carriage.

The saddle-horse service was under the orders of our old acquaintance the famous Mr. Gamble, who had already been in Napoleon's employment in England, and retained office in the exiled household until the funeral of the Imperial Prince, whose horse he led in the procession. Gamble, who rode in much the same style as the Emperor, was the only man who could train a horse to suit him. At one moment some clever French riding-masters were engaged for the purpose, but their horsemanship was far too classical. As a rule the Emperor allowed his mounts considerable freedom of action and rode very little with the legs, but at times he suddenly and vigorously tightened his hold and used his horse severely. Under Mr. Gamble were two French piqueurs, MM. Bonigal and Glatron, well known for their fine horsemanship; and at one time considerable assistance was rendered to the service by Count Czernowitz, a Hungarian exile, who accompanied the Emperor on the Solferino-Magenta campaign, and subsequently (at Count Fleury's recommendation) entered the service of the present King of Greece, organizing the latter's stables and becoming his first equerry.

The Emperor's saddle-horses were almost invariably English, well formed and with good action. There were a few bays among them, but Napoleon's preference was for chestnuts. It was on an English chestnut mare, Lizzy, that he rode out of the Élysée Palace followed by his staff, to review the troops on the afternoon of the Coup d'État. He had previously ridden Lizzy in High Park, and after his election to the Presidency of the Republic, Gamble brought her to France, where she lived to a considerable age, well cared for in her decline, like a particular favourite of the Emperor's.

During his earlier years of sovereignty, when Napoleon did not drive out in his phaeton, he rode out attended by an aide-de-camp, an equerry, and two grooms, proceeding, as a rule, by way of the Champs Élysées to the Bois de Boulogne. On those occasions he sometimes rode a hack, sometimes a charger. He was on a favourite English charger, Philip, when Pianori

attempted his life,* and Philip was also his mount at the battle of Solferino, but on that occasion the unlucky horse was so severely punished that he died on the morrow. There were, however, other chargers, Ajax and Walter Scott, at the Emperor's disposal at the time. In 1870 four English chargers were provided for him, Hero, Bolero, Nabob, and Sultan; and Hero was his mount at Sedan on the occasion when, before ordering the white flag to be hoisted, he vainly courted death near the brick-works of La Moncelle.†

Except when the Empress quitted the Tuileries, *incognita*, in the morning, for some charitable purpose, her departure for a drive was marked by a ceremonial similar to that observed in the Emperor's case. Her ladies of the palace, her equerry and her chamberlain came down to the chamberlains' salon, where they were joined by all the Emperor's officers on duty, the two services combining to escort her Majesty to her carriage. The guard also turned out, and the drums beat as when the Emperor left the palace. At the morning drives to hospitals, asylums, and the homes of poor folk in whom the Empress took an interest, she used either a dark brougham or a blue landau, in any case a carriage bearing neither arms nor monogram; while the coachman and footman wore long putty-coloured overcoats in lieu of the imperial livery. As a rule the Empress was only accompanied on those occasions by a lady, but now and then a chamberlain also went with her. At other times she used the Emperor's berlines and D'Aumonts, but she had a *duc* of her own, which she drove á few times in the Bois de Boulogne, though it was usually reserved for her sojourns in the country. A pair of little thoroughbred mares, Hélène and Isaure, or a four-hundred guinea pair of English ponies, Dove and Vingt-Mars, were specially assigned to that carriage. It should be added that the Empress's establishment was included in the Emperor's with respect to its expenses and all other matters excepting one, that is, her saddle-horses were under the direct control of her first equerry, Baron de Pierres. Of those horses there were about a score, not that the Empress personally used that number, the majority being kept for the benefit of the ladies of the palace and the lady guests at Compiègne,

* See *ante*, p. 104, 105. † See *ante*, p. 54.

Fontainebleau, and other places. When the Empress went riding she was always attended by an equerry and by Baroness de Pierres, a fine horsewoman, of whom we spoke in an earlier chapter.* Her Majesty's first piqueur, who had served Louis-Philippe, like so many of the stable officials and domestics, only followed her at reviews and hunts. She had four favourite horses, Phœbus, Langiewicz, Elastic, and Chevreuil, the last-named being a capital hunter.

Except in time of war (Italy, 1859, and France, 1870) the duties of the imperial equerries were light. Each had two horses at his disposal, which he could ride as he pleased whenever he was off duty. In accompanying the Emperor the aide-de-camp in attendance rode on the right, and the equerry on the left. In hunting, however, or on a country-ride, if the road became bad or darkness fell, it was the equerry's duty to go ahead and point out the right way, or anything in the nature of the ground that called for caution. If the Emperor were driving in a carriage harnessed à la d'Aumont, the equerry rode on the right side. Though the ordinary equerries were sometimes numerous, they were not a source of great expense to the civil list, for the salary of the post was but £400 a year, and they personally bore the cost of their various handsome undress, full-dress, and campaigning uniforms, in which green and gold predominated. The Service des Écuries included, however, in addition to the Great Equerry, the First Equerry, and the others, a complete office-staff of secretaries and book-keepers, as well as a foreign correspondence clerk and an interpreter—the two last named being requisite on account both of the department's constant relations with foreign countries, notably with England, and the number of foreigners, chiefly Englishmen, in its employment.

It is well known that the Emperor's interest in man's noblest conquest was not limited to his stables. He was fully alive to the necessity of improving the various French breeds of horses, and he promoted the establishment of several State stud-farms under the control of Fleury and others. He was also, in the matter of prizes, a very liberal patron of the turf, and the establishment of the racecourse of Longchamp was due as much

* See *ante*, p. 71.

to his initiative as to Morny's. He always repaired there on the days when the race for the Grand Prix de Paris was run, and now and then at other times. We confess that we are not acquainted with the exact circumstances of his connection with the racing stable of Count Frédéric Lagrange, the famous owner of Fille de l'Air, Gladiateur, and other horses renowned in turf annals; but there is little doubt, we think, that at one and another time the Count, although a large landowner possessed of considerable means, received financial support from the Emperor. Count Lagrange was often at the Tuileries and at Compiègne. The son of a general officer of the first Napoleon, he does not appear to have been really entitled to the "de" so often set before his name, but he was connected by marriage with several great houses, notably that of the Princes de Chimay; and throughout the Empire he sat in the Legislative Body for his native department, the Gers. Still, he did not take any very active part in politics until 1870, when he became a member of the Central Committee organized in view of the last Plebiscitum, his services in that matter leading to his appointment as a senator virtually on the eve of the Franco-German war, in such wise that he did not long enjoy the dignity. He survived, however, until the close of 1883.

The general life of Paris under the Empire scarcely comes within the scope of this work. It embraces, too, so many features that anything approaching a complete survey would require more pages than we can allow. It should be studied in the newspapers of the period, in the volumes in which clever journalists gathered their *chroniques* together, in serious works like that of Maxime Ducamp, and in some of the lighter ones such as the entertaining "Vie et Opinions de M. Graindorge," by Taine, and the sprightly "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé" by Gustave Droz. Here we can only glance at a few features of *la vie parisienne* of those days. We will take first a matter in which it was certainly influenced by the example of the Court—that of the feminine fashions of the reign, which were set by the Tuileries in conjunction with one or two foreign embassies, a few aristocratic mansions, and half a dozen costumiers and milliners.

At the time of the imperial wedding, it was Mme. Palmyre

who made the twenty *toilettes de soirée* and Mme. Vignon the thirty-two *toilettes de jour* (inclusive of the wedding gowns) which figured in the Empress's *corbeille de mariage.** Later came the ascendency of the Englishman Worth, particularly in respect to evening gowns, and the rise of Laferrière as an artist in promenade and visiting *toilettes.* Mme. Félicie long reigned supreme in the domain of mantles and coats, while Virot and Lebel triumphed in bonnets and hats. Moreover, as the shawl was still worn during the earlier years of the Empire, and at least continued to be for many years a necessary adjunct to a *corbeille de mariage,* there was also the famous Compagnie des Indes in the Rue de Richelieu. Then, among the best ladies' bootmakers we recall the name of Massez, while Leroy and Bysterveld rivalled each other in the art of dressing and adorning the hair, and Piver excelled in the preparation of perfumes and cosmetics.

Worth, Laferrière, Virot, and others waited on the Empress, Princess Metternich, and a few other *grandes dames,* but most of their customers went to them; and there were afternoon when half the *élégantes* of Paris might be seen in the Rue de la Paix and adjoining thoroughfares. The stairs at Worth's were likened to Jacob's ladder: an angel was to be met on every step. You fancied, too, that you were entering a hothouse, such was the pleasant warmth on quitting the cold street and such the wealth of camelias, dracænas, and other plants displayed both on the stairs and the landing, across which flitted one or another of the great costumier's *jolies demoiselles,* invariably wearing a gown and a chignon of the style which would be fashionable next day. On the right-hand of the landing was the "Secretary's Office," where orders and addresses were noted, but on turning to the left you found a succession of salons with large oak tables, on which lay pieces of silk, satin and other materials, with some of the finest artificial flowers that Paris could produce and an infinity of elegant *chiffons.* Handsome young men, cravatted *à la colin,* and wearing tightly-buttoned frockcoats, stood here and there prepared to minister to the ladies' choice; but they did so in an easy, nonchalant way, without any of that terrible persuasiveness

* The number was fixed by the Emperor himself.

characteristic of the young man of the *magasin de nouveautés* who is consumed by a desire to "sell." Yet they were always ready with an appropriate answer when they were questioned respecting any combination of different shades or materials, any question of trimmings or measurements. Again, passing hither and thither, there were young girls whose gowns, though black, represented the latest styles invented by the master, in such wise that by pointing to one or another of them a customer could at once indicate what kind of corsage, or sash, or "puff" she desired. The first-hand, elegant, but looking tired, was there also, welcoming the customers with great dignity.

On some stands in the fourth room, you saw a few of the master's very last creations, finished and ready for delivery, but shown to you just as a painter shows a picture in his studio before sending it to the Salon or the Academy. They stood there, those wonderful robes, three or four in a row, and admirably lighted—the wall behind them being, moreover, all "looking glass," so that you at once perceived how the sash was arranged, how the tunic fell, and the train flowed. They were, too, often as intricate as five-act plays, they were elaborate, carefully studied compositions; and even as the value of a picture is not estimated according to the cost of the pigments which the artist may have employed, so the value of those gowns did not depend on the cost of the materials used in making them. The latter might not exceed two hundred francs, but the amount of genius lavished on the design and the making might represent two thousand.

The fair clients gathered in ecstasy in front of those new creations, and while a little cry of admiration escaped from one of them, and a sigh or a purr of delight from another, something like a whirlwind of tulle and lace and *Crêpe de chine* would suddenly flit by and vanish into a room, whence, as the door opened, there came a stream of pale light. That was the *salon de lumière*, where the windows were hermetically sealed and the walls were all huge mirrors. By the light of a dozen gas-jets with movable shades, the lady who there tried on her new *toilette de bal* was seen as she would be seen the following night at the Tuileries. And now it was that the master made his appearance—a man rather below the average height, with a

full, shiny face, all pink and white, his fair hair parted in the middle, his whiskers closely cropped, his moustaches drooping and glittering like gold. He wore a perpetual smile, he seemed to bow without bending, perhaps because his short frock-coat was so very tightly buttoned. As a rule it was only with customers that he spoke French—and then with a marked accent. His subordinates in the *salon de lumière* were usually English girls, Miss Mary, Miss Esther. And he always remained quite calm, he never made a fuss, never addressed an angry word to a subordinate. But his *coup d'œil* was Napoleonic. He immediately detected a fault, and indicated in very few words what should be done to repair it. Not only did he fight against the crinoline, succeeding by 1868 in reducing it to something like a *vertugadin*, but he also opposed the excessively *décolleté* bodice. "I dress ladies," he remarked one day to a journalist. "Let the demi-monde go elsewhere!" Such was Mr. Worth, the King of Fashion.

The taste of the Second Empire in matters of dress has often been bitterly assailed. The styles of the period are still, perhaps, too near to us to be judged impartially. As time elapses a fairer estimate may be formed. It must be confessed, however, that anything which tends to expand and stiffen the skirt of the female costume necessarily engenders monstrosity, alien alike to nature and true art. Such was undoubtedly the effect of the crinoline, the battle against whose tyranny was so prolonged and, for years, so uncertain. In court circles, at one period, the contrivance assumed such huge proportions that, for the convenience of the Empress and her ladies sailing from Cherbourg or arriving there in the imperial yacht, it became necessary to widen all the landing-stages. At a visit paid by Napoleon and his consort to Osborne, in August, 1857, old Lord Palmerston was both fascinated and annoyed by the appearance of the ladies of the party. It was a case of "so near and yet so far." How could you possibly flirt with a pretty woman when you could not get within three yards of her? How could a *tête-à-tête* have any charm whatever, under such conditions? There was an *entente cordiale* in those days, but it was not marked by the kissing which has distinguished the *entente cordiale* of the present time. Perhaps that was the

fault of the crinoline, whose sway was so despotic that when Hortense Schneider performed in Offenbach's "Belle Hélène," taking, as will be remembered, the title *rôle*, she actually wore one of those hateful cages. It was certainly much smaller than the prevailing fashion, but it was, none the less, a crinoline. How Paris and Menelaus and Helen herself must have turned in their graves at the thought of it! If the reader doubt our statement let him look at the portraits taken of Schneider at the time.

One may well wonder that the reign of the "cage" should have lasted so long, in spite of all artistic feeling and perception. It is true, however, that nobody had as yet set out tersely and plainly, so as to be understood by one and all, those elementary principles which Charles Blanc subsequently recapitulated in his famous essay on feminine dress. Chevreul's learned work on colours certainly contained a short section on the hues most appropriate to one and another complexion, and the advantages to be derived now from harmony and now from contrast; but those few pages were scarcely known to the average Parisienne, who relied almost entirely on her instinct, an instinct which, in spite of the lavish praise and admiration of innumerable writers, was not infrequently at fault. The reign of the crinoline showed, moreover, that she had little or no appreciation of that simple science of lines, which Blanc restated so well in the early years of the present Republic, and which at last brought home to many a thoughtless woman the fact that she would increase her height and reduce her bulk by vertical lines, reduce her height and add *ampleur* to a spare figure by horizontal ones; while in certain instances the diagonal line might prove an advantage.

In the matter of colours, the fashions of the Second Empire were often daring. The most abominable innovation of the period was that variety of purple which, coming into fashion about the time of the Italian war, was patriotically christened "magenta." Some famous hues of the period were the Eugénie blue, the Mathilde pearl-white, the Pompadour green, the Benoîton green,* the frog-green, the *nuance Téba*, the avanturine yellow, the *vin de Bordeaux*, the Ispahan pink, and the *bleu des blondes*. Then there were more or less startling

* So called after Sardou's comedy, "La Famille Benoîton."

combinations of tints, primrose and blue, lavender and maize, mauve and white, pink and pearl grey, but, after all, a fairly sober colour proved the great one of the reign—that, of course, being the unforgettable Bismarck. It came upon Paris in 1866, it flourished throughout 1867, it was still *en vogue* at the end of 1868. Never, in all the annals of fashion, has a colour had so long and popular a run. It was, after all, merely a kind of Havannah brown, and owed its fortune solely to its name. But in the days of Sadowa that was a name to conjure with. At first this fashionable colour appeared in a fairly warm shade, known simply as Bismarck—written "Bismark," by the way; but it suddenly took a duller tone, and became known as *Bismarck malade*, until at last, assuming yet warmer tints than before, it was christened successively *Bismarck content* and *Bismarck en colère.* There were also such varieties as *Bismarck glacé* and *Bismarck scintillant.* And it was Bismarck of one or another shade everywhere; there were Bismarck silks, satins, and velvets, woollen stuffs and cotton fabrics, Bismarck boots, Bismarck gloves, Bismarck parasols, and Bismarck bonnets. The last were naturally of Bismarck straw, trimmed with Bismarck lace, the only relief from the various shades of the all-prevailing colour being supplied by gold and scarlet berries. But even the Bismarck bonnet was not the "last cry," for there came the Bismarck chignon, which compelled ladies to dye their hair the fashionable hue.

About the time of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris in 1855, the flounced skirt was "all the rage," four or five flounces of varying depths succeeding each other from the hips to the hem of the gown. But that *mode* passed, and the great balloon-like skirts became trimmed with huge bows, or *choux* of ribbon, or lozenges of velvet, or elaborate and, at times, medallion-like ornaments of passementerie. At last we reached the *robe à deux jupes*, the *robe à tunique*, the puffed skirt, the *costume Watteau*, the *jupe à la chinoise*, and other styles. Picture the overskirt of a gown caught up at the sides with strap-like bands or ribbons; picture tunics falling in sharp tasselled points, basques edged with fringes or feathers, Pompadour bodices all velvet, lace, ribbons, and flowers. Picture also a gown of white satin, with the skirt embroidered from top to

bottom with long peacock-feathers, placed so closely that the wearer appeared to be garbed in those feathers from her waist downwards. Add thereto long open sleeves embroidered with rather smaller feathers, and a corsage with yet smaller ones. Imagine also a costume all *ton sur ton*, scalloped, pinked, *découpé* in such wise as to suggest fretwork. Think of a soft white skirt, puffed in the style of *œufs à la neige* and adorned with diagonal bands of amber satin, and wreathed at the bottom with flowers of that shade. Think also of a Court dress of white satin, trimmed with transverse bands of green velvet (edged with gold), which met V-like behind, descending towards a long train of lace and gold embroidery, over which fell the ends of an interminable velvet sash, all green and gold like the bands of the skirt. And, speaking of sashes, imagine a gold-chain waistband, having in the rear a large pendant ring, from which the sash fell to the bottom of the skirt.

But in addition to all the *gros de Naples*, the *gros de Navarre*, the *poults-de-soie*, the rose and blue *moires antiques*, the tarlatans, the *grenadines*, the *crêpes de Chine*, and the *fayes*, here are the famous Lyons brocades, displaying narcissi, crimson carnations, variegated tulips, and bunches of lilac on grey grounds; while on maize grounds you will find heart's-eases, damask roses, and bluebells. You will even perceive brocaded Bismarck, whose brown favours the yellow iris and the daffodil. "Save us from all this!" was virtually one of the "notes" of Sardou's "Famille Benoîton," in which Mlle. Fargueil exclaimed so fervently, "Protect us, holy Muslin!" But muslin did no such thing; it appeared covered with coloured medallions of Daphne, Chloe, and Amaryllis, after the style of Watteau and Boucher. It seemed to know that unless it were thus adorned the Parisienne would not wear it.

Leave Paris and go to the seaside—to Trouville or Deauville. Yonder *élégante* in the Japanese hat, the short scarlet skirt, and the dark-blue yachting jacket with scarlet collar and cuffs may not be very wonderful to look at; but here you will also see Mlle. Anonyma garbed in white, though not with a sweet simplicity, for her skirt is festooned with black death's heads, linked one to another by true-lovers' knots of pink ribbon! The Zouave jacket, the Breton jacket (nowadays called a

bolero), and the Garibaldi will be recollected, the *fichu* Marie Antoinette, if not the *fichu* Letta, is still often with us, but we confess that we do not exactly recall the styles, even if we remember the names, of the Vespertina opera-wrap, or the Lamballe puff, or the *palctôt-chale*. That is the worst of fashion's jargon, a great deal of which soon becomes obsolete and suggests little or no meaning at all. Yet, in that respect, matters were not quite so bad under the Empire as they were towards the close of the eighteenth century, when some mysterious, semi-poetical name was bestowed on every kind of fabric, trimming, and cut. Open the Marquis de Valfons' memoirs and interpret, if you can, his description of the costume of La Duthé, the famous courtesan-actress. "She was attired," says the Marquis, "in a robe of stifled sighs, adorned with superfluous regrets, the point edged with perfect candour, trimmed with indiscreet complaints. She wore ribbons of marked attentions and shoes of the colour of Queen's hair,* embroidered with diamonds in treacherous stripes. Above her curls of elevated sentiments was a head-dress of certain conquest, trimmed with fickle feathers, while over her shoulder fell an Absolom tress of momentary agitation." Now all that, though much of it is absolute gibberish to us, in 1907, was perfectly well understood by the last great ladies of the old *régime*.

But, returning to the Empire's fashions, let us just mention all those wonderful mantles of green, blue, puce, grey, and violet velvet, which often assumed such extraordinary shapes, and say a few words respecting the bonnets, which passed from the coal-scuttle to the peaked and thence to the *fanchon* or small inverted-platter style. It was the gradual growth of the chignon, the Empire's last word in the matter of hair-dressing, that killed the coal-scuttle and peaked bonnets, for which good work the chignon deserved much thanks. But the chignon itself assumed eccentric forms and proportions. The Empress long clung to her own particular style of coiffure, and the pendant Eugénie curls did not abdicate their sway until the chignon had repeatedly attacked them. At the Tuileries

* Marie Antoinette's hair. Count d'Artois sent a lock of it to Lyons, in order that the exact hue might be imitated by the silk-workers.

the chignon's chief pioneer was probably the charming Baroness de Poilly, wife of Baron Henri de Poilly, the great sportsman of Follembray and Coucy-le-Château. The Baroness was assailed and derided; she was asked whether she would next show herself with a monkey clinging to her head, but she went her way and gained the victory.

The *fanchon*, or inverted straw-platter bonnet, which favoured the display of the chignon, was followed by a mere tuft of tulle, or crape, whose strings were simply of narrow ribbon, or else of small trailing leaves. An attempt to introduce so-called Marie Antoinette and Trianon hats came to nothing, but in winter various fur *toques* and feather hats were often much in favour. As for the boots of the Empire they were such as are now only seen upon the stage. The Parisienne of those days wore morocco and russia leather, and the colour of her boots harmonized or contrasted effectively with the colour of her frock. The short skirt, not a mere *trotteuse*, but something quite three inches shorter, became at one time fashionable wear at the promenade in Paris as well as in the country and at the seaside, and this led to the so-called *bottine à mi-jambe*—that is, a boot reaching halfway up the calf of the leg. Sometimes the ordinary tan boot was to be seen, but it generally had a facing and top trimming of the same hue as the skirt. The bronze boot was somewhat common, the violet one was more fashionable; the scarlet one belonged to the demi-monde. Russia leather boots were embroidered with gold and coloured silks, and ornamented with tassels, rosettes, beads of crystal, jet, and gold. When shoes were worn the stockings were elaborately embroidered. The black stocking was then virtually unknown; white ones were still worn by the *bourgeoisie* and the masses, while the *élégante* displayed one or another bright or delicate hue in keeping with her toilette. Again, the stocking-suspender was unknown, the garter flourished, and was a thing of beauty. Sometimes it was an *objet d'art*, an elaborate piece of jewellery, designed by Froment-Meurice, at others it was of gold or silver filigree, at others of either velvet or moire. In the last case it was enriched with lace and pendant ribbons. It usually bore a crest or emblem, and a motto, sometimes figured in precious stones, at others

beautifully embroidered.* That was the age of embroidery in gold and silver thread and coloured silks. There were exquisitely embroidered parasols, and quaintly embroidered gloves, whose gauntlets displayed birds, butterflies, and flowers, or, if the wearer were going to the races, a few horseshoes or a jockey's cap and whip.

In the last years of the Empire there came a passion for eccentric jewellery. After the victories of Fille de l'Air and Gladiateur all jewellery emblematical of the turf became very popular. Birds, too, of many kinds—swallows, swans, eagles, and robins, dangled from the ears of the Parisiennes. There were also tambourine, zither, and padlock earrings. We remember, too, a lady of nautical tastes from whose ears depended a couple of miniature yachts, while at one moment there was as great a rage for dragonflies, butterflies, and beetles as there ever was for miniature guillotines in the days of the great Revolution. The little hats or bonnets were sometimes literally spangled with beetles of various hues, among which there appeared, perhaps, a dragonfly all aglitter with its real or its imitation stones. Again, those beetles and dragonflies figured as earrings or brooches; but when a lady had no entomological inclinations she could wear in her ears a pair of tiny gold baskets containing little flowers formed of pearls, rubies, brilliants, and turquoises, or, if that were too elaborate, she might content herself with a couple of gold pea-pods containing emerald peas, or else with mere cherries of coral.

It was the Empire that witnessed the foundation and rise of "the great bazaars," the Louvre, the Bon Marché, the St. Thomas, and so forth, all those Temples of Perdition which popularized the love of finery and fostered the spirit of imitation among women, inspiring the Parisienne of limited means with a more and more ardent desire to array herself like the great lady of wealth. Still it was only the leaders of fashion who could manage to dress six and seven times a day, assuming first

* A pair of jewelled garters by Froment-Meurice bore in diamonds the motto, *Honi soit qui point n'y pense*. Other garter mottoes of the time were Goethe's *Persistance en amour*, Montaigne's *Que sçais-je*, and Charles I.'s *Remember*. For widow ladies there were garters embroidered with pansies and silver tears.

the dressing-gown, next the riding-habit, then the *négligé élégunt* for déjeuner, then the *toilette de ville* or *de visite* for "morning calls," then the *toilette de Bois* for the orthodox drive, then the *toilette de diner*, then the *toilette de bal*, and finally the *toilette de nuit*.

Soon after the imperial marriage society was fluttered by the great question of the Court trains (*manteaux de cour* falling from the shoulders), which it was decreed that ladies should wear at State receptions at the Tuileries. The subject was carefully studied by the Empress and Emperor in council with Mme. Roger, and sumptuary regulations ensued, specifying the colours which those trains should assume, the materials they should consist of, the amount of trimming they should have, and the length to which they might extend. The more splendid trains were reserved for Princesses of the Imperial House, then came the trains of the wives of high functionaries, marshals, senators, and so forth, while mere *invitées*, even if they were the wives of millionaires, were not entitled to wear trains above a certain length and value. The joke was that many ladies did not know how to wear such trains at all, and there was a great rush to secure the advice of Cellarius and the other leading dancing masters of Paris. It was, however, a clever actress, Augustine Brohan, of the Comédie Française, who schooled the lady train-wearers most effectively, teaching them how to walk and how to give, when occasion required, the elegant little kick by which the train was brought into the required position. For the trifle of three *louis* (£2 8*s*.) a lesson—and a course of not more than four or five lessons was required—Mlle. Brohan charitably saved some scores of her sex from making themselves ridiculous on their first appearance at the Tuileries.

The foregoing remarks on the subject of feminine fashions may have helped the reader to understand how the Parisienne of Gavarni became gradually transformed into the Parisienne of Grévin. Of masculine fashions we have not space to speak at length. The height of the silk hat—the orthodox headgear of civilization—varied exceedingly; at times it was more than two inches above that of the silk hat of to-day (1907), at others it decreased till it corresponded with that of a "bowler;" and it was amusing, indeed, to see the Boulevardiers of 1866 and

1867 wearing, at the same time as those diminutive silk hats, which suggested the "cut-downs" of a slop-shop, both the tightest of trousers and the shortest of jackets—the last leaving the seat of the trousers fully exposed. Then the straw hat for men was also somewhat quaint. It vaguely resembled the "boater" of to-day, but the ribbon was fastened behind, and its ends dangled some inches below the brim. As for the frock-coat it underwent repeated modifications; at times its sleeves were very tight, at others most awkwardly full, while the skirts generally ended above the knees. With respect to trousers, virtually every huge check-pattern that could be devised, figured for years on the Boulevards.

The Boulevards—from the Madeleine to the Faubourg Montmartre—were then in many respects the real centre of Parisian life. Nearly all the greatest restaurants, the Café Anglais, the Maison Dorée, the Café Riche, Durand's, Brébant-Vachette's were there; the Trois Frères and Véfour's being the only really first-class establishments left at the Palais Royal. Excepting the Cercle Impérial, at the corner of the Avenue Gabriel, all the great clubs, too, were either on or near the Boulevards—the Union and the Agricole patronized by the old noblesse, the Jockey by sportsmen and men of fashion,* the Chemins de Fer by stockbrokers, great engineers, and directors of public companies, the Union artistique by men who practised or dabbled in the arts,† the Ganaches by a great variety of old fogeys, both civil and military, the Baby and the Sporting by very young men intent on sowing their wild oats, the Américain by gamblers, the St. Hubert by devotees of *la chasse*, and the Cercle des Arts by notaries, commercial people, and other good *bourgeois*. In those days, too, there were real *cafés* on the Boulevards, for the Parisian had not yet taken to lager beer. Virtually each *café* had its *habitués*, its special class of customers, and if you wished to find an actor, a government journalist, an opposition one, an officer on leave, a *boursier*, a merchant or commission agent in some particular line of business, you knew precisely where to go.

* Through Morny, the Jockey Club had virtually been captured by the Empire.

† Its real founder was the father of Guy de Maupassant.

Passing along the Boulevards during that hour before dinner time, which was called the Hour of Absinthe, you would meet or see seated outside one or another *café* two-thirds of the men whose names had been mentioned in that day's newspapers. There was Auber, the youthful septuagenarian, talking to Offenbach, there was Timothée Trimm airing his importance to a tribe of smaller journalists, there was Léonce of the Variétés cracking jokes with Cham the caricaturist. A bored-looking elderly Englishman passed, and you recognized Lord Hertford. Turning the corner of the Rue Laffitte you espied old Baron James de Rothschild, followed by the eternal footman carrying his overcoat. Just inside the Librairie Nouvelle stood Prince Metternich purchasing books for the Princess. The mysterious Persian who haunted the Imperial Library strolled by. There went Mustapha Pasha in converse with Khalil Bey. Yonder, sundered by politics but drawn together again by art, sat Courbet in the company of Carpeaux. Then, all at once, loud-voiced and exuberant, Dumas of the Musketeers appeared, attended by some of the sycophants on whom he lavished his last napoleons. All the men of the reign might be met at one time or another on those Boulevards, Ponsard, Scholl, Henri de Pène, Dr. Véron, Bressant, Goncourt, Baron Brisse, Villemessant, M. de Foy, Siraudin, Vallès, Barrière, Banville, Sardou, Pereire, Gramont-Caderousse, Frederick Lemaître, Nadar, Girardin, Rossini, Houssaye, Paul de Kock, Paul Féval, About, Roqueplan, young Rochefort and young Gambetta, mediums Home and Squire, Paul Baudry and Manet, Markowski and Cellarius, Millaud and Mirès, and so on, and so on. And as time elapsed vocalists and actresses went by in their victorias and broughams—Patti, Nilsson, Alboni, Hortense Schneider, Zulma Bouffar, Léonide Leblanc, Madeleine Brohan, Rose Chéri, La Desclée, Fargueil, and all the others—pending the time when processions of carriages would halt outside the theatres, and ladies alight from them in all the glory of their *toilettes de spectacle.*

An hour or two ago those ladies were in the Bois de Boulogne. "Round the lake," and not the Allée des Acacias, was then the fashionable drive, and great was the mustering of equipages, wonderful the display of frocks. At times, at a

word from some mounted guard, the procession would suddenly be stopped, and a piqueur wearing the imperial livery would appear, preceding an open carriage with horses harnessed *à la* D'Aumont and ridden by postilions. Then you would see the Empress, sometimes accompanied by the Emperor, at others by her nieces Mlles. d'Albe, or else attended by one or two of her ladies of the palace. The gentlemen, riding on the left side of the road (reserved for equestrians), would then muster in a line near the Rond des Cascades, and a couple of hundred heads would be uncovered as the imperial equipage went by at a slow trot, the Empress gracefully acknowledging the salutations.

But among the carriages in which ladies of rank and position reclined, there were others, often the showiest of all, occupied by women of another kind. There went Cora Pearl, there Giulia Barucci, there Anna Deslions, there La Païva, not far from her old acquaintance, Esther Guimond. All the "Dames aux Camélias," the "Filles de Marbre," the "Madelons" of the period mingled with the highest in the land, displaying their painted charms and costly costumes.

If, by-and-by, after dinner and the theatre, you had peeped into the mansion of one of those women, that of La Barucci, whose real name, by the way, was Julie Bénin, you would have seen a strange sight. It was a night early in 1863, the mansion was in the Champs Élysées, and had just been taken by La Barucci, who was giving a "house-warming" party. Among her guests were Prince Paul Demidoff, Count Tolstoy, the young Duke de Gramont-Caderousse (the great plunger of the period), the Marquis de Vimeux, Count de Chambrun, Viscount de Poix, Viscount de Brimeux, M. de Feuilhade-Chauvin, Herr von Schönen of the Prussian embassy, and a gentleman of the Queen of Spain's household, Señor Angelo de Miranda. La Barucci had also invited Signor Calzado, the director of the Théâtre Italien (where Patti was singing), but the affair was to be a very quiet one—a cup of tea, a little music, and then supper. Calzado, however, arrived accompanied by a friend, Garcia, a notorious gambler, famous for having "broken the bank," both at Wiesbaden and Homburg. And, briefly, cards were produced and a game of baccarat began—£800, £2000, £5000, and even larger amounts figuring on

the table at one or another moment. Garcia held the bank and carried all before him, Miranda, who staked large sums, losing heavily; until at last his suspicions and those of others being aroused, Garcia was watched and detected in the act of cheating. A terrific fracas ensued. Both Garcia and Calzado were seized, and prepared cards being found in their possession, all the money they had stolen was taken from them, and they were kicked out of the house. At Miranda's suit Calzado was tried and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, but Garcia managed to escape from France.

The affair caused no little stir in Paris, notably by reason of Calzado's position there; but before long some other malpractices diverted public attention. The age was a gambling one, and financial scandals were as frequent then as they are now. There were the affairs of the Docks Napoléon, the Crédit Mobilier, the Caisse des Chemins de Fer—with which the names of Millaud, Pereire and Mirès were associated—and others of but slighter magnitude. Yet Paris was no more all corruption in those days than it has been at other periods of its history. Stones have been often flung at the journalism, the literature, the stage, the music, the art of the Empire, but though some severe strictures have been deserved, partisanship has often supplied a very one-sided view of the period. It is true that there was distinct danger at times. The *régime* in its vain endeavour to prevent people from intruding into politics seemed to have appropriated Rabelais' motto—*Vivez joyeux!*—and those who denounced that enthronement of pleasure as a deity did good work. But let us be fair. If we had space at our command, it would be easy to show that things were not so black as some have painted them. In the sphere of journalism there arose some of the ablest, wittiest, most cultured *chroniqueurs* known to the French press, men like Villemot and Noriac, Audebrand and Scholl, Adrier Marx, and Henri de Pène, followed by Sarcey, Wolff, Monselet, Pierre Véron, Rochefort in his *première manière*, and Claretie, then also making his *début*. The field of literature is too vast to be surveyed here, but among the writers of the time were Ste. Beuve, Janin, Taine, Cousin, Littré, Renan, Michelet, Mignet, Toqueville, St. Marc-Girardin, Henri Martin, Havet,

Paulin Paris, Laboulaye, Baudrillart, Wolowski. As for the novel in those days, if Feydeau and Belot achieved, by mere pruriency, success with such works as "Fanny" and "Mlle. Giraud," Flaubert gave to the world his epoch-making masterpiece, while his friends the Goncourts strove in fiction, history and biography alternately. Again, Alphonse Daudet, thanks, be it remembered, to the generosity of his patron Morny, was able to pen both "Tartarin" and the "Lettres de mon Moulin." Let us also recall the names of Feuillet, George Sand, Gautier, Banville, Prévost-Paradol, Erckmann-Chatrian. Among poets, the Parnassians arose with Leconte de Lisle, Hérédia and Sully Prudhomme, while Coppée wrote "Le Passant", which introduced Sarah Bernhardt to celebrity. The stage was not all Meilhac and Halévy, Clairville, and Ernest Blum, amusing as these often were. It was also Augier and Dumas fils, Ponsard and Barrière, Cadol and Sardou. All Sardou's best work was done under the Empire, and nearly all of Dumas'. And the actors and actresses of that time might well challenge comparison with those of this. They were Régnier, Bressant, Delaunay, Febvre, Got, Coquelin, St. Germain, Mounet-Sully, Rachel, Ristori, Favart, Arnould-Plessy, Judith, the sisters Brohan, Fargueil, Reichemberg, and many others famous in theatrical annals.

Again, dancing was not all Rigolboche, Clodoche, and cancan. In the ballroom it was the graceful mazurka introduced to the Parisians by Markowski; on the stage, after Livry had been unhappily burnt to death, it was the art of Ferraris, Cerito, Rosati, St. Léon, Mérante. Nor was music all Offenbach, Hervé, and Jonas. It was also Gounod, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Halévy, Berlioz, Bizet, Verdi, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. The three last named might be foreigners, but two of them were Parisians also. And if the period was that of "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande Duchesse," "Chilpéric," "Le Canard à trois Becs," and "Le Petit Faust," it was also that of the other "Faust," and of "L'Africaine," "Roméo et Juliette," "Le Pardon de Ploërmel," "Le Prophète," and "L'Étoile du Nord." Our vocalists were Patti, Alboni, Cruvelli, Nilsson, Viardot, Miolan-Carvalho, Sass, Gardoni, Tamberlick, Nicolini, Faure, Tagliafico—*toute*

la lyre! Then, too, great men laboured in various branches of science: Pasteur, Berthelot, Leverrier, Bernard, Flourens, Chevreul, Milne-Edwards, Quatrefages, St. Hilaire, Tresca, Trélat. In painting and sculpture and architecture,* also, famous names and famous works might be enumerated, and if the whole field were surveyed with fairness, it would be found that during the eighteen years of the Empire the genius of France never abdicated.

The period had its failings, its frivolities, its foibles, its fads, like all others. Much that was evil might be traced, however, to the cosmopolitan element which mingled with the population. Paris became crowded with foreigners, some of them men of rank and substance, others mere adventurers, but nearly all of them folk of little morality. It has generally been assumed that they were debauched by Parisian life, but it is a question whether they did not debauch Paris. At times of course the Parisian himself was largely to blame. Shut out from healthy participation in politics (and that was the *régime's* particular sin), he turned far too readily to whatever might present itself to fill the void in his life. Thus pleasure, frivolity, folly, secured only too many votaries. At one time you saw half Paris rushing in a kind of delirium to consult an extraordinary quack, the Zouave Jacob, who claimed to cure every possible disease; at another you found thousands of people absolutely believing that the Emperor had paid the cruel assassin Tropmann to murder the Kinck family, in order to divert attention from politics, and that some "dummy" or other had really been executed in Tropmann's place—he being discreetly sent abroad with his pockets full of secret-service money! The Parisian was far better inspired when, in the late sixties, he helped to resuscitate the "velocipede"—that forerunner of to-day's bicycle—in spite of all the derision heaped upon the appliance by flippant correspondents of the foreign press, who did not foresee its possibilities. One may still smile, perhaps, at the thought of velocipedes *de luxe* mounted in rosewood and aluminium bronze, nevertheless the "fad" was one that yielded fruit in later years.

* Notably as regards the Grand Opera and the additions to the Louvre.

CHAPTER XIII

THE VILLEGIATURA OF THE COURT—THE EMPEROR'S ILLNESS—CHÂLONS—THE MARSHALS—THE HUNT

The Château of St. Cloud—The Empress Charlotte of Mexico—The Malady of Napoleon III.—His Sojourns at Plombières and Vichy—His visits to the Camp of Châlons—The Zouaves in Camp—Napoleon's Illness and Baron Larrey—Military High Mass—The Marshals of France, Randon, Pélissier, MacMahon, Bazaine, and others—Mesdames les Maréchales—The Court at Fontainebleau—Biarritz and the Villa Eugénie—A Victory of the Crinoline—The Empress and Imperial Prince in Peril—Compiègne—The Imperial Hunt and its Organization—St. Hubert's Day—Despatching the Stag—Serious Accidents—The Curée by Torchlight—Boar-hunting and Hawking—The Shooting Grounds—The Battues—The Emperor a good shot—Prince Napoleon and the Pelicans—Some bad Shots—Boar or Badger?—Life at the Château—The Series of Guests—The Day's Routine—Evening Recreations—Pasteur and the Frogs—A few of the Guests—Nero and Tita—Napoleon and the Nicaraguan Canal—Some Ladies at Compiègne—Theatrical Performances—The "Commentaires de César"—The Emperor and the Invalide—France, England, and the Channel Bridge.

Only part of the time of the Imperial Court was spent at the Tuileries; it was often elsewhere. It installed itself at the château of St. Cloud during the spring, and then returned for a short time to Paris. Later the Emperor went to Plombières or Vichy to drink the waters; next he betook himself to the camp of Châlons; then, after returning to St. Cloud, where it often happened that the Empress had remained in the interval, he repaired with her to Fontainebleau. A stay at Biarritz ensued, but towards the close of October the Court was again in Paris, whence, immediately after All Saints' Day, it started for Compiègne, its sojourn at that "residence" lasting until the end of the year.

Apart from the peregrinations we have just enumerated, there was no little travelling to various parts of France, now to inaugurate some monument or public work, now to relieve the distress resulting from inundations, now to cheer those who

were stricken by outbreaks of cholera or other afflictions. Further, for political reasons, the Emperor went to Germany at different times. He paid an important visit to Stuttgart in 1857, when he met the Emperor of Russia and other sovereigns, and another to Baden in 1860, while on two occasions during the last period of his reign he met the Austrian Emperor at Salzburg. Of his visits to Queen Victoria, first at Windsor and later at Osborne, and of the Empress's more important journeys, we have already spoken.

The Empress, it seems, was not particularly fond of the château of St. Cloud, in spite of its associations with the memory of Marie Antoinette, for she did not find it sufficiently in the country, sufficiently rural as regards its surroundings. For political business, however, it was a convenient place of sojourn. The Emperor could speedily drive into Paris whenever circumstances required his presence there, and it was comparatively easy for his ministers to attend the councils which, as a rule, were held at the château twice a week, becoming rather more frequent in the autumn, when the ensuing year's budget was discussed. It may be pointed out that the Emperor was present on those occasions, that, in fact, he participated in the preparation of the estimates, whence it follows that no small share of responsibility for the finances of the Empire devolved on him. He was, however, a very poor financier, as his private affairs showed, and, with respect to the financial position of the State, we suspect that he often accepted the assertions of his ministers without troubling to verify them.

As is the case with the Tuileries, nothing but a memory now remains of the château of St. Cloud, so unfortunately destroyed, together with its many art treasures, during the German siege of Paris. Dating from the time of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., it was a large and handsome structure, the scene of many a great historical *fête* of the old *régime*. From the House of Orleans it passed, in 1785, into the possession of Marie Antoinette, who purchased it for a sum of six million *livres*. It was there, in the Orangerie, demolished in or about 1864 by Napoleon III., that Bonaparte, on the famous 18th Brumaire, finally destroyed the first French

Republic; it was there that he was proclaimed Emperor, and subsequently espoused the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. It was also at St. Cloud that Charles X. signed those fatal ordonnances which overthrew the *régime* of the Restoration; there, too, that he quietly but fatuitously went on playing whist while his guard was dying for him in Paris, replying to M. de Sémonville, who warned him that if he did not withdraw his ordonnances and change his ministers, the monarchy would be swept away, "I do not believe it. If my brother, Louis XVI., fell, it was from weakness; besides, I am quite ready to appear before God."

Again, it was at St. Cloud that Napoleon III. received official communication of the plebiscitum which made him Emperor of the French; it was from the château that he started on his triumphal entry into Paris; and it was there that he decided, in 1870, on the disastrous war which swept him from his throne. The official proclamation of that war was dated from the château, and it was from a railway siding in the park that the Emperor set out for Metz with the young Imperial Prince, who was soon to receive his baptism of fire.

We have said that the château was large. In addition to all the State rooms and the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress, it included forty-five small suites for guests, accommodation for six hundred officials and domestics, together with stabling for two hundred and thirty horses, and coach-houses for twenty carriages. In the guard-house forty troopers and nearly two hundred infantrymen could be quartered, but there was also a neighbouring barracks for more than fifteen hundred men. The fine park spread over an expanse of nearly a thousand acres.

The interior decorations of the château were superb. The ceilings of the state apartments—the great Gallery of Apollo, the Salons of Mars, Diana, Venus, and Truth—ranked as masterpieces of Mignard, Coypel, and Le Moyne. Valuable pictures and statuary decorated the rooms—Pradier's Sappho, Van der Meulen's equestrian portrait of Louis XIV., a large number of Canalettos, a fine series of Vernets, some good Bouchers, a precious suite of Gobelins tapestry after Rubens,*

* The Marie de' Medici series at the Louvre.

an infinity of Boule work, and other valuable seventeenth and eighteenth century furniture. Looking towards the château, the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress were on the first-floor of the right-hand wing. The Emperor's suite was one of five rooms; his cabinet had been Louis Philippe's dressing-room, his bedchamber that sovereign's study. The Empress's suite included several salons with historical associations. That assigned to her ladies-in-waiting had witnessed the famous fracas between the Duke d'Angoulême and Marshal Marmont at the Revolution of 1830, when the former assaulted the latter in a fashion as cowardly as it was brutal. In the Empress's cabinet stood the writing-table of Louis XVI., and several articles of furniture which had been used by Marie Antoinette, while the locks of the doors of this apartment, as well as those of others, were entirely the handiwork of Louis XVI., an expert locksmith, as we know. Then there was the Vernet salon, at one time the study of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and the salon which had once been the bedchamber of Henrietta of England, daughter of Charles I., and which had witnessed her sudden death when she was so foully poisoned by D'Effiat at the instigation of the Chevalier de Lorraine. The dining-room had been occupied by Peter the Great when he sojourned at the château, and it was there that Napoleon I. had taken his meals, assigning armchairs to himself, the Empress Marie Louise, and Madame Mère, but instructing his majordomo that only ordinary chairs were to be provided for his brothers, the Kings of Spain, Holland, and Westphalia, and his brother-in-law, the King of Naples. Further, there was the salon where the Council of Ministers assembled when the Court of the Second Empire was at St. Cloud. This had been the bedchamber in turn of Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Marie Louise.

The apartments of the Imperial Prince were on the ground-floor of the château, under those of his father and mother. Prior to the establishment of the Empire they had been occupied by Miss Howard. On the ground-floor of the wing on the other side of the Cour d'honneur were the quarters of Marshal Vaillant and General Rolin, over which extended the great Gallery of Apollo, so wonderfully and pompously decorated by

Mignard, whose mythological and other paintings possessed historical as well as artistic value, since so many of them represented great personages of his period: Louis XIII., Louis XIV., his brother the Duke of Orleans, Anne of Austria, the great Dauphin, the Princess Palatine, the future Regent of Orleans, and many great ladies of the Court. Unhappily all was lost in the conflagration of 1870—a conflagration which may have been caused by French or by German shells.* All that can be said with absolute certainty is that the Germans appropriated most of the valuable articles saved from the fire—relics of St. Cloud being nowadays scattered over the Fatherland. Already, in 1815, Blucher, who then occupied the château, had marked his envy and hatred of its magnificence by tearing the hangings and even the bed linen with his spurs, smashing the mirrors and allowing his pack of hounds the free run of the stateliest apartments. Fortunately the arrival of Wellington to settle the terms of the surrender of Paris prevented further excesses.

In addition to Queen Victoria, the royalties entertained at St. Cloud during the Second Empire included Victor Emmanuel and Humbert of Italy, Francis King-Consort of Spain, and Maximilian of Bavaria, son of the lover of "Lola Montès." Thither, too, came the wife of another Maximilian, the unfortunate Charlotte of Mexico. A few years previously she and her husband had been guests at the Tuileries, where the latter was prevailed upon to accept the Mexican crown. It has been said that he yielded not only to the persuasions of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, but also to those of his wife, whose disposition was ambitious. The youngest and favourite brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, Maximilian was supreme head of the Austrian navy, and had served his apprenticeship in statecraft as governor of the Italian possessions of Austria. But his wife, Charlotte, the youngest child of Leopold I. of Belgium by Louise of Orleans, had desires above a position which, however high and honourable, was nevertheless a subordinate one. She, then, it appears, yielded the more

* The destruction of the palace, in October, 1870, has been variously ascribed to the fire of the German artillery on adjacent heights, to a French shell from Mont Valérien, and to one from the French gunboat the *Farcy*.

readily to the temptations of the French Court, and helped to prevail upon her husband to embark on that disastrous Mexican adventure. They were both quite young at the time, he not more than one and thirty, tall, slim, aristocratic, with a fair flowing beard, she only three and twenty, but accomplished, speaking five languages, with a tall, well-proportioned figure, a distinguished if somewhat stiff bearing, a round face, a bright complexion, and large, dark, beaded eyes.

In April, 1866, the *Moniteur* announced the approaching withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico. They were to quit the country at intervals, in detachments, and though it was asserted by French imperialists that Maximilian's position was such that he would easily maintain himself on the throne, he was in reality overwhelmed by Napoleon's decision to abandon him. The Empress Charlotte hastened to France, and reaching Paris early in August repaired to the Grand Hotel, whence she wrote to Napoleon asking him to receive her. Court carriages and a sovereign's escort of cuirassiers were despatched to convey her to St. Cloud, where the Emperor and Empress awaited her at the entrance of the château. The scene was a moving one. The countenance of the Empress Charlotte proclaimed her agitation, her anxiety, the many trials and sufferings through which she had passed. Napoleon and his consort were likewise stirred. Their consciences may well have reproached them, for it was they who had sent that unhappy woman and her husband on that wild adventure across the Atlantic, and now the great enterprise was fast collapsing, and Charlotte, who had quitted France radiant with joyful ambition, had returned haggard, careworn, and despairing. There was a long interview in the private rooms of the Empress Eugénie. For two hours the Empress Charlotte pleaded her husband's cause, beseeching Napoleon not to abandon him. But in vain. Confronted by the threats of the United States, the Emperor dared not prolong the French occupation beyond the dates agreed upon.

A strange incident marked the interview. The Empress Charlotte was accompanied by two Mexican ladies-in-waiting, to whom Mme. Carette, the Empress Eugénie's lady, offered some refreshment. Thereupon one of them particularly requested her to send some *orangeade* to the Empress Charlotte,

and orders to that effect were given to a *maître d'hôtel.* But the Empress Eugénie expressed great surprise at the arrival of this *orangeade* in the midst of such an important discussion, and inquired who had ordered it to be sent. The man explained that he had brought it by Mme. Carette's instructions, and the Empress Eugénie thereupon offered the beverage to the Empress Charlotte, who, however, only accepted it after a good deal of insistence.* The interview then proceeded, and Maximilian's consort renewed her entreaties. But Napoleon could only tender advice, which was that, if Maximilian's position was such as the Empress Charlotte depicted it, he had better return to Europe with the French troops. Napoleon repeated that advice on the morrow, when he visited the Empress Charlotte at the Grand Hotel. But if Maximilian had originally hesitated to embark on the enterprise, he was now unwilling to abandon it. A genuine Hapsburg, with all the obstinate pride of his race, he held that his honour was involved in the task to which he had put his hand. Nor did the idea of relinquishment appeal to the Empress Charlotte, for it meant the downfall of her hopes, the wrecking of her ambition. She resolved to apply to the Emperor of Austria for help, and enlist the influence of her brother, the King of the Belgians.† Under the adverse blows of fate, however, her reason was already tottering. Before she quitted Paris she already complained of violent pains in the head, of feverishness and agitation, which she could not subdue, and for which she could not account until the idea suddenly seized upon her that she had been poisoned—poisoned by the *orangeade* which had been given her at St. Cloud! Napoleon, bent on abandoning her husband, and wishing to get rid of her importunities, stifle her protests and complaints, had tendered her a poisoned cup by which he had hoped to silence her for ever!

It was, of course, mere delusion. The Emperor, whatever may be thought of him, was no Borgia, and the fancies of the

* The story will be found related in detail in the first part of Mme. Carette's "Souvenirs intimes."

† Leopold I. had died in December, 1865. Mme. Carette, who often errs in her "history," and can only be followed in matters which came under her immediate observation, writes as though the Empress Charlotte's father had been still alive in the autumn of 1866.

Empress Charlotte would merely have been amusing had they not ended so tragically. She went on her desperate pilgrimage. She appealed to both her brother and her brother-in-law, but they could only repeat the advice of the Emperor of the French: Maximilian must quit Mexico. At last the Empress Charlotte turned to the Pope as to a supreme resource. She felt that it was in the Pontiff's power both to influence the Catholic sovereigns of Europe in her favour, and, in the name of religion, to exact of the Mexicans themselves submission to her husband's rule. She repaired, then, to Rome, and it was there that her reason finally gave way. In a dramatic interview at the Vatican she threw herself at the feet of Pius IX., beseeching him to shield her, imploring him to lodge her in his palace, the only place, she said, where she would be safe from the poisoners who pursued her. Her mind was gone.

It does not appear that she ever became violently insane. The state in which she at first remained was one of profound mental dejection, induced by her anxieties and disappointments. She had put her trust in princes and the sons of men, and the result was too hard for her to bear. At first, the doctors did not despair of a cure. They advised, by way of remedy, a total change of scene, and Como was suggested as a residence. The unfortunate woman was, in the first instance, removed from Rome to Vienna, and was still there in 1867 when the news arrived that her husband had become a prisoner of the Mexican Republicans. Her intellect had then grown weaker, but, as in the earlier stages of her aberration, there were yet some occasional brief intervals of sanity, though it may be taken, broadly, that the idea that she was threatened by poisoners had become a fixed one. She spent many hours in writing her husband letters, which were brimful of affection, but which, it seems, were never forwarded—indeed, it soon became impossible to do so. We cannot say if there is any truth in the story that a rumour of the Empress Charlotte's death reached Mexico before Maximilian's execution, and that he, on hearing it, exclaimed: "It is better thus, she will not know my fate;" but it is certain that when the news of the execution at Queretaro arrived in Europe, the doctors attending the Empress Charlotte thought that the tragedy might lead to the cure of their patient. They

were of opinion that, in addition to a return to the scenes of youth, a sudden shock—such as the tidings of her husband's death might give her—would greatly help to restore her reason. Those hopes were disappointed. The subject was broached one day during a brief lucid interval, the Empress being told that her husband was in peril and might lose his life. "Better that than his honour," she replied, and before the whole truth could be brought home to her she had relapsed into her usual condition. It does not appear that she has ever known, ever been really conscious of her husband's fate. The return to youthful scenes failed like other suggested remedies. For long years now the unfortunate Princess has lived in Belgium, chiefly, we believe, at the Boushout palace, where she has often been visited by her brother the King, and her niece, the Princess Clémentine. Now and then, as in earlier years, the mental gloom has seemed to lift, and she has spoken rationally enough on one or another subject. But the veil has suddenly fallen again, and she has failed to recognize those about her. Of Mexico she appears to retain no recollection, never mentioning it even in lucid moments. Only one thought seems to survive in her mind—the obligation to worship God. Every day she prays in the chapel of the palace, repeating her rosary aloud —consciously or unconsciously, we cannot say. For some forty years has the unhappy lady endured this dreadful living death.

The fates of Maximilian and Charlotte constitute one of the crimes of the Empire, which nothing can wash away. Whatever may have been the former's arbitrary decrees, whatever the latter's young ambition, it must not be forgotten that these two would never have gone to Mexico had it not been for the blandishments and persuasion brought to bear on them, the temptations and promises held out to them at that palace—that fatal palace, we repeat it—of the Tuileries.

At the time of the Empress Charlotte's visit to St. Cloud, Napoleon III. was in very bad health, owing to the progress already made by the complaint which led to his death in 1873. The English doctors were then of opinion that the affection had originated some eight or ten years previously, and a private letter written by M. Rouher (who was in a position to know a

great deal) confirms that view, it being stated therein that the first characteristic symptoms showed themselves in 1863. In the following year while the Emperor was in Switzerland there came a very bad attack, attended by hematuria. His doctors thereupon ordered complete rest, and after a delay of some three weeks he was able to return to France. A short time previously a severe accident had befallen some members of the imperial party, notably Princess Anna Murat and Mme. Carette, and the prolongation of the Emperor's sojourn in Switzerland was generally, though wrongly, attributed at that time to his solicitude for those ladies.

During the ensuing summer (1865) while Napoleon was at the camp of Chalons he sent one morning for his medical attendant, Baron Larrey, to whom he made certain communications. "The symptoms, as fully explained by himself," wrote Baron Larrey twenty-one years afterwards,* "were for me, as they would have been for any other surgeon, conclusive symptoms of calculus in the vesica." The Baron accordingly begged the Emperor to submit to proper examination, but he would not consent, indeed he strictly enjoined on the doctor that he should say nothing on the subject to anybody whatever. In the following year there was a repetition of the same symptoms, and various doctors were consulted by the Emperor, but Larrey was not among them, nor was he included in subsequent consultations.

Napoleon did not put much faith either in the medical art or in those who practised it. On various occasions, instead of applying to any of the eminent men included in his *service médical*, he consulted any staff-doctor who happened to be on duty at the Tuileries. The latter often ascribed serious symptoms to a mere passing indisposition, and prescribed some simple palliative remedy. Moreover, several of the better men differed respecting the nature of the Emperor's complaint, some opining that it was vesical catarrh and others diagnosing gouty symptoms; which conflict of views tended to increase the Emperor's scepticism respecting medical science.

He was of a lymphatic nature, and anæmia had been induced by his long imprisonment at Ham, resulting in cutaneous and

* Letter addressed to *Le Figaro*, on February 8, 1886.

muscular hyperæsthesia, which became most marked under the influence of cold, when also great sensibility, as manifested by shooting pains, sometimes appeared in the extremities. An hemorrhoidal complaint, which had also been induced by the confinement at Ham, had increased the anæmia, which, according to the Emperor's subsequent admissions, had sometimes led to fainting fits; but virtually the only trace of it left in the last year of the reign was the hyperæsthesia we have mentioned. There were no symptoms of rheumatism (as some had diagnosed) at all. If the hyperæsthesia had been due to rheumatic causes and not to anæmia, there would have been heart complaint, but there was none. Further, the few gouty symptoms which had shown themselves were in no wise of a rheumatic nature; but vesical lesion existed. All other organs were regarded as sound.* From the presence of calculus it would seem that the treatment prescribed for the Emperor throughout a period of many years was altogether wrong. The first spa selected for him by his medical advisers was Plombières in the Vosges, whose waters may not have done him any particular harm, and may even have been beneficial with respect to passing affections, but a terrible blunder was committed when he was sent to Vichy in the Bourbonnais. This first occurred, we believe, in July, 1861, while his complaint was in an incipient state, and Vichy becoming his usual place of resort for treatment, pernicious consequences ensued. The effect indeed of the Vichy waters was to increase the volume of the calculus.†

In 1865, when the true character of his symptoms was secretly revealed to Baron Larrey, the Emperor paid a visit to Algeria. There were good political reasons for the journey, but, according to some accounts, it was really undertaken by medical advice, it being thought that the sufferer might benefit by a sojourn in a warm climate. It is pointed out that the situation was then evidently regarded as serious by some of the doctors, for, although the Emperor did not quit French territory, he invested the Empress with the powers of Regent, and also made his will before quitting St. Cloud. But there

* The above account is abbreviated from the report of the famous medical consultation on the eve of the Franco-German War.

† Dr. Constantin James.

are some other points to be considered, such as the Marguerite Bellanger affair, the intervention of President Devienne, the estrangement between Napoleon and his consort, and the necessity of effecting a reconciliation, in which respect the regency, the will, and the Algerian journey may all have been helpful. In the following year, however, the Emperor's symptoms were certainly severe. Mental anxiety always reacts on such complaints as his, and there can be no doubt that his health at the time—it was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria—greatly influenced his foreign policy, inclining him the more to accept the suggestions of those who advised negotiation with Prussia rather than armed intervention. Eager for treatment after great worries of State, which were not yet ended, he repaired to Vichy on July 27, that is about three weeks after the battle of Königgrätz, attended by his Chef-de-cabinet, Conti, and speedily followed by his Foreign Minister, Drouyn de Lhuys. But the arrival of the Empress Charlotte in France necessitated his prompt return to St. Cloud. Somewhat later his complaint gave much trouble, and alarming rumours led to a fall in the funds. But in the latter part of October he was restored to average good health, making excursions in the environs of Paris, experimenting with the Chassepot rifle, and shooting over the coverts at St. Cloud.

In 1867 he went to Vichy again, and this time the ill effects of the waters became so marked, the hematuria re-appearing, that the treatment was stopped. In the following year he did not visit Vichy, but reverted to Plombières, hoping, perhaps, to obtain relief from the waters there. It seems as if his doctors hardly knew what course to suggest. That, in addition to being sceptical in medical matters, he was also a very reticent man is well known. Although, in a sudden moment of anxiety, he had confided everything to Larrey, it does not follow that he acted likewise with other medical advisers. We at least know that until his stay at Vichy in 1867 he submitted to no examination at all, and the discord among the doctors and the erroneous early treatment may have been due in some degree to his own lack of outspoken confidence. In any case, his complaint was not checked, but grew more serious each year. In August, 1869, he became so ill that he had to keep his room, and in

spite of all precautions ominous rumours again spread through Paris. The old story of rheumatism which had so often done duty already, was thereupon repeated in order to allay public apprehension, the *Journal Officiel* stating, on August 18: "Alarming reports respecting the Emperor's health have been circulated. Those reports are incorrect. His Majesty's rheumatic pains are subsiding." But people with any acumen were not deceived. It was known that Dr. Ricord had been summoned, and the mere name of that renowned specialist indicated that the Emperor's complaint, whatever might be exactly its nature, came within the range of the cases which Ricord treated. Moreover, on the same day as the official note appeared, the *Indépendance Belge* published a telegram from Paris stating that the Emperor's health was improving, favourable results having attended the employment of an instrument * which was named. Henri Rochefort immediately pointed out in *Le Rappel* that this news amply proved that the Emperor's complaint could not be rheumatism. As a matter of fact, though some persons, such as Prince Napoleon, Marshal Lebœuf, and even General Lebrun, subsequently declared that they were ignorant of the truth until the early stages of the war of 1870, the secret of the Emperor's condition was already, in 1869, tending to become a "secret de Polichinelle" in various Parisian circles.

Respecting the social side of the visits which the Emperor, in his desire for cure, paid annually to Plombières or Vichy there is not much to be said. Both at the spa commended by Montaigne, and that celebrated by Mme. de Sévigné, his patronage led to a great influx of fashionable folk and money; and the State, the municipalities, and the water companies spent large sums on the improvement of both the baths and the towns. The Emperor's retinue was usually very small as the Empress did not accompany him on those trips.† He was often pursued by urgent State business. The famous conference with Count Cavour on Italian affairs took place, it will be remembered, at

* We know from the diagnosis of July, 1870, that the same course had become necessary at Vichy in 1867.

† One year, when suffering from a stomachic complaint, she repaired to the spa of Schwalbach, in Nassau, where she was extremely well received by the inhabitants.

Plombières in 1858. There were also official receptions which the Emperor could not escape. For the rest he led a very simple life, drinking the waters, making excursions in the surrounding country, and occasionally attending a concert or theatrical performance at a casino. Sometimes he patronized a neighbouring village *fête*, and the good-natured familiarity with which he then mixed with the peasants won him many a staunch adherent in those parts of France.

One evening, on turning up at a village dance near Vichy, he singled out a good-looking girl and asked her to be his partner. It was by no means the first time he had done such a thing, but it aroused all the customary enthusiasm. While the dance proceeded, however, an old peasant among the onlookers remarked to the orderly in mufti, who was in attendance on the Emperor: "Think of that, now! Do you see how pleased Marie Boilon looks at having the Emperor for her partner? She's my niece, you know." "Ah!" said the officer, "she certainly does look pleased, as you say." "Yes," continued the old man, "she won't forget it, not if she lives for a hundred years. *Voyez vous*, monsieur, I'm getting old, and I've seen a few things in my time. We had Charles X., he was the King of the Nobility. Then we had Louis Philippe, he was the King of the Bourgeois; but Napoleon—you can't say the contrary—he's the Emperor of the Peasants!" Marie Boilon's uncle was right. He had briefly summed up the history of France for a period of half a century, and there is no gainsaying the fact that the peasantry constituted the backbone of the Empire.

Another element of the nation with which the Emperor strove to ingratiate himself was the army, not merely the officers but the ranks also; and, on the whole, he succeeded in this respect until that fateful year 1870, when, after the Plebiscitum had revealed the presence of a certain contingent of malcontents in the forces, the advent of war a little later introduced with the Mobile Guard a yet stronger Republican element, impatient of discipline, into their midst, while the early disastrous reverses capped everything by destroying confidence in the military capacity of the Emperor and his Marshals. For years, however, Napoleon made much of his soldiers. If he sent them to die amid the snow and ice of the Crimea, among

the maize fields of Lombardy, or under the fierce sun of Mexico, he petted them in France; and in time of peace, during his more vigorous years, he interested himself in the question of their creature-comforts with as much zealous assiduity as the Duke of Cambridge displayed in England.

The Camp of Châlons was a great institution of the reign. It dated from 1857, when the earlier Camp of Boulogne was raised. It seems certain that the change was brought about by considerations of policy. An *entente cordiale* existing with Great Britain, the continuance of a great camp on the Channel coast might well seem offensive to that power. But apart from any regard for British feeling, the transference of the army's chief training camp from the west to the east of France, was dictated, we think, even at so early a date as 1857, by the Emperor's aspirations to restore to France what was deemed to be her legitimate frontier on the Rhine. The opportunity for an effort of that kind, lost in 1864 and again in 1866, presented itself once more, though under different and more difficult circumstances, in 1870—with what results we know. Yet for thirteen years the Camp of Châlons had existed with a view to facilitating the invasion of Germany. Its creation testified to foresight as well as ambition on the Emperor's part. If, instead of invading, he should be invaded, that camp and its organization might render good service. But, again, it all ended as we know.

The camp was established on a great heath-like expanse lying several miles north of Châlons, and limited by rivers on the south-west and north-east. The front line was about eight miles long, the area available for encampments, ranges, and manœuvring being about 30,000 acres. Water was abundant, thanks to the boring of wells, the proximity of the two rivers we have mentioned, and the existence of a streamlet called the Cheneu which intersected the camp for some distance, the cavalry and infantry quarters being located on one side of that streamlet, while the artillery, the service corps, the administrative departments, the magazines, slaughter-houses, bake-houses, etc., were on the other. Each division had its hospital, and a tramway ran through the entire camp, which was illumined at night by four large lighthouses. Wooden buildings

were provided for some of the troops, while others slept under canvas. On some rising ground near a fine old Roman road by which the camp was also crossed, various pavilions and chalets were erected for the headquarters of the marshal or general in command and the accommodation of the Emperor and his suite when he visited the camp. There was also a small dairy farm near this spot, in addition to seven other farms which Napoleon, with a view to utilizing all the manure yielded by the camp, established around it on land which had been lying waste for centuries. For that he must be commended. Those farms, managed on the best principles and extending over some 6000 acres, were so many practical schools of agriculture, and exercised no little influence on agricultural methods in that part of France. For some years there was little return for the money expended on them, but by 1867 they were paying ten per cent. on the capital invested.

During June, July, and August, as many as 60,000 men were sometimes assembled at the Camp of Châlons, but the average number was then about 40,000, falling to a quarter or a fifth of that figure at other seasons of the year. The Emperor's visit usually took place during the first fortnight in August. Many foreign royalties and generals were present at one or another time. The Empress was also an occasional visitor, and from 1860 onward the young Imperial Prince came from Paris to witness the manœuvres and reviews. His first visit, at the date we have mentioned, when he was little more than four years old and rode a diminutive Shetland pony called Balmoral, the gift of Queen Victoria, aroused delirious enthusiasm among the soldiers. The routine of camp-life was as follows: On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, manœuvres by part or all of the forces; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, artillery practice from dawn until 11 a.m., then infantry practice until nightfall. It was at Châlons that De Reffye's mitrailleuses were first tested on any considerable scale, and that the famous Chassepot rifle inspired those great expectations which were in a considerable measure fulfilled the first time the weapon was used in action—against the Garibaldians at Mentana.

Napoleon was always keenly interested in the gun and rifle

practice. The greater part of his time at Châlons was given to noting its results. Even in the final years of his reign he showed no little activity when he was at the camp, an activity simply marvellous when one remembers his complaint. On horseback, when he had once really sat down and taken his charger, Hero, by the head, he still made the pace very strong, too strong, indeed, for some of the generals. There can be little doubt that he often punished himself severely. But he was a man of great physical courage. All imputations of cowardice cast at him in former years, should be unreservedly withdrawn, they are unworthy of figuring in the pages of history. The saying "to grin and bear it" expresses, in our opinion, his line of conduct with reference to his malady. In a mistaken way, he sacrificed himself to the *régime* he had founded. All the concealment so long practised respecting his illness was inspired by solicitude for the Empire. Nobody was to know the truth lest the *régime* should totter under the revelation, and its adversaries be inspirited to yet greater efforts against it. Yet it would have been better for the Empire, as well as for the Emperor himself, if he had submitted to proper treatment when he was first urged to do so by Baron Larrey. The course of the disease might then have been arrested, and France might have retained a still vigorous instead of a more and more valetudinarian monarch. But there was Prussia, there was the succession to the throne, there were so many interests to be considered. And no, no, there must be no revelation, no risk of operation, he must jog on as best he could, even supposing that Larrey were right—which, judging by what other doctors said, was by no means certain.

Napoleon mixed freely with his soldiers during his stay at the Camp of Châlons. Often, while he was strolling about in undress uniform, he would ask Corporal Lagloire for a light, or exchange a few words with Drummer Rataplan and offer him a cigarette. He frequently dined in the open air, and afterwards sat over a camp fire, smoking and partaking of coffee. The men on their side got up entertainments to amuse the imperial party in the evening. The Zouaves could always be relied upon to improvise some laughable show. They "played at Arabs" in a manner which vastly diverted the Duke of

Cambridge on one of his visits to the camp. One Zouave would climb on another's shoulders, and the pair, after being robed by their comrades as if forming but a single individual, appeared before the company in the guise of a truly gigantic Bedouin. Again, in some mysterious fashion, two or three men combined together so as to form a very realistic camel, their grey blankets simulating the hide of the animal, on whose hump another Zouave, robed in sheeting, presently perched himself, gazing around with all the dignity of a genuine desert sheik. There was also the Arab wedding, when the young bride, impersonated by some bearded Zouave, swathed from head to foot, sat on the ground attended by matrons, who sang the praises of her many virtues, while some scores of comrades, draped in sheeting and blankets, danced around to wild, discordant music.

There were many other entertainments and amusements for the soldiers—skittle alleys, jugglers' booths, a theatre, and a *café-concert* where professional talent was displayed, while some crazy billiard-tables were to be found in the adjacent village of Mourmelan-le-Grand. Again, strips of land for gardens were allotted to different regiments, and many men spent their spare time in raising lettuces and radishes, the Zouaves further adorning their plots with flowers and young fir trees. They of course were a *genre à part*, but one was struck, particularly in the camp's earlier years, by the similarity of many of the uniforms of the Second Empire with those of the First. The Grenadiers of the Guard, with their huge busbies of an old-fashioned type, their bronzed cheeks and big moustaches, particularly suggested the *vieux de la vieille* of 1812 and 1813. They more than once sat to Horace Vernet and Meissonier as models. Unluckily few of those men were left in 1870.

High Mass on Sunday mornings, particularly during the Emperor's stay at the camp, was an impressive if somewhat theatrical spectacle. There was a chapel on the ground, but Sunday Mass was celebrated at an altar on a lofty staging, around which the troops assembled in full uniform and under arms, the cavalry, however, being on foot. Thousands of people came from neighbouring towns and villages to see the

sight. Sometimes the chief Army-Chaplain, sometimes the Bishop of Nancy, and on special occasions, like the Fête Napoleon, the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims, officiated. The Emperor stood just below the staging, surrounded by marshals and generals and attended by Cent-Gardes. The *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem* and the *Te Deum* were accompanied by massed military bands, but the supreme moment of the ceremony was that of the elevation of the Host. As the officiant turned and raised the glittering monstrance towards the broad blue heavens each soldier fell on one knee, presenting arms or saluting with the sword, and at the same moment the colours were lowered, the drums beat, and the field-pieces roared in unison.

But, as we previously indicated, life at the camp of Châlons was not all amusement and pageantry. The reviews, *retraites aux flambeaux*, and other solemnities and diversions which marked the Emperor's visits came as interludes amid the more serious work. We cannot here enter in detail into the question why that work did not prove more successful when put to the test, but the chief cause seems to have been lack of real military genius among those to whom the charge of the French army was committed. The Empire was unfortunate in its Ministers of War. Marshal St. Arnaud died prematurely in the Crimea, Marshal Niel was carried off by the same complaint as Napoleon's, leaving his efforts at reorganization unfinished.* One who, had he been trusted, might, perhaps, have proved an efficient War Minister, Marshal Bosquet, also died early.

We have previously said something of those commanders and a few others, and it is, perhaps, appropriate to add some particulars respecting their colleagues in the Maréchalat of the second Napoleonic era. The first, we think, counted three and twenty Marshals of France, in the second we find as many as nineteen,† some of whom, as already indicated, were cut off prematurely or died in the Empire's early years. In that respect,

* By great misfortune an instrument broke during one of Nélaton's operations on Marshal Niel, and the pieces could not be extracted. Napoleon heard of this, and shrank the more from the risk of an operation, not from cowardice, but on account of the great issues at stake.

† We include in that number all who were created Marshals by Napoleon III., either as President or as Emperor.

Excelmans, Ornano and Harispe may be added to Bosquet, Niel, and St. Arnaud. Further, Jerome Bonaparte was past all service at the time of his promotion. Then Vaillant, after acting as War Minister during the Crimean campaign, confined himself to his position at the head of the Emperor's Household. There remain eleven to be mentioned. First, there was the one-armed veteran Baraguey d'Hilliers, born in 1795, who took Bomarsund in 1854, defeated the Austrians in 1859, and returned to active service—though not to command in the field—in 1870 when he was seventy-five years of age. He was a soldier of the old-fashioned type, capable in his way. Next may be mentioned Castellane, Baraguey's senior by eight years, a good soldier in his younger days but employed by the Empire, if we remember rightly, only on home service, mainly as Governor of Lyons. Then there was Magnan, Governor of Paris, whose chief military exploit, as previously narrated, was the Coup d'État and who was removed from the scene in 1865. On the other hand, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely showed some capacity during the Italian war of 1859 and commanded the Imperial Guard until his death early in 1870, when he was succeeded in that post by General Bourbaki.

A more important man was Marshal Randon, who also died in 1870. He had been War Minister for a while in 1851, and again held that office from 1859 to 1867, during which period his authority proved disastrous for the army, for as ex-Governor of Algeria he was an apostle as well as a pupil of that Algerian school of warfare which, as a school for hostilities against European forces, was the worst that could have been found. Randon was also very neglectful in his departmental duties, and much that happened in 1870 may be directly traced back to him. If he retained his position so long, it was, perhaps, because as an "elegant Minister," renowned for his entertainments, he was supported by so much Court influence.

He had been succeeded in Algeria by Marshal Pélissier, the "conqueror of Sebastopol," a plump, stumpy little man, with dark eyes, black moustache, and white hair, in whom the military ability and confidence of an old *soudard* were united with the worst characteristics of the Norman peasantry, from whose ranks he had sprung. Entering the Artillery of Louis

XVIII.'s Guard in 1815, just before Napoleon's return from Elba, Pélissier had seen active service in Spain under the Duke d'Angoulême, then in Morea, and next in Algeria, where he achieved European notoriety by "smoking" some five hundred Arab fugitives in their caves. In 1855 he took over the Crimean command from Canrobert, and reduced Sebastopol, for which achievement he was rewarded with the rank of Marshal of France, the title of Duke of Malakoff, a senatorship, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Thereby hangs a tale. Pélissier, as we have said, had some peasant characteristics, and among them were greed and parsimony. Still there was justification for the attitude he assumed when he was called upon to pay the various fees of investiture connected with the dignities conferred on him. Those fees amounted to about £400, and the usual application was made to the Marshal. "What!" he angrily exclaimed; "I took Sebastopol for you, and you want me to pay for doing so! *Tonnerre de Dieu*, you won't get a *sou* from me!" The matter was reported to the Emperor, who laughed good-naturedly, put his hand in his pocket, and paid the fees himself. On the whole, although Pélissier's rewards meant a large increase of emoluments, one can understand his irritation. National services, so different from services to a political party, ought always to be rewarded "free of charge."

Unfortunately, Pélissier did not merely tighten his purse-strings under justifiable circumstances. He was invariably niggardly and grasping. His Christian name, Aimable, was the very antithesis of his snappish, cantankerous disposition. The vulgarity of his speech and the ribald coarseness of his jests were a perpetual shock to people of culture and decency. Nevertheless, thanks to the interposition of the Empress Eugénie, he contrived to marry a bewitching Andalucian beauty, the Señorita Sophia de la Paniega, of Granada,* who survived him for several years, after leading a by no means happy life in her matrimonial bonds. Although Pélissier had no courtly or diplomatic qualifications—being but a rough soldier, brave undoubtedly, intelligent also in his profession (yet achieving pre-eminence in the Crimea chiefly by reason of

* Her father was an impoverished Marquis. At the time of the marriage in 1858 she was 26 years old, Pélissier being 38 years her senior.

the marked mediocrity of the men around him)—he was sent, after the Orsini affair, to replace Persigny as French ambassador in London. The British Government, mindful of Pélissier's Crimean record, could not object to the appointment, but it was one for which the Marshal was in no way fit. Later, as we have said, he went to Algeria, where his administration proved galling, predatory, and brutal, engendering rising after rising among the natives. The Marshal's chief aim seemed to be the augmentation of his fortune, and as his subordinates followed his example, the native population was despoiled in so scandalous a manner that the home government had to intervene to ensure to the Arabs the possession of their remaining lands. Nevertheless, insurrection spread, and was only being reduced after great efforts on the part of the French, when in May, 1864, Pélissier died suddenly at Algiers. He was succeeded by MacMahon, who soon re-established order in the colony, its pacification being confirmed by the Emperor's visit in the following year.

MacMahon was a born gentleman, and contrasted strongly with Pélissier. In his earlier years he had seen considerable service in Algeria; then, removed to the Crimea, he had carried, as we all remember, the Malakoff works of Sebastopol. Later, in Italy, his share of the victory of Magenta, had procured him both a Marshal's *bâton* and the title of Duke. His abilities were not of the highest order, but he was a good divisional general, and as an administrator he at least managed to keep Algeria quiet during his command there. How, in 1870, he led his army to Sedan, how he was wounded there, will be readily recalled. How far, in later years, as President of the Republic, he became a consenting party to the schemes to restore a monarchy in France, cannot as yet be fully determined. Claiming descent from an ancient and noble Irish sept, he was an aristocrat by inclination, confirmed, too, in such sympathies by his marriage with a lady of high birth, whose influence over him was considerable. His rule in Algeria, which was almost absolute, his experience in command of the army which subdued the Commune of Paris, and thereby prevented the disruption of France, had made him an authoritarian, opposed to popular clamour and ascendency. At the same time, he had less personal

ambition and a great deal less unscrupulousness than Bazaine. His hands, too, were clean. If, then, he favoured a monarchical restoration, it was, we think, solely by lawful means. We have great doubts whether General de Rochebouët's scheme for a monarchist Coup d'Etat in the seventies really had MacMahon's assent and support.

While he was President of the Republic, it was often said that he was deficient in intellect, a mere puppet in the hands of others, unable to make a speech, and addicted to numerous failings. We were on the side against him in those days, holding that he had to give in or go out, even as Gambetta had said. But we never thought him quite the puppet that others asserted. We recognized then, as we do now, that the power of oratory is not given to everybody, and we were quite ready to admit the exaggeration, if not falsity, of other assertions. And now that the political passions stirred up at that period have long since been stilled, nobody, we think, will gainsay the fact that MacMahon had a courtly way, as well as a soldierly bearing. It was delightful to see how he handed Madame la Maréchale either out of a carriage, or, if they were walking, across a street. It was like a sudden flash of the manners of the old *régime*, that polished yet easy gallantry of long ago, such as was displayed at the Imperial Court by only two other men, Count Walewski and Prince Jerome.

The best trait of MacMahon's comrade Canrobert was a consciousness of his limitations. Brave, dashing, like the old Zouave leader he was, always prepared—*rrran!*—to crush, as military governor, either the unarmed Lyonnese or Parisians, should they rise against the imperial authority, he shrank with good reason from supreme command in the field. No doubts, however, disturbed the tranquillity of Marshal Lebœuf, who, rising to a supreme position, honestly but foolishly harboured the delusion that France, in 1870, was indeed ready for war. Forey, the first of the Mexican marshals, figured only a few years upon the scene. By treating the Mexicans as brigands, and at least conniving at the barbarities perpetrated by Colonel Dupin of the Contra-guerilla, he contributed to the fate of Maximilian. In 1870, when the Germans refused to recognize the French Francs-tireurs as troops, the Berlin press was able

to point out that this was by no means an innovation—a similar course having been followed by the French themselves in Mexico. When Forey was superseded there by Bazaine, he returned very regretfully to France, holding that he had been badly treated. But a year or two later, when the Mexican business collapsed, he was well pleased that he had extricated himself from it at an early date. "It was Bazaine's fault if the new Empire had not found acceptance among the Mexicans. Bazaine was a most incompetent man," said he, forgetting that he had previously lauded him to the skies.

There was, however, truth in his last assertion. Bazaine, who, like so many others, had been trained in the Algerian school, serving also against Carlist bands in Spain, and commanding the French contingent against Kinburn in 1855, rose from the ranks to supreme command by a combination of good luck and pushfulness. The gaps in his military knowledge were amazing. He was deficient precisely in what made Moltke pre-eminent, his acquaintance with the real science of war being most limited. It is frequently asserted that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory. Bazaine was a living proof that this aphorism is not always borne out by facts. Bonaparte, the greatest captain of the modern era, at least studied at Brienne, but where and how did Bazaine study? Natural aptitude, which Bazaine certainly possessed, requires to be reinforced by knowledge, such as he lacked. Yet, until the autumn of 1870, he always had his partisans, and circumstances served him. While fighting with the Cristinos against the Carlists, he had acquired some knowledge of the Spanish language, and that largely helped to secure him a command in Mexico. Then came his opportunity. We will not say that, on succeeding Forey, he might have firmly established Maximilian on his throne, but it seems clear that he repeatedly lied in his despatches, and systematically placed his own personal interests above those of France. If the contrary were true, then all the many private letters emanating from officers of the French forces in Mexico, notably those from General Abel Douay and Commander Bressonet—letters which were so often opened and copied for the Imperial Cabinet at the Tuileries—must have been mendacious. In Mexico Bazaine also

acquired a reputation for rapacity, but, in that respect, the poverty into which he fell during his last years seems to indicate that he never amassed any great amount of money. It was at Maximilian's Court that he contracted his second marriage. His first wife had died under very tragical circumstances, and, in the summer of 1865, he espoused a young Mexican lady of considerable charm of person, the Señorita Josefa de Peña y Azcarate. In conjunction with a devoted aide-de-camp of the Marshal, it was she who, after his trial for the surrender of Metz, helped him to escape from the Ile Ste Marguerite.

Whether Bazaine would have fared at all better than he did with the army under his command in 1870, even if, from the very outset, he had been allowed a free hand instead of being subordinated to the Emperor and the latter's *entourage*, must remain doubtful; but, after attending his trial from beginning to end, noting the manner of the witnesses as well as their evidence, and the prisoner's own bearing throughout the proceedings, it has always seemed to us only too clear that, after being shut up in Metz, he listened to the voice of personal ambition. It may be taken, we think, that he neglected the true interests of France for those of the imperial cause, imagining that he would be able to restore the Empire under the young Imperial Prince, whose High Constable and protector he would become. He was a Lorrainer by birth, Metz was almost his native spot, and, however much he secluded himself during those siege-days, he must have ridden more than once across the Place Napoléon and along the Esplanade. Statues of two great soldiers, Lorrainers like himself, rose upon those spots—on the first that of Abraham Fabert, and on the second that of Michel Ney, that is, one who never swerved from his duty, but died honoured by all men, and one who, though brave among the brave, suffered death for having violated his oath. But the lesson of those two statues was unheeded by Bazaine; and Metz, known until his time as Metz la Pucelle, *nunquam polluta*, fell, and was lost to France.

In the last days of 1866, a great council of the Marshals of France, with the Emperor in the chair, assembled at Compiègne, where the Court was then staying. Baraguey d'Hilliers, Canrobert, Forey, MacMahon, Niel, Randon, Regnault, and

Vaillant were present, the only absentee being Bazaine, then in Mexico. Four general officers also attended the gathering, these being Frossard, Montauban (Palikao), Trochu, and Lebœuf, the last named of whom had not yet secured his marshal's *bâton*. It was at this tardy meeting, after all the successes of Prussia, that the re-organization of the French army was first debated. A Committee of Reorganization was afterwards formed, and General Trochu, whom we have just named, was originally a member of it. But his views, which went much further than Niel's, found little or no support, and he was before long excluded *de facto* from the committee. When, therefore, the scheme which it evolved was declared to have been unanimously arrived at, Trochu, unwilling to let such a statement pass unnoticed, penned his famous pamphlet, "L'Armée Française en 1867," which created so great a sensation in every military circle of Europe, and led, in some matters of detail, to a modification of the plans which Niel was appointed to carry out.

All those men have now passed away. There are no more Marshals of France left—Canrobert was the last survivor. We are not quite certain, however, whether any of Mesdames les Maréchales remain, but early in the eighties there was still quite a company of them, including even the relict of one of the first Napoleon's marshals, the venerable Duchess d'Albuféra, who, after wedding Marshal Suchet in 1808, had remained a widow ever since 1826. A daughter of Antoine de St. Joseph, mayor of Marseilles, and therefore a close connection by marriage of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, she had received from him as a wedding gift the fine mansion adjoining the British Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honóre, in which she resided until her death. During the Second Empire the Duchess frequently figured at the Tuileries, and the entertainments at the Hôtel d'Albuféra were at one time renowned. She bore Suchet two children—a son, who married the daughter of the famous banker Schickler, and who was long a member of the Legislative Body; and a daughter, who became Countess de la Redorte. Other widowed Maréchales, who still figured in Parisian society a score of years ago, were Mesdames Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely and Niel, and the Duchess de Malakoff.

Then there were Mme. de MacMahon and the Maréchale Canrobert, whose husbands were still alive; while in seclusion, somewhere in the provinces, Lebœuf and his wife were to be found.

All those high commanders and their ladies figured from time to time, not only at the Tuileries, St. Cloud, and the camp of Châlons, but at the other places whither the Emperor transported himself. The annual stay at Fontainebleau sometimes preceded and sometimes followed the imperial visit to Châlons. In various respects the Court's life at Fontainebleau resembled that which it led at Compiègne later in the year, but the gatherings, which generally coincided with the Fontainebleau race meetings, were perhaps rather more "fussy" (if we may be again allowed a vulgarism), and whereas at Compiègne, apart from *costumes de chasse*, only the furs and cloaks and sombre gowns of winter were to be observed out-of-doors, at Fontainebleau the scene was bright with all the hues of dainty summer toilettes. Unfortunately, the gentlemen were pursued by the etiquette of the time, and in that connection we recall a delightful picture. Imagine the lake near the "English garden" covered with sailing-boats, rowing-boats, punts, and canoes, in most of which sit ladies in leghorn hats and crinolines, while the gentlemen who are rowing, punting, paddling, or hoisting sails, invariably wear the solemn orthodox frockcoats and silk hats of the Boulevard des Italiens. The idea of such a thing nowadays seems too preposterous; but, then, did not Marshal Magnan, soon after he was appointed "Great Huntsman," go shooting at Compiègne in similar attire, with the addition of a white neck-cloth? And does none of our readers remember the lithographs of the late forties in which English tourists were depicted climbing Mount Vesuvius in frockcoats and "chimney-pots"? Not so many years ago, after the disruption of an Alpine glacier, an old English beaver hat, such as must have once figured in the Park and about St. James's, was accidentally discovered by some Savoyard mountaineers. If such headgear might be worn amid the avalanches of the Alps and around the crater of Vesuvius, it is not surprising that it should have been thought "correct" when you were paddling your own canoe—or, rather, one

belonging to the Emperor—on that lake at Fontainebleau. The sight may have been scarcely pleasing to the tri-centenarian carp in the water, but they cannot have wondered at it, for they were *blasés*, having witnessed so many vagaries of fashion since their youthful days under the first Francis!

We need give no account of the palace of Fontainebleau. If we wrote at some length about the château of St. Cloud, it was because it exists no more, whereas Fontainebleau, happily, may still be seen and admired. Besides having many associations with monarchical times, it recalled to the Imperialists of the Second Empire the downfall of the First, for it had witnessed Napoleon's memorable abdication, and his pathetic farewell to the Old Guard in 1814. In the time of Louis Philippe, who did much to restore the palace, a framed facsimile of that deed of abdication had been hung in the room where the original was drawn up, but it was removed soon after the re-establishment of the imperial *régime*, as Napoleon III. did not wish visitors to be reminded too pointedly that Napoleon I. had "renounced for himself and his successors the throne of France." The chief work accomplished by the Second Empire at Fontainebleau was the restoration of the gallery of Francis I. and the building of a new playhouse.

From "the palace in the forest" the Court betook itself to the shores of the Bay of Biscay. The Empress had been acquainted with Biarritz before her marriage, and the Emperor accompanied her thither early in the reign. They first resided at a villa erected by a Prefect of Bayonne, but in 1854 a large tract of land, half reclaimed from the sea, was purchased for the *bagatelle* of £12, and in the following year the building of the Villa Eugénie was begun on a barren, unsheltered, terraced slope, beaten at high tide by the waves, whose spray, when the wind was strong, often lashed the windows. There was, however, a superb view of the sea breaking over the many huge rocks arising in the bay; and although at first a tangle of juniper bushes and a few dwarf trees were the only vegetation in the grounds, the latter were soon improved, thanks to proper manuring and irrigation by means of an artificial lake and a system of runlets. The "villa" itself was originally small, and intense was the dismay of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting

the first time they saw their appointed quarters. "*Mais, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the gay and brilliant Mme. de La Bedoyère, whose arrival in a room was often likened by the Tuileries set to the lighting of a chandelier; "*mais, mon Dieu,* this is not as large as a cell in the convent where we were brought up!" "No, indeed," protested her sister, the slim and willowy Mme. de La Poëze,* "we shall never be able to squeeze into such *cabanons!*" The consternation of the ladies' maids found even more vigorous expression. The joke of the situation was that this particular part of the villa had been specially designed by the Emperor, who had imagined that a room ten feet square, and furnished with a small iron bedstead, two chairs, and a dressing-table, would amply suffice for a lady-in-waiting.

The Duchess de Bassano, as chief of the ladies in question, was naturally bombarded with complaints, and bethinking herself of some means by which the grievance might be ventilated without giving undue offence, she drew up a petition in verse—the petition of all the crinolines, *tournures,* and bustles, which finding themselves cribbed, cabined, and confined in so many hermits' cells at the Villa Eugénie, were fast losing all the vigour and elasticity with which they had fascinated the Parisians. And this petition was confided to the tiny hands of the Imperial Prince, and delivered by him to his papa. Napoleon took it, read it, laughed, twirled his moustaches, and became thoughtful. For the time nothing more was said on the subject, but directly the Court quitted Biarritz that year, a small army of men set to work to enlarge the Villa Eugénie. St. Crinoline had won the day.

The villa was again enlarged on two other occasions, and it at last assumed the proportions and appearance of a college or a barracks. Meantime Biarritz itself was growing fast. A place of some importance in olden days, it had gradually sunk to the status of a mere fisher's hamlet, but the imperial patronage brought it a renewal of life. Its resident population rapidly

* Those attractive ladies, the daughters of the Marquis de La Roche Lambert, at one time a Gentleman of the Chamber to Charles X., and later Ambassador at Berlin, and a Senator of the Second Empire, have been referred to on p. 72. They had a sister, the Countess de Valon, who alone upheld the royalist traditions of her family and never came to Court.

increased; it had its large hotels, its restaurants, cafés, casino, and theatre. The earlier scarcity of vegetation was considerably remedied, the streets being lined with sycamores, and a miniature Bois de Boulogne being planted in the vicinity, where many handsome residences, such as the so-called château de Gramont and Lord Ernest Bruce's mauresque villa, also sprang up. Further, there was a new church, which the municipality, in a courtier-like spirit, caused to be dedicated to St. Eugenia —a proceeding that shocked a good many of the devout, as the church the new one replaced had been dedicated to Our Lady of Pity. It was not right, said some, that St. Eugenia should turn the Virgin out-of-doors. With the prosperity of Biarritz much of its picturesqueness departed. Gracieuse, the pretty Basquaise with her mule and her *cacolet*, was seen no more; Marinette, who, short-skirted and bare-legged, had raced from Bayonne with her basket of fresh sardines on her head, also belonged to the past. You no longer rode a donkey but a hack, on your excursions. The popular dances were no longer seen, the wild music of the Basque mountain-side was no longer heard. The waltz reigned at the casino, and a military band played tunes from "Chilpéric" or "Orphée aux enfers" on the sands.

Affairs of State pursued the Emperor to Biarritz as they pursued him to other places. Such is the result of personal rule. There were always two or three ministers at the Villa Eugénie, as well as one or another foreign ambassador. Baron Goltz, the Prussian representative, became quite enamoured of Biarritz, and repaired thither every year. In 1865, too, Bismarck's memorable conferences with Napoleon took place there, as we previously mentioned. There were also many visits from crowned heads and other royalties, for whose entertainment elaborate excursions and picnics in the picturesque environs—Ustaritz, Cambo, the Pas de Roland, or more distant spots—were organized with the help of the imperial posting service. Occasionally, too, the Emperor and Empress witnessed some bull-fighting at Bayonne. The Emperor, who was so susceptible to cold, seldom bathed, but the Empress (a good swimmer) did so regularly, and there were frequent trips at sea —a despatch-boat being stationed in the old harbour—until

a serious mishap on the water in October, 1867, alarmed the Emperor for the safety of his wife and son.

They had embarked in the despatch-boat, accompanied by the Demoiselles d'Albe, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, two ladies-in-waiting (one of them Mme. Carette), Dr. Corvisart, and Monsignor Bauer—a prelate of the Papal Household, who ended badly. The weather was fine at first, but after the steamer had gone as far as San Sebastian, the breeze freshened to half a gale, and the sea became so rough that the captain declared it impossible to put back into Biarritz, particularly as night was fast falling. The vessel, therefore, made for St. Jean de Luz, where it became necessary to land the imperial party in its boats. The fisher-folk, who had recognized it, hurried to the jetty with torches and lanterns, in order to light the channel, and one boat soon brought some of the party to shore. But the other, containing the Empress, the little Prince, the admiral, the doctor, and the priest, struck a rock and began to fill rapidly. The pilot in charge, losing his head, jumped into the water, fell back against the rock, and was stunned and drowned; but the others succeeded in getting on the rock, the Empress carrying her son, at that time eleven years old, in her arms. One of the bluejackets then offered to swim ashore to procure help, but the tide was fast running out, and once the man was in the water he found that he touched bottom. It therefore became possible for the crew to form a kind of chain and pass the passengers ashore—that is to say, all were carried in that fashion except Monsignor Bauer, who had to wade through the water, the sailors refusing him their assistance, as they held him responsible for what had happened; it being an axiom among them that a priest always brought bad luck on a sea trip. On the return of the party to Biarritz by road, the Emperor was found to be in a state of great alarm. Owing to this mishap, and the undoubtedly dangerous nature of the coast, he forbade all such excursions in future, while, for the protection of others, he ordered the erection of a lighthouse on the mole of St. Jean de Luz.

From Biarritz the Court usually returned to St. Cloud, and remained there until the period of its annual stay at Compiègne, where it was generally installed by November 3, that being the

day consecrated to St. Hubert, the patron of the chase. We have now to speak of the Imperial Venery, otherwise the hunting and shooting service, which dated from April, 1852.* Since Charles X. there had been no such service, and the work of organization was attended by various difficulties. Edgar Ney, to whom it was entrusted, was assisted by his relative, the jovial *bon-vivant* Baron Lambert, Lieutenant of the Hunt, and the Marquis de Toulongeon, a member of the house of Gramont and at one period Napoleon's orderly-officer, who became Captain of the Shooting-Grounds. Fortunately the Marquis de l'Aigle, the head of an old family of sportsmen residing at the château of Francport, between the forests of Compiègne and Laigue, offered Napoleon a pack of thirty hounds and two hunters, and in return for this gift (which formed the nucleus of the imperial *équipage*) he secured boar-hunting rights in the forests mentioned.†

The post of chief huntsman was given to M. Reverdy, called "La Trace," who had entered the first Napoleon's service in 1803 as a kennelman, and, rising in rank, had succeeded Dutillet, called "Mousquetaire," as chief huntsman to Charles X. It was to Reverdy that fell most of the preliminary work in 1852, but he was assisted by the Marquis de l'Aigle's huntsman, who entered the Emperor's service. Born in 1785, and the son of an official of Louis XVI.'s hunt, Reverdy was a depository of all the old traditions of the chase, one schooled in the manners of other times. Nothing could have been more *dixhuitième siècle* than the manner in which he approached Ney, with his whip at the correct angle in his right hand, and his three-cornered hat in his left, and exclaimed while bowing, "*Le bon plaisir de Monsieur le Comte.*" He had a high opinion of his office, and quickly resented anything in the way of impertinence. One day at Compiègne a foolish young officer called him a valet. "A valet! So be it, monsieur," answered La Trace, "but please do not forget that I am the valet of your master." He was also a very honest and well-conducted man, and organized the imperial service skilfully, this being the less easy as many of the men who were engaged came from

* Napoleon was, of course, only President at that time.

† The Imperial Hunt confined itself to stag or buck hunting.

different hunts with varying traditions or else with none at all. Among the assistant huntsmen, however, there was Leroux, who had entered the first Napoleon's Hunt in 1812, afterwards passing into the royal service. It was he who succeeded Reverdy when the latter retired. There was also Camus, the first mounted limer-man, who had done duty in the Hunts of the First Empire and the monarchy; while another of the staff, Landouillet, the most proficient of all on the horn, had graduated in the famous Chantilly Hunt of the last Prince de Condé. Leemans, who quitted the Marquis de l'Aigle's service for the Emperor's as whipper-in, was well acquainted with the English language, and accompanied Baron Lambert to England and Ireland every year to purchase hounds and horses. Leemans succeeded Reverdy and Leroux in the chief post, which he held in 1870, and thus it was to him that fell the melancholy duty of poisoning the hounds, it being impossible to keep them or sell them in the midst of war.

Leaving the *service d'honneur* on one side, the staff of the Hunt under chief huntsman Reverdy and his successors included two huntsmen, one mounted *valet-de-limier*, two on foot, three mounted whippers-in, four on foot, and a baker, who made the dogs' bread and prepared their *soupe*. There was also the stable department with three *piqueurs*, a coachman, a farrier, an *infirmier*, and a score of men and lads. The chief huntsman, and the head stable *piqueur* received £120 a year, the huntsmen £8 a month, and the whippers-in, the valets, kennelmen, and stablemen from £4 to £6 a month. They all had free quarters, firing, etc., received double pay every month of January, and perquisites representing from £4 to £12, whenever St. Hubert's Day came round. The Hunt cost the Civil List about £22,000 annually.

Attached to the *service d'honneur* was a medical man, Dr. Aubin des Fougerais, who, curiously enough, was also doctor to the Opera-house in Paris, in such wise that he divided his time between the men of the greenwood and the ladies of the ballet. M. des Fougerais was a good judge of horses, and rode extremely well until his leg was broken by a kick from a vicious animal at Compiègne. From that time he was obliged to follow the chase in a conveyance. The Hunt also had its

painter, Jadin, famous for his portraits of dogs; he wore the uniform of the Hunt, which he often joined.

The stables contained from fifty to sixty horses, each officer of the Hunt and each huntsman having three, and the doctor and each valet two at his disposal. The horses were always bought in Ireland by Baron Lambert, who paid about £100 for every animal intended for an officer of the Hunt, and from £50 to £60 for the others. The staff were instructed to take great care of their mounts. Baron Lambert was too good natured to treat anybody with deliberate harshness, but he lost his temper if a man of the staff returned from the chase with his horse broken down. There were usually about 120 hounds, inclusive of 30 limers, in the kennels. They were big English foxhounds, white, with the correct black and fulvous colourings, and, as in the old days of French royalty, each was marked with St. Hubert's cross. Their food was invariably pounded-barley bread, except on hunting days, when, after partaking of the *curée*, they were treated, on returning to the kennels, to *soupe* with beef or horseflesh. They were all intelligent dogs, came out of the pack in answer to their names, proved themselves well acquainted with the forests and adept in finding their way home. On one occasion, when a hound had been lost in the forest of Fontainebleau, he arrived three days later at the kennels at Compiègne, having made a journey of some forty leagues. While M. Leemans was chief huntsman, he looked after the dogs and horses so well that the Society for the Protection of Animals awarded him its medal.

Green was the predominant colour of the uniform and the liveries of the Hunt. The former had a collar and cuffs of crimson velvet, and silver buttons bearing gold stags. There was also no little silver embroidery and braid. Further, three-cornered hats were worn, those of the Emperor and Empress having their brims edged with white plumes. The various officers carried long hunting-knives. The Empress's habit was of green cloth with trimmings of crimson velvet, gallooned and embroidered with gold. In accordance with the custom of former reigns, whenever the Emperor granted anybody the right to follow the Hunt and wear its uniform, he sent the favoured individual the necessary buttons for the costume,

whence it resulted that members of the company were often called "the Buttons." The Emperor's aides-de-camp and orderlies belonged to the Hunt by right, and any civilian officers of the Household who applied for the buttons usually obtained them. The Great Chamberlain, the Duke de Bassano, and the Great Master of Ceremonies, the Duke de Cambacérès, wore the uniform, as did also Prince Napoleon, Prince Murat, several foreign princes and diplomatists, such as Lord Cowley, Prince Metternich, and Baron Budberg. Marshal de Castellane's daughter, the sprightly and witty Marquise de Contades, who, by her second marriage with a captain of the Artillery of the Guard, became Countess de Beaulaincourt-Marles, and who, in conjunction with Princess Mathilde, had kept house for Napoleon during his presidency days at the Élysée Palace, was, like that skilful horsewoman the Baroness de Pierres, one of the few ladies to whom the privilege of wearing the uniform was accorded. Among well-known men who enjoyed it were the Dukes de Morny, Persigny, Caumont-Laforce, and Vicence, the Marquis de L'Aigle, Marshal MacMahon, Count Nieuwerkerke, the Aguados, Achille Fould, Baron Henri de Poilly, MM. d'Offémont, de Montgermont, and Édouard Delessert. The liveries of the huntsmen, whippers-in, and kennelmen of the Venery partook of the character of the uniform, but the embroidery was somewhat less rich, and white metal buttons, in some instances, took the place of the silver ones. The costumes, which were in most respects of an eighteenth-century style, suggestive of the garb of Captain MacHeath and Claude Duval, encountered no little criticism and ridicule in many quarters, but they were undoubtedly picturesque, and not much more absurd or extraordinary, perhaps, than the English "pink."

At three o'clock on the morning of November 3, St. Hubert's Day, when the Hunt was usually quartered at Compiègne, a fanfare sounded in honour of the saint, and the officers and men, mustering in full costume, repaired to the old church of St. Jacques, where a low mass was celebrated, the consecrated bread being offered by the kennelmen. Immediately afterwards, the forest was tried, and when the best hound in the pack had been singled out at the ensuing meet, a lady was requested to

affix to its neck a green silk cockade, the ribbons of which the men shared on their return in the evening, employing them throughout the ensuing year to secure the mouthpieces of their horns. On the same day the huntsmen and whippers-in presented the Emperor with a consecrated *brioche*, and the Empress with a bouquet.

The Hunt moved about during the year, being quartered now at Compiègne, now at Fontainebleau, now at St. Germain-en-Laye, or elsewhere. There was no hunting in July or August, but in other months a meet usually took place every five or six days. On an average, at some forty runs, about thirty-three stags were taken, the others escaping. The proportion was much the same as in the time of Charles X., when forty-seven stags were credited to sixty hunts. Napoleon was no disciple of the old hunting school. If he were partial to the chase, it was chiefly for the sake of the exercise it gave. He believed in speed; he had enjoyed many a fox-hunting run in England, and the comparatively slow and elaborate system of stag-hunting which had been formerly practised in France by its princes and its nobility did not appeal to him. Besides, he could not give days and weeks together to the chase as the Bourbons had done. Nevertheless, the stag-hunting of the Second Empire was not a mere gallop through the forest glades amid much tooting of horns, as some writers, who never witnessed it, have foolishly asserted. There was no question of pursuing "carted deer," but of following wild and vigorous bucks, sometimes ten-tined stags, who, when brought to bay, often proved dangerous. At those times the Emperor frequently showed no little audacity. To the Empress's alarm, he more than once "served" some monarch of the forest with his hunting-knife, and even when he employed a carbine for the purpose, he ventured so near to the infuriated animal that he incurred considerable risk.* On one occasion he only escaped injury by throwing himself flat on the ground in such wise that the stag jumped over him. There were many bad accidents at

* The young Prince Imperial's first hunt was in 1865. On seeing a carbine employed to despatch the stag, he remarked, "Oh! why is that used? When I'm big enough I shall use my knife. That's what the kings used to do. I'm not afraid of a stag."

Fontainebleau and Compiègne. One day, when Baron Lambert was about to despatch a stag, the beast charged him, threw him down, dislocated one of his shoulders, and pierced his arm with a tine. On another occasion, at a *hallali* at Compiègne, when it fell to the Prince de la Moskowa to kill the stag, the latter charged M. de la Rue, one of the head forest-keepers, threw him off his horse, killed that animal by ripping it open, and then turned upon Achille Fould, pierced one of his boots with a prod of its antlers, and next dashed upon the mount of the charming Mme. Amédée Thayer, whose horse reared in alarm. Unluckily, one of Mme. Thayer's feet became caught in a wheel of Princess Mathilde's carriage, which had just come up, and in the result the foot was broken, and the unfortunate lady, lamed for life, had to be conveyed to the château of Compiègne on a litter, and thence, by special train, to Paris.

Those are examples of the incidents which occurred from time to time. We also remember witnessing the mishap which late in 1869 befell the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.), who was unhorsed by a big buck in the forest of Compiègne, though fortunately with no worse result than a shaking, the Prince speedily jumping on to a spare mount, led for him by an officer of the Hunt, and at once resuming the chase amid the applause of the entire company. With the conditions of buck-hunting in England, and the reasons of the opposition offered to it of recent years, we do not profess to be acquainted. But in France the sport was genuine enough, the wild red deer of Compiègne and Fontainebleau being by no means the meek, mild, inoffensive creatures that some might suppose. The hounds were often injured, but received prompt treatment, each man of the Hunt being provided with a case containing lances, needles, thread, and ammonia. After a month's rest an injured hound would readily hunt again, but he was never afterwards quite so brave at the *hallali* as he had been before.

One of the great sights at Compiègne and Fontainebleau was the *curée* in the evening after a run. The Emperor, the Empress, and the guests were assembled on the balconies or at the windows overlooking the courtyard selected for the occasion. Blazing cressets fixed to long staves, carried by soldiers or servants, illumined the scene, which, if not refined, was certainly

most interesting, for it showed how well the hounds could be trained and controlled. At first the skin, entrails, head, and antlers of the stag caught that day, were brought into the yard and carried to one end of it. The dogs, though sorely tantalized by the sight, remained perfectly quiet under the control of the kennelmen at the other end of the yard, until the *roÿale* began to sound. Then they yelped with ever increasing impatience; and all at once, as the notes of the *curée* came from the horns of the assembled *piqueurs* and *valets*, and the chief huntsman, who stood behind the remains of the stag, lowered his whip, they bounded forward in eager unison. But when they were within six feet of their prey they saw the huntsman's whip raised again, and they immediately halted—turning back, moreover, directly the kennelmen bade them do so. Three times was that performance enacted, and though the hounds quivered and howled with excitement, they ever obeyed the mute command of the huntsman's whip. It was only at their third charge that the whip remained lowered, and that the stag's skin and antlers were deftly thrown aside, disclosing the other remains, on which the dogs at last threw themselves with wild, ravenous appetite and zest. Nobody could witness the sight without experiencing a thrill.

There was also some boar-hunting at Compiègne and in its vicinity with the Marquis de l'Aigle's hounds or those of Baron Henri de Poilly of Follembray, whose hunt wore the English "pink." The forest of Ourscamp was in those days as full of boars as the Ardennes, where, however, it is the practice for one to shoot the boar on foot—a fine sport, attended by some risk, to which Prince Pierre Bonaparte was partial. We remember, too, that on the occasion of the visit of several Spanish noblemen to the French Court there was boar-hunting at Marly in the Andalusian style. The Emperor also favoured the attempts to reintroduce hawking into France, which were made by Count Alfred Werlé (of the Maison Veuve Cliquot), with the assistance of an English falconer, John Barr, who had previously been in the employment of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh in Suffolk. Count Werlé obtained the Emperor's permission to fly his hawks over some of the camp of Châlons land, but the sport was stopped by the advent of the Franco-German war.

There were four *tirés* or shooting-grounds at Compiègne, and others at Versailles and Marly—abundant in hares—Fontainebleau, St. Germain—good in pheasants—and Rambouillet—noted for partridges. Great efforts were made to acclimatize the Algerian "Gambra" partridge at Compiègne. In 1859 forty thousand eggs were imported, and the greater number of them were successfully hatched; but the young birds died off very rapidly, and there were eventually not more than two thousand to turn into the *tirés*. Even those disappeared in a mysterious way, and the phenomenon was not accounted for until Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, the director of the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, discovered that the Barbary birds mated with the European species, producing a cross-breed.

The *battue* shooting of the Imperial Court was on the whole very fair, when one remembers that the forests had to be restocked with game of various kinds, and that little time was allowed it to increase. There was room for nine guns at each *tiré*. With the help of Baron de Lâge—a clever and amiable man, who was unfortunately somewhat of a coxcomb, and, according to one of his colleagues, killed himself by his immoderate use of a poisonous hair-dye—M. de Toulongeon, the Captain of the Shooting Grounds, set up pheasantries at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and Rambouillet, which yielded about 4000 birds annually, some 600 partridges being reared at the same time. Each shooting-ground was about six miles long and rather more than two hundred yards broad. All the wood on the ground was cut to a height of about four feet, in order that the sportsmen might have a good view of the game, and also see each other. The shooting parties assembled about ten o'clock in the morning. The Emperor's customary attire was a dull brown knickerbocker-suit and a soft felt hat, in which he wore a feather, sometimes a pheasant's, sometimes a jay's. He was attended by Baron de Lâge, Gastine-Reinette, his gunsmith, two men who loaded his weapons, the doctor of the Hunt, and a forest-keeper in charge of his retriever, a well-trained dog, who only fetched the game which his master shot, remaining perfectly indifferent to anything that was brought down by other sportsmen. The beaters were soldiers of the garrison, generally about a hundred and fifty in number, and

provided with staves and clappers. Each man received for his services a franc and a rabbit at the close of the day's shooting.

Napoleon was a very good shot, very fond of trying distant shots, and generally succeeding in them; but he was excelled by that born sportsman the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. In 1867, when the pair shot together at St. Germain, the number of head of game credited to the latter was 419, while the French Emperor's score was 265. Later, at Compiègne, Francis Joseph's score rose to 600, Napoleon's being 200 less. On the other hand, Victor Emmanuel and his son, Prince Humbert, who also shot over the Compiègne ground, were on about a level with their host, while one of the most indifferent shots among the royalties who visited the French Court was William of Prussia, subsequently first German Emperor. Among the diplomatists, Lord Cowley was particularly expert; he seldom, if ever, missed a bird. Prince Metternich also shot well, and so did Chevalier Nigra. The last named was fond of various kinds of sport, and had a water-spaniel which caught fish like a cormorant. Thereby hangs a rather amusing tale.

One day, a conversation which Prince Napoleon had with Nigra respecting the dog in question led to the mention of cormorants and their fishing habits. The Prince stored up the information which he thus acquired, and some time afterwards, being with his father-in-law King Victor Emmanuel in Italy, he conveyed it to him, making, however, a very amusing blunder, for he had forgotten the name of the bird mentioned by Nigra, and imagined it to be the pelican. When Victor Emmanuel heard that pelicans could be trained to bring the fish they caught to their masters, he was rather incredulous; nevertheless, as the information was said to have come from Nigra, he thought he would test its accuracy. He had some pelicans at his strange menagerie at Monza, and at once gave orders to one of the keepers there to train those birds with the object we have mentioned. The attempt was made. There was some ornamental water, stocked with fish, and for days and weeks together the keeper walked round and round this water, carrying one or another pelican on his arm, and vainly striving to persuade the

bird to dive, fish, and bring back its catch. But whenever a pelican took to the water and caught a fish, it promptly concealed it in its pouch, and was in nowise disposed to disgorge it to please the keeper. The latter at last sent word to the King that the experiment had failed. "Nonsense," was the reply; "you evidently don't understand pelicans. Nigra says they will bring their master their catch, and he ought to know. Let another man try."

Another man did, and marched round the water like his predecessor, ever carrying a pelican on his arm, with precisely the same result. Briefly, each keeper exerted himself in vain, merely gaining a severe arm-ache by his endeavours—a pelican being quite six times as heavy as a cormorant—and living in the constant fear that his failure would entail dismissal. Fortunately, Chevalier Nigra arrived in Italy on leave, and on Victor Emmanuel speaking to him about the recalcitrant pelicans, the mystery was cleared up. "Never speak to me on any hunting, shooting, or fishing subject again," said Victor Emmanuel to Prince Napoleon, after discovering how he had been fooled; "you know nothing about such matters." In point of fact, the Prince was certainly a very indifferent sportsman. His hunting at Meudon was mere exercise; while in shooting, whether at Compiègne or on his own ground at Villefermoy, he never bagged more than one out of every three head of game at which he fired.

M. Magne, long Minister of Finances, was such a bad shot that the keepers attending him at Compiègne took rabbits with them, knocked one of them on the head directly he fired, and then produced it with the assurance that it had been killed by "Monsieur le Ministre." That reminds us that the keepers of Charles X., who was also inclined to be a poor shot, resorted to similar tactics, carrying, however, quails instead of rabbits. With respect to the nominal "Great Huntsman" of the Second Empire, Marshal Magnan, he could not tell a buck from a roe; while Rouher, the Vice-Emperor, peppered keepers in the legs, and on one occasion shot Baron James de Rothschild's pointer dead. As for M. Rouland, sometime Minister of Justice, he one day mistook a badger for a wild boar, shouting wildly to the keepers, directly he perceived the

beast: "Quick! quick! a boar! a boar!" Luckily, he was too much alarmed to fire, for it so happened that the badger was a tame one, which rejoiced in the name of Pablo, came to you when it was called, and took food from your hand. The next day some boar's-head was served at lunch at the château of Compiègne, and the Empress Eugénie inquired of Rouland with a smile if he would accept a slice of *hure de sanglier à la Pablo.*

Now and again the Empress joined a shooting party, and, like Mme. de Metternich, she was fairly expert with her gun. She very properly put down rabbit-coursing on the lawn of the private grounds at Compiègne, where, by the way, the forest was thickly populated with rabbits. The Emperor ended by commanding a general massacre of them, in order to meet the complaints of the surrounding agriculturists, who were not satisfied with the amounts paid to them for damage. The disbursements in that respect were, on the whole, considerable. Around Fontainebleau £1500 was paid annually for the depredations, not of small ground game, but of beasts of the chase. According to M. de la Rue, an Inspector of Forests under the Empire, from 55,000 to 60,000 shots were fired each year at the Emperor's sixteen shooting parties—there being about nine guns at each—and the total "bag" was 25,000 head of game, including 16,000 rabbits, 8000 pheasants, and 320 deer.

The Court's arrival at Compiègne early in November was immediately followed by that of the first series of guests invited to the château. There were usually four successive series, each being composed of about seventy persons, who were invited for a week; but some people, like the Metternichs, for instance, stayed a fortnight or even longer. Apart from an army of servants, the suite of the sovereigns included twenty-four officers and ladies, in such wise that the company was altogether a hundred strong. Each series of guests travelled to and fro by special trains which cost the Emperor about £40; while the wood firing in the hundreds of rooms of the château represented about the same amount every day.* Each guest had a dressing-room as well as a bedchamber, and to the more important

* It was largely the Emperor's extreme susceptibility to cold which led to the enormous consumption of fuel at the Tuileries, Compiègne, and elsewhere.

invités a private sitting-room was also assigned. The hangings and upholstery were mostly grey, the furniture was good old mahogany, the toilet sets were of white Sèvres with the imperial monogram in gold. Writing-tables and writing materials were provided on a lavish scale. There was due accommodation for valets and ladies' maids, and at least one of the imperial servants was at your beck and call.

Almost as soon as you reached the château on a Monday afternoon, a lacquey appeared bringing a large tray with tea and sandwiches, as well as wine and liqueurs for your private consumption during your stay. In the morning, whatever you might desire for your first *déjeuner* was served in your own apartment; tea, coffee, or chocolate being supplied according to taste. The guest's morning virtually belonged to him, unless he were one of the exalted set privileged to go shooting with the Emperor. As at Fontainebleau, frockcoats and silk hats were the ordinary wear in the daytime. The second *déjeuner* or lunch was served at noon, the guests assembling on either side of the Galerie des Cartes—so called from its large maps or plans of the forest of Compiègne—where they awaited the coming of the Emperor and Empress. In the afternoon, if there was no hunting (there was usually a meet once a week), there were excursions to Pierrefonds or other places, drives through the forest, pigeon-shooting, or various games of dexterity in the grounds of the château. Between four and five o'clock you returned to your room, where tea was served to you, unless, as occasionally happened, you received an invitation to partake of it in the Empress's private apartments. The Thé de l'Impératrice was generally a very pleasant moment of the day, when the literary men, artists, and other "intellectuals" of the company appeared at their best.

Dinner was served at about half-past seven, the whole company again assembling in the Galerie des Cartes and going processionally through the guard-chamber to the great dining-room, which, with its blaze of lights, presented a striking scene, the table being adorned by a superb silver *surtout* of finely chiselled hunting subjects and a profusion of other plate, as well as porcelain and crystal. There were usually a hundred covers. The band of the Imperial Guard played in an adjoining room.

Dinner over, coffee was taken in the Galerie des Cartes, smokers turned into the apartment reserved to them, and the other guests betook themselves to the drawing-rooms. A variety of evening amusements was provided—billiards, table-quoits (to which Napoleon was partial), private theatricals on the little drawing-room stage, or performances by one or another of the Paris professional companies in the playhouse of the château. Again, there were simple parlour games—"consequences," "forfeits," "spelling bees," and once or twice, *en petit comité*, half an hour's merriment at blind-man's buff. Further, there was dancing, on some occasions a mere improvised *sauterie*, on others something more elaborate, ending in the customary cotillon; and now and again Leverrier, the astronomer, would lecture on his particular science and the plurality of worlds, or Wurtz would discourse on chemistry, Longuet on the circulation of the blood, and Pasteur on the diseases of wines or physiology or medicine. That reminds us of a story.

On one occasion, after Pasteur had made various experiments with frogs before the company, he took back to his own room the box in which some of the animals were left, and forgot to remove it when he quitted the château. The apartment was then assigned to a lady guest, who, on the very first night of her stay, was aroused by strange sounds proceeding from under the bed. In her alarm she summoned her maid, and bade her ascertain what was concealed there. The maid, as terrified as her mistress, fearing, indeed, lest she would find the proverbial man under the bed, at first hesitated to obey the order, but when she had done so she drew breath, exclaiming, "There's nothing, madame, nothing at all excepting a little box. Here it is." So speaking, she took up the box to let her mistress see it, and at the same moment raised the lid, whereupon a dozen frogs from the Compiègne ponds jumped on to the bed amidst the horrified shrieks of both women. There was a great to-do, many people were aroused from their sleep, and though the hour was late, another room had to be immediately found for the lady, who vowed that she would not remain in that chamber of horrors a moment longer!

Among the literary names which we recall as having figured in the lists of *invités* to Compiègne were those of Mérimée,

Feuillet, Sandeau, Nisard, About, Gautier, St. Amand, Doucet, and Sylvestre de Sacy. The representatives of art included Théodore Rousseau, Moreau, Gustave Boulanger, Eugène Lami, Paul Baudry, Robert Fleury, and Viollet-le-Duc, who staged the private theatricals. To the same set belonged Couture, who, when the Empress inquired if he were comfortable in the room assigned to him, sweetly replied: "Oh yes; it reminds me of the garret in which I began my career;" and Carpeaux, who, in 1864, modelled at Compiègne his statue of the young Imperial Prince leaning on the Emperor's favourite dog, a brown setter named Nero,* which piece of statuary was saved from the conflagration of the Tuileries and is now at Farnborough. Carpeaux was also to have executed a bust of the Empress, but she could not give him the sittings he desired.

Among the notable musicians who went to Compiègne were Auber, Ambroise Thomas and Liszt; while among the men of science, in addition to those previously mentioned, was the Empress's eminent relative, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who visited the Court when from time to time he came to France to rest from his labours at Suez. The Emperor was keenly interested in that great enterprise the Suez canal, and often remarked to Lesseps: "When you have severed Asia from Africa, you must sever North from South America in the same way." Many years previously Napoleon himself, after perusing some lectures delivered by Professor Ritter before the Berlin Geographical Society, had become keenly interested in the question of a Panama or, rather, a Nicaraguan canal. While he was imprisoned at Ham he devoted considerable time to studying the question, and proposed to go to Central America immediately after his release from confinement. There were even negotiations between him and various Central American authorities, and in support of the scheme he produced a pamphlet in the English language, entitled "The Canal of

* Napoleon was inclined to be a "doggy" man. He was extremely attached to Nero, who generally accompanied him on his walks, and remained with him in his private room. If ever the Emperor vacated his armchair, Nero immediately installed himself in it, and Napoleon indulgently allowed him to remain there. The Emperor also became attached to a little dog named Tita, belonging to his secretary, M. F. Piétri. Tita often jumped on his knees to be fondled, and lick him in return.

Nicaragua; or, a Project to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of a Canal" [London: Mills & Son, 1846].* But the negotiations failed, and he then took up his residence in King's Street, St. James's.

The sovereigns whom we recall as visitors to Compiègne were the Emperor of Austria, and the Kings of Holland, Italy, Portugal, and Prussia. The last named went there twice, first in November, 1861, when his retinue included Bismarck, Hatzfeld, Manteuffel, and the Prince of Reuss. The greatest harmony prevailed on that occasion; Napoleon went about arm-in-arm with his good brother William, to whom he was to surrender his sword in after-years at Sedan; and William, when reviewing the young pupils of the Grenadiers of the Guard, among whom marched the little Imperial Prince, smiled at the sight of the child's soldierly bearing, and, turning to the Empress, gallantly kissed her hand — a pretty way of complimenting her on her son.

Of course most of the Court folk were invited to Fontainebleau and Compiègne at one or another time. The horse-racing element appeared there with Count Lagrange, Charles Laffitte, and the young Talons. Great Britain was represented by her ambassadors, the Prince of Wales, the Hamiltons, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Blount, the Duke of Atholl, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and the Earl of Dunmore, who astonished both the Court and the natives by appearing in the Highlander uniform. We also remember seeing there the present Marquis of Lansdowne, who, as the grandson of Count de Flahault, was naturally *persona grata* at the Imperial Court. The ladies of Compiègne and Fontainebleau were those of the Tuileries to whom we have so often referred. A few additional names may perhaps be mentioned. The Empress's mother, Mme. de Montijo, who seemed to keep very much in the background when the Court was in Paris, came quite to the front at Compiègne—or perhaps it would be best to say that she was more observed there, the company being less numerous than at the Tuileries. She often played chess with Mérimée. Then, too, "Marcello" the sculptor, otherwise the widowed Adèle

* See on that subject M. G. de Molinari's "Napoleon III. publiciste" (Brussels, 1861).

d'Affrey, Duchess Colonna di Castiglione, was more than once a guest at Compiègne, though she was seldom seen at the Tuileries. Further, the ladies of the house of Caraman-Chimay followed wherever the Court went. Foremost among them were the beautiful golden-haired Countess Louise de Mercy-Argenteau and her sister Princess Constantine Czartoryska, in the veins of both of whom coursed the blood of Madame Tallien. The Countess, who resembled Marie-Antoinette, was a great pianist, and often held the musical folk of the Court entranced by her fine performances. She was one of those who, having been a friend of the fair days, remained one when the evil days arrived. After Sedan, she and her husband visited Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe. There was also Mlle. Valentine de Caraman-Chimay, a sister or cousin of the ladies we have mentioned. She was not pretty, but she had a very taking way, and the Empress Eugénie was much interested in her. She made, however, a most unfortunate marriage with the Prince de Beauffremont, and before many years had elapsed all Europe rang with the story of her troubles, which ended by her flight from France with her daughters, her change of nationality and religion, and her marriage to Prince George Bibesco.

We have mentioned that there were two kinds of theatrical performances at Compiègne. At times the company of the Comédie Française came to play some work of Ponsard's, or one of Augier's, such as "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," or else a piece of the *répertoire*, such as "Les Plaideurs" or "Le Misanthrope." At another time one heard the artistes of the Opéra Comique in "Le Bré aux Clercs" or "Le Domino Noir," and on other occasions came the turn of the Gymnase with "Montjoye," or of the Vaudeville troupe with Sardou's "Famille Benoîton." The actors were always well paid, travelled to and fro in special trains, and were entertained at champagne suppers after their performance. But it was certainly the amateur theatricals which constituted the chief feature of evening amusement at Compiègne. Ponsard's clever charade in verse called "Harmonie,"* Morny's "Succession

* *Armes-au nid.* In the first section, Nieuwerkerke figured as a knight receiving his arms; in the second, Countess Fleury presented the little Imperial Prince in a nest of flowers.

Bonnet," M. de Massa's "Cascades de Mouchy," and particularly his "Commentaires de César," played in 1865, were among the great successes. We have previously referred to the last-named production in connection with the prominent share which Princess Pauline Metternich took in it.* Count Solms, the Prussian *Chargé d'affaires*, who played the part of an itinerant *marchand de coco*; Baron Lambert, who got himself up as the legendary Monsieur Prudhomme, the butt of French satirists; and Mr. Ashton Blount, who figured as a music-hall "star" of the fair sex (that is, as Thérèsa of "La Femme à Barbe" and "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur"), were among the cleverest of the masculine performers, though General Mellinet, as a venerable *invalide*, and M. de Galliffet, as a young infantryman, also scored successes behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. It happened, indeed, that during an entr'acte the Emperor strolled to the rear of the stage, and on seeing two men in uniform who saluted him and whom he did not recognize, he imagined that they belonged to the garrison, and had been recruited for some special duty. He therefore engaged them in conversation according to his practice on such occasions, and he was already feeling in his pockets to ascertain if he had any money about him, when, noticing the decrepit appearance imparted to Mellinet by his "make up," he exclaimed: "*Mais, mon brave*, they ought not to have brought you here at this time of night. They ought to have engaged a younger man. You do not look at all strong." At this Mellinet lost his self-control, giving vent to words of protest in his natural voice, which immediately revealed his identity to Napoleon, who remained for some minutes shaking with laughter at the strange appearance of his poor old general.

Some of the songs figuring in M. de Massa's piece were very lively, and great was the success of Princess Metternich, when, wearing her smart uniform à la "Fille du Régiment," with her fist on the little keg at her side, she sang in spirited fashion:

"Je suis une guerrière
Au cœur, au cœur joyeux!
La vi—la vivandière
Des Turcos bleus!"

* See *ante*, p. 285.

In the part assigned to Mme. Bartholoni, that of England, there were frequent references to the *entente cordiale* then prevailing between the two countries, and when this lady was joined by Mme. de Pourtalès, who appeared as France, vows of eternal friendship were exchanged, and the following dialogue ensued:—

France: Free trade!
England: Yes, and no more passports! Let us have a bridge over the Channel!
France: All right! We will prolong the Boulevard Haussmann to Piccadilly.
Monsieur Prudhomme (aside): Good! I must buy land. It will go up in value.

But all that was a dream. No bridge was ever thrown across the silver streak, nor does it seem likely that there will ever be a tunnel beneath it.

However imperfect may be our sketch of Court life at Compiègne, it will, we trust, convey to the reader some idea of its character, and induce him to banish from his mind all thoughts of those foolish legends of "orgies," which at one time circulated on every side. A whole volume would be required to do justice to the subject. The life was gay in its way, but even if, as we mentioned in a previous chapter, some ladies of the Court did sometimes appear as *dames du ballet*, the line was drawn there. Of course, no indecorum was ever witnessed either then or at the general dancing. For the rest, there were the picturesque meets in the forest on hunting days, all the exhilarating rides and drives hither and thither, whence many a guest, whether jaded politician or pleasure-seeker, derived undoubted benefit, returning to Paris with a new fund of energy for the work or the amusements of the coming season.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE IMPERAL PRINCE—LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE—WAR AND REVOLUTION—FATE OF THE TUILERIES

The Imperial Prince—His Governesses, Nurse, and Tutors—A Plucky Boy—His Military Education—His Governor, General Frossard—His Aides-de-camp—His Equerry, Stables, and Horses—Playmates of his Boyhood—Political Prospects—The Emperor and Parliamentary Rule—The Necessity of Revenge on Prussia—The Coalition between France, Austria, and Italy—The Mission of General Lebrun—The first Hohenzollern Candidature—The New Liberal Empire—The Career of Émile Ollivier—He becomes Prime Minister—Squibs on Rouher—Ollivier's Difficulties—Madame Ollivier—The New Constitution and the Plebiscitum—The Medical Consultation respecting Napoleon's Health—The Illness still kept Secret—The Second Hohenzollern Candidature and the Outbreak of War—The Emperor and his Illness again—The French Defeats and Ollivier's Fall—The Last Reception at the Tuileries—Bazaine under Metz—General Trochu and the Empress—The Emperor's proposed Return to Paris—The Empress's Last Days at the Tuileries—The News of Sedan in Paris—The Revolution—Scenes at the Tuileries—Departure of the Empress—The Palace during the Siege of Paris and the Commune—Its Destruction by Fire.

In chronicling the birth of the Imperial Prince we mentioned that Mme. Bruat, widow of the distinguished admiral of that name who commanded the French fleet during the Crimean War, was appointed Governess of the Children of France, with Mme. Bizot, widow of General Bizot, and Mme. de Brançion, widow of a colonel of the Line, as under-governesses. The duties attaching to those posts were neither many nor onerous, the child's bringing-up being so largely directed by his mother the Empress. Mme. Bruat's salary was £1200, that of Mmes. de Brançion and Bizot £400 a year. Mme. Bruat did not reside at the Tuileries, but called there every day in a Court carriage placed at her disposal. One or other of the under-governesses was, however, always at the palace, and accompanied the little Prince whenever he was taken for a

drive. The under-governesses were lodged and boarded, and dined every Sunday at the imperial table.

The person who actually brought up the little Prince, particularly after he was weaned, was his English governess or nurse, Miss Shaw, a well-bred, intelligent, and devoted woman, to whom the child became extremely attached. She was constantly with him, sleeping from the time of his birth onward in an alcove of the room he occupied. In March, 1863, when the Prince, having completed his seventh year, was officially regarded as being no longer in the custody of women (though *de facto* this was scarcely the case), M. Francis Monnier was appointed to be his tutor. The boy was at that time inclined to be turbulent and self-willed, and Monnier, a literary man, often absent-minded and careless, like some of his class, did not give full satisfaction. His place was taken, then, by M. Augustin Filon, who remained attached to the Prince's person in one or another capacity until he quitted the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. In addition to a resident tutor, the boy had several masters. He was instructed in matters of religion and prepared for his first communion by Abbé Deguerry of the Madeleine, who came to the Tuileries twice a week. After the Prince had made his first communion in 1869, the Abbé still gave him certain instruction once a fortnight. The Prince's handwriting-master was a M. Simonard, who gave him two lessons a week. A Mr. Maynard gave him lessons in English, and a M. Levy lessons in German. Further, still twice a week, he was instructed in history by a then young but now distinguished man, M. Ernest Lavisse, of the French Academy. That was an age of Latin, and thus there was five Latin lessons each week, the masters being successively M. Edeline, M. Poyart, and M. Cuvillier. There was no interruption of the lessons, whether the Prince were at the Tuileries, or St. Cloud, or Fontainebleau, or Compiègne. In the two former instances the masters were fetched and driven home in Court carriages; in the latter they travelled by rail as members of the Imperial Household, and carriages were again at their disposal. With respect to the Court's sojourn at Biarritz, that coincided with the Prince's vacation.

There is no doubt that he was an intelligent boy and made good progress with his studies. He had artistic inclinations and could draw very fairly indeed. He was also very plucky, the result, in some measure, no doubt, of his training even in infancy, when he was allowed to tumble about and pick himself up as best he could. It is related that on one occasion in his early years, when Dr. Nélaton performed some operation on him, he suddenly winced. "Did I hurt you?" Nélaton inquired. "No, monsieur le docteur," the boy answered, "but you startled me." It may be added that at an early date those about the Prince impressed on him that the name of Napoléon was a synonym of bravery, and that, his own name being Napoleon, it was his duty to be brave. There are many anecdotes of his childhood, which show that he never forgot that lesson.*

His training for the profession of arms began at a very early date. As an infant he was taught the military salute, and in 1860, when he was but four years old, he was incorporated, at least nominally, among the *enfants de troupe* of the Grenadiers of the Guard, and began to attend reviews with his father. A little later real drilling commenced; he learnt the goose step, bayonet exercise, fencing, and so forth. The illustrated newspapers of those days were full of engravings showing him participating with his young comrades in the drill-lessons given them. At last, in 1867, when the Prince was only in his eleventh year, a Military Governor was assigned to him, this being General Frossard, who had served the Emperor as aide-de-camp, and who, as we had occasion to point out in one of our early chapters,† was an officer of considerable merit, in spite of his defeat at Forbach (Speichern) at the outset of the Franco-German War. In that connection it may be mentioned that already in 1867 Frossard prepared for the Emperor an elaborate plan for the defence of France in the event of a Prussian attack. When invasion came in 1870, some part of Frossard's plan was put into execution. It was, notably, in accordance with his ideas that the battle of Wörth, schemed out by him in 1867, was fought. Frossard, however, had planned it with a view to victory, not defeat, though in the

* By his father and mother, however, he was invariably called Louis.

† See *ante*, p. 47.

latter case it was to have been followed by a strenuous defence in the forest of Haguenau. Unfortunately, Frossard did not correctly forecast the relative strength of the combatants; the success of his plan depended also on the presence of a more able general than MacMahon, and he never imagined that Wörth would, even in the worst case, become such a rout and panic as to prevent all possibility of resorting to the Haguenau-forest defence. At the same time, Frossard's scheme (which provided for four armies totalling 440,000 men) shows genuine ability, and under other circumstances, had the effective and general disposition of the French forces been different, it might have achieved, perhaps, a measure of success.*

The General was a tall, slim, and somewhat reserved man, whom the Emperor knew to be an excellent father, for which reason he entrusted the young Prince to his care. They got on very well together, and the Prince until his last years always spoke favourably of his military governor. Frossard's emoluments were £1200 a year, with the use of horses and carriages of the imperial stables. Under him were the Prince's aides-de-camp (salary £400 per annum), who were selected from among the Emperor's former orderly officers. They included Count Viel-d'Espeuilles, a lieut.-colonel of cavalry; Count de Ligniville, a major of light-infantry (Chasseurs-à-pied); Major Lamey, an engineer officer; and Captain Duperré, of the imperial navy. MM. Lamey and Duperré were with the Prince during the campaign of 1870, the last-named accompanying him to Belgium and thence to England. Both were devoted to the imperial family. A doctor, M. Barthez, was also attached to the Prince's person.

The latter's stable was quite distinct from the Emperor's establishment, except with regard to its expenses, and the general control of the Great and First Equerries. The Prince's riding-master was M. Bachon, a Gascon by birth, who had once belonged to the cavalry school of Saumur, but who, having participated in Napoleon's attempt at Boulogne, had lost his

* Frossard's plan will be found in Part I. of the French official History of the War: "La Guerre de 1870-71," Paris, Chapelot, 1902. Frossard's best achievement was probably the direction of the siege works of Sebastopol under Pélissier.

position by it. Bachon was already an elderly man when he began to teach the Prince to ride, but he had remained young in his ways, with a good deal of joviality, due perhaps to his Gascon origin. He received, after a time, the title of Equerry to the Prince. Before the latter could ride, however, he had his carriage service; first, of course, the inevitable goat-cart, then a little carriage drawn by two cream-coloured ponies, and next for driving about Paris a large landau and a D'Aumont equipage, while a posting landau was provided for excursions of any distance, and a parasol-sociable for country drives. When the Prince was in Paris he was driven virtually every day to Lord Hertford's charming place, Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne. The Emperor wished to purchase it, but Lord Hertford declined the proposal, at the same time begging Napoleon to send his son to Bagatelle as often as he pleased. Thus, nearly every afternoon, the little fellow repaired thither with his governess, nurse, equerry, and an escort of Guides, and it was chiefly in those beautiful, secluded, private grounds that he learnt to ride. The first mount he ever had was a diminutive Shetland pony, Balmoral, which Queen Victoria sent him. This he rode with a safety-saddle, but he was promoted to an ordinary one on receiving a pony called Arlequino from King Victor Emmanuel, who subsequently sent him his first charger, Bouton d'Or. Next came a pair of Pyrenean mares, Effy and Fleurette, then an Arab called Kaled, which had been given to the Emperor in Algeria in 1865. Kaled, one of the Prince's favourite horses, was his mount in 1870, when he viewed the engagement of Saarbrücken, and received his baptism of fire. He also had three other Arabs, the gifts of Sultan Abdul Aziz, a Russian horse, The Czar, sent to him by Alexander II., and a young Spanish barb, Solferino, which was a present from Queen Isabella. He ended by riding extremely well. At an early age he took lessons in vaulting, and was soon able to spring into the saddle without setting foot in the stirrup. It is probable that this was what he tried to do on the 1st of June, 1879, when he found himself faced by the Zulus. Unfortunately for him, according to the statements of Mr. Archibald Forbes and others, his mount was over-tall for a young man of his stature, with the result that he failed in his leap, and was slain.

A good many friends of the Prince's boyhood still survive. First and foremost among them was his particular chum, Louis Conneau, the son of the doctor, the Emperor's devoted adherent. The others were also sons of his father's or mother's friends, Corvisart, Fleury, Bourgoing, Espinasse, La Bedoyère, and La Poëze. The lads played together at the Tuileries or in the reserved garden of the palace, or in the grounds at Bagatelle; and the young Prince showed himself extremely companionable, never evincing any disposition to lord it over the others. What kind of man he might have eventually become it is difficult to surmise; still less is it possible to estimate what might have been his chances against the Republic which has hitherto emerged victorious from every attempt against her. The Emperor dragged the weight of the Coup d'État after him throughout his reign; the Prince, though not personally responsible, would also have had to bear the weight both of Sedan and the lost provinces—for was he not a Bonaparte? We think, then, that even had he lived, he would never have reigned over France.

The thought of the young fellow's chances of peaceful accession, the thought of the undisputed continuance of the dynasty, was evidently one which often came to Napoleon III. as time went by. He, the Emperor, was suffering from an ailment which became more and more serious—much more serious indeed than even the doctors, who examined him in July, 1870, imagined, for organic changes, which were not then suspected and which "even if suspected could not (according to Sir Henry Thompson) have been ascertained," were, it seems, in progress at that period, their development being revealed at the examination after death. In any case, whether the Emperor imagined himself to be in actual danger or not, he must have been well aware that he was no longer the man he had been, and that it was needful he should look to the future, and provide for it.

How was he to do so? He could not leave such a legacy as personal rule to his widow and his young son. He well knew what personal rule meant, its difficulties, its dangers, the unremitting toil which it entailed. He himself was more or less tired of the burden to which his failing strength was no

longer equal. On the other hand there was the growth of the demagogic spirit in Paris and some other large cities to be contended with; and how could that be done successfully if autocratic sway were abandoned? Perhaps liberal measures would tend to disarm the demagogy, and at the same time gather more closely round the throne the more sober-minded of the nation, the folk who desired the maintenance of order so that they might pursue their avocations in peace. It was desirable that it should be to the interest of all those people to uphold the *régime*, and that might be best achieved by associating them in a greater degree with the government of the country. Thus, in the Emperor's opinion, the time was at hand for real parliamentary rule. He would, moreover, take the country's opinion on the subject by a Plebiscitum, of the result of which he had little or no doubt, holding, too, that, while sanctioning his reforms, it would also consolidate the dynasty.

But there was yet another point. The foreign policy of the Empire had been discredited by repeated failures. The *régime's* prestige in that respect could only be revived by some great success. None was to be hoped for in the field of diplomacy, but in spite of lost opportunities it might yet be gained on the field of battle. New lustre would then be imparted to the Empire, the position of the dynasty would be yet again strengthened, the demagogues would be silenced by the acclamations of a victorious nation, proud of its increase of territory—the extension of the French frontier to the Rhine; and then he, the Emperor, might depart whenever he were called, confident that his son would reign. Moreover, the activity of Prussia in various directions was disquieting, and required to be checked. South Germany still enjoyed, no doubt, a measure of independence, but how long would that last? If the whole Fatherland became absolutely united, France would have a perpetual, intolerable menace on her eastern frontier. For a time, according to the assertions of certain French diplomatists, notably M. de St. Vallier, it seemed probable that South Germany, in its dread of Prussia, would eagerly rise against her, should opportunity occur. But leaving that as doubtful, there was the possibility of obtaining the co-operation of Austria, which was still smarting from the

reverses of 1866 and regretting its loss of control over German affairs. Further, Napoleon considered that he had claims on Italy, for he had rendered her important services, even if he had kept her out of Rome. Thus a great scheme arose in the imperial mind.

As a matter of fact war had been threatening ever since 1866 when France had failed to obtain the "compensations" for which she had negotiated; but although army reorganization was then planned, and afterwards carried out in some degree—though without sufficient vigour—by Niel (who, however good he may have been at planning, was, by reason of his illness, less competent to execute) the actual steps for forming a coalition against Prussia were not taken until 1869, when communications on the subject passed between Napoleon and the Austrian Emperor. Negotiations with Victor Emmanuel appear to have ensued, and early in 1870 Archduke Albert of Austria came to Paris to discuss the question. In May the Emperor Napoleon's aide-de-camp, General Lebrun,* received instructions to proceed to Vienna to prepare plans there, and on the 28th he quitted Paris, travelling in the first instance to Berlin, in the hope of thereby throwing the Prussian government off the scent, though in reality he failed to do so. Reaching Vienna, however, Lebrun there had numerous conferences with Archduke Albert, and it was agreed that Germany should be invaded by the entire forces of France and Austria with the support of 100,000 Italians or more—for according to the statements of both the French Emperor and the Austrian Archduke to Lebrun, Victor Emmanuel had promised his assistance. As a matter of fact the King of Italy had already promised neutrality to Prussia, pursuing a kind of Machiavellian policy, prepared as he was, perhaps, to serve the interests of the side which might prove the stronger, but guided principally in the course he took by the hope that the chances of the conflict would ensure him the possession of Rome—so long the object of Italian ambition. In any case, Italy's promises to Prussia were not known to General Lebrun and Archduke Albert when they met. According to their plan, then, while one French army was threatening the Palatinate, three

* See *ante*, p. 47.

others, Italian, French, and Austrian, each 400,000 strong, were to invade Germany from the south, south-west, and south-east, and detach the southern kingdoms and states from any alliance with the north, against which the remaining forces of France and Austria would co-operate. Moreover, Archduke Albert appeared to believe that Italy would place not only 100,000 men but her entire army, at the service of the coalition.

General Lebrun estimated that France would be able to throw 400,000 men across the German frontier in a fortnight, but he learnt that the mobilization of Austria would require a period of forty-two days, and Austria, moreover, was unwilling to begin mobilizing until France had declared war. At an audience granted to Lebrun by Francis Joseph, he was told by the latter that the war must be brought about in such a way that it might appear to be forced upon Austria, and that there must be every certainty of success. In addition, Archduke Albert insisted that there should be no hostilities till the spring of 1871; before that year he would be unable to co-operate, and a later season than spring would, in his opinion, jeopardise the chances of success. It follows, then, that already in 1869 Napoleon III. was planning a coalition against Prussia, and that in May, 1870, it was agreed that Germany should be invaded in April or May, 1871.*

On the other side, Bismarck and Moltke had regarded war as inevitable ever since 1866, from which time forward the latter had been busy preparing for it, while Bismarck on his side had virtually assured himself of the co-operation of the South German States by divulging to them the secret "compensation" projects, so foolishly left with him, in 1866, by the French representative Benedetti. In France, until the very outbreak of the war in 1870, it was popularly believed that, whatever Zollverein arrangements and other bonds might link North and South Germany together, the latter would surely rise against the former; but it seems evident that this illusion was no longer entertained by Napoleon in the spring of 1870, as the agreement with Austria provided for the occupation of the

* We have naturally based our account of the negotiations on General Lebrun's work, "Souvenirs Militaires: Ma Mission à Vienne," Paris, 1895. Of the general accuracy of that work there can be no doubt whatever.

South German States. In that matter, much as the illusion may still have been shared by some French diplomatists, the Emperor may have been enlightened by Prince Metternich or Archduke Albert.

We have said that the war was virtually inevitable after 1866. It nearly broke out in the following year over the Luxemburg question, and there was again a perilous moment in 1869, when for the first time the candidature of a Prince of Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne was mooted.* The idea seems to have been then an exclusively Prussian one, no offer of the crown coming from Spain, but Prince Bismarck opening negotiations with certain Spanish agents in order to bring about such an offer. Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, sent word of what was being done to Paris, and Napoleon promptly put his foot down, Prussia being given to understand that France would regard such a candidature as a *casus belli*. It was thereupon withdrawn, and, outwardly at all events, no very unpleasant consequences seemed likely to ensue from the incident; but it is certain that Napoleon was again alarmed by the activity of Prussia, and that from the moment of this first Hohenzollern candidature the idea of invading Germany, with the assistance of Austria, took definite shape, resulting, as we have said, in the Archduke Albert's visit to Paris and the mission of General Lebrun.

While all those momentous diplomatic and military matters were receiving attention, important changes were taking place in France. Though the so-called "Liberal Empire" had come into being in 1860, real constitutional government, as understood in England, was still inexistent. It has been pointed out

* Isabella II. had been overthrown the previous year, and compelled to flee to France, where she was received with great kindness by the Emperor and Empress. Purchasing the Hôtel Basilewski, in the Avenue du Roi de Rome, of a Russian nobleman who had virtually ruined himself in building it, she re-christened it the Palais de Castille, and lived there in great state, while Don Francisco de Asis, her husband (a "friendly" separation supervening between them) betook himself to a modest ground-floor in the Rue des Écuries d'Artois. Other sovereigns in exile to be found in Paris about that time were the blind King of Hanover, Francis II. of Naples and his wife, and that old resident, the pink and white Duke of Brunswick, with the flaxen wig, the chocolate-coloured mansion, the yellow and strawberry coach, and the safe full of diamonds—recovered after the daring theft perpetrated by his English valet, Shaw.

that solicitude for his dynasty, illness, and force of circumstances, gradually inclined Napoleon to make a trial of such a form of sovereignty by giving the nation an increase of liberty, enlarging still further the sphere of parliamentary action, which had already been extended in 1860 and 1867, and reviving that ministerial responsibility to the Legislature which had existed in the time of Louis Philippe and of the Second Republic. In 1869 the semi-parliamentary *régime*, over which Rouher had virtually presided since its inauguration in '67, was in a parlous state. There had been a succession of very indifferent Ministers of the Interior, the anti-dynastic party had grown larger and bolder, and no little rioting occurred in connection with the general elections, when, despite great Government pressure, the Republican Opposition increased its numbers, while a Third Party of some thirty deputies, tinged with Orleanism, came into being. The political situation was even affected by a crime at common law—a great and horrible one, it is true—the murder of the Kinck family by a young fellow named Troppmann—the wildest legends springing up concerning him and his abominable deed. Briefly, there was considerable unrest of one and another kind, arising from a variety of causes.

Rouher, Persigny, and others advised the Emperor to revert to autocratic sway; but he, on the contrary, became more and more resolved to try parliamentary rule. The Prime Minister he finally chose was Émile Ollivier, to whom we previously referred.* Born at Marseilles in July, 1825, and the son of a merchant of that city, who sat in the chambers of the Second Republic and opposed the restoration of the Empire, Ollivier, after being called to the Bar, was appointed Commissary of the Republic in his native city, where he suppressed some socialist risings in June, 1848. Cavaignac then made him Prefect, but early in 1849 he returned to the Bar, and pleaded ably in several important political and other cases. At the general election of 1857 he was elected as a deputy for Paris, being one of the famous Five who then formed the sum total of the parliamentary Opposition to the Empire. At that time Ollivier pompously claimed to appear in its midst as "the Spectre of the Second of December"—that is, of the Coup

* See *ante*, pp. 177, 232.

d'État; yet in another four years he was making advances to the *régime* which he had denounced. Already, in 1861, his apostasy was foreseen by the Republicans who had been his friends. On his re-election in 1863 he accepted from the Emperor a mission to report on certain differences which had arisen between the Suez Canal Company and the Viceroy of Egypt, those differences having been submitted to the Emperor's arbitration. Further, in 1864, the Duke de Morny became very gracious with Ollivier, made a show of seeking his advice, and caused him to be selected to report to the Chamber on an important working-class societies' bill. In the following year Ollivier's evolution towards the Empire went further, and he was rewarded by an appointment as "Commissaire de Surveillance" in connection with the Suez Canal Company, a sinecure to which was attached a salary of £1200 a year. The acceptance of such a post was contrary to all the traditions of the Paris Bar, of which Ollivier was a member. The Council of the Order of Advocates therefore called on him to choose between it and his position as a barrister. He chose the salaried post, and his name was struck off the roll.

Having become one of the Empire's creatures, he drew yet nearer and nearer to it. During the Empress's regency in 1865, he was presented to her, dining *en petit comité* at the Tuileries; and at the close of the following year Count Walewski placed him in direct communication with the Emperor, who was then meditating the reforms specified in his letter of January 19, 1867. Thus the author of the Coup d'État and the man who, when first presenting himself before the Paris electorate, had claimed to be its ghost, and had promised to do his duty "in the name of France and the Republican cause," at last came face to face. Their first interview took place at the Tuileries, about five o'clock on January 10, 1867. Walewski had offered Ollivier the offices of Minister of Public Instruction and general Government orator in the Legislative Body; but Ollivier declared to the Emperor that the more independent he might remain, the more efficacious would be his help. Napoleon therefore gave him no post, but some correspondence passed between them, and a second meeting took place, which Rouher was to have

attended. But he did not come, and, after the audience, Ollivier, imagining that he had thoroughly converted the Emperor to all his views, quitted the Tuileries in a state of rapture, which impelled him (according to a factum he wrote somewhat later) to wander for some hours, star-gazing, along the quays of the Seine. He already pictured himself to be the Restorer of French Liberty. The Man of that Second of December, of which Ollivier was the ghost, had appeared to him charming—*absolument!*

The best proof that Ollivier did not inspire the reforms of January 19 is, that when the Emperor's letter announcing them appeared, he was not satisfied with it. Meantime Rouher proceeded on his way; and between him and Ollivier (who was now altogether shunned by his former Republican associates) there ensued many a bout of eloquence during the parliamentary sessions of the next few years. Ollivier's hour came at last. Disapproving of the Emperor's evolution towards Liberalism, Rouher had to retire from active authority in the autumn of 1869, and was appointed President of the Senate in the place of Troplong, a jurisconsult of some learning and sagacity, who had held the post for many years. Then came Forcade de la Roquette's brief administration, and in the last days of 1869, while the Court was at Compiègne, the Emperor finally decided on a real parliamentary *régime*, and offered Ollivier the chief ministry.

The first impression of the public after the appointment of Ollivier and his colleagues on January 2, 1870, was certainly favourable. The funds rose. Many people had feared a return of Rouher's rule. That "Vice-Emperor" had made himself the most unpopular man in Paris. Several amusing songs and parodies, in which he figured, had been circulated about the time of his downfall. There was a parody of Victor Hugo, beginning—

"Or voici la grande revue
Que passe, lugubre et sans bruit,
Pleurant sa défaite imprévue,
Rouher à l'heure de minuit."

Another—a very clever parody of Chateaubriand—dating from the same period, or a little earlier, when the once all-powerful minister's fate was trembling in the balance, ran as follows:—

Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Des premiers jours de ma puissance;
On faisait à tous mes discours
Silence.
Ma place sera mes amours
Toujours!

Alors je n'avais qu'à paraître
A la tribune pour soumettre
La Chambre, qui, folle de moi,
Son maître,
Votait, sans demander pourquoi,
Ma loi.

Aujourd'hui la Chambre indocile,
A ma voix n'est plus si facile;
Son dévouement, par contre-coup,
Vacille.
Je n'en viens presque plus du tout
A bout.

Qui ramènera l'inhumaine
Sous ma volonté souveraine?
Son abandon fait tous les jours
Ma peine—
Ma place sera mes amours
Toujours!

In the new Government Ollivier was Minister of Justice and Religion. His colleagues included Chevandier de Valdrôme (Interior), Marshal Lebœuf (War), Admiral Rigault de Genouilly (Marine), Count Napoleon Daru, a godson of the first Emperor (Foreign Affairs), Buffet (Finance), and the Marquis de Talhouët (Public Works). The other appointments need not be specified, but it may be mentioned that Daru * had opposed the Coup d'État and that Buffet and Talhouët had protested against it. They were, in point of fact, Orleanists, and after the Plebiscitum they resigned, being replaced by the Duke de Gramont and MM. Mège and Plichon. At first, the Orleanist deputies of the Chamber, that Third Party of which we have spoken, rallied round the new Ministry, their adherents joined them, and with this support Ollivier basked in a semblance of popularity. But all that these new partisans desired was to participate in a new *Curée*, a great distribution of favours and appointments; while on the other hand, the Prime Minister

* See also *post*, p. 405.

and his colleagues were cordially detested by all the real Imperialists and the Republicans. The new appointments were comparatively few, certain functionaries, like Baron Haussmann, were dismissed and replaced, but the new *régime* was at a loss how to fill many offices. The Empire had spent eighteen years in training its prefects and sub-prefects, and Ollivier, having few men at his disposal on whom he could rely, was forced to leave the great majority of the old functionaries in office. Again, the Senate presided over by Rouher frowned on him, all sorts of *coteries*, too, suddenly sprang up in the Chamber, while the Court looked on with a feeling of disappointment. It is true that Madame Ollivier was a great success. The daughter of a M. Gravier, a Marseilles merchant, she was the Prime Minister's second wife,* their marriage dating from the previous year. And she came to the Tuileries quite fresh and young, with *bourgeois* manners, refusing to wear a low-necked gown, yet looking quite charming in her white frock, which was set off neither by lace nor jewels, the lady's only *coquetterie* being a sprig of heather in her smooth fair hair. All that was quite novel to many Tuileries folk. It seemed as if St. Muslin, so often invoked during the performances of Sardou's "Famille Benoîton," had at last heard the appeal and come to the rescue. In any case a reign of "Sweet Simplicity" set in. Trains were almost abandoned, hair was more simply dressed; the "false" variety being discarded, and diamonds were left in their cases.

Meantime, however, serious trouble had assailed the new ministry. Only eight days after its assumption of office, Victor Noir, the journalist, expired in a chemist's shop at Auteuil, killed by Prince Pierre Bonaparte.† Then came the demonstration at his funeral, followed by an infinity of riotous incidents, wild provocative articles in the advanced Press, the arrest of Rochefort, exciting scenes at public meetings, turmoil that never ceased. Amidst all those disquieting symptoms, however, the new Constitution was drafted. It established parliamentary rule, made the ministers responsible to the Chambers,

* M. Ollivier's first wife was Mlle. Blandine Liszt, a daughter of the famous pianist. She died in 1862.

† See *ante*, p. 242.

gave members of the latter the right to introduce bills, provided that commercial treaties should be submitted to them, and limited to twenty the number of senators whom the Emperor might appoint in any one year. Further, it named Prince Napoleon as heir to the throne in the event of the death of the Imperial Prince.* There were two ways of securing the country's ratification of the reforms, one was by means of a Plebiscitum, the other by a dissolution and general elections. The Orleanists in the ministry were really opposed to the Plebiscitum, for they feared it would consolidate the Empire, and they had only accepted office in order to undermine it. However, a Plebiscitum was taken—such being the Emperor's personal desire—and the solemn presentation of the result to the Sovereign in the Salle des États at the Louvre was the last great Court ceremony of the reign.

Napoleon, judging by the result of the Paris elections of 1869, had estimated that 6,000,000 votes would be cast in his favour, but the Ayes were, in round numbers, 7,350,000, against 1,530,000 Noes, the latter including nearly 50,000 army votes, at least half of which, however, emanated from men angry at having been kept with the colours (owing to certain fears) six months beyond their time. That is no fiction. Nearly all the men at the Prince Eugène barracks in Paris voted "No," and the Emperor was greatly disturbed on hearing it. A little later, therefore, he visited the barracks, and was immediately acclaimed by the men. Their vote had been dictated solely by their personal grievance, and had no political signification. The Emperor, well pleased on finding that such was the case, ordered a distribution of gratuities among the men—which was not, perhaps, the best course to pursue. Still there is no doubt that the army vote, generally, was much less unfavourable than it seemed. At the same time, great as might be the Imperial majority at the Plebiscitum, it was noteworthy that the minority had now become six times larger than it had been when the country was called upon to sanction the establishment of the Empire. In Paris and its immediate vicinity the adversaries of the *régime* were

* Previously Prince Napoleon had only been designated by decree. See *ante*, p. 61.

240,000, another 100,000 being in the departments of which Lyons and Marseilles are the chief cities. In fact, the "Noes" were very numerous throughout southern France; and, briefly, if the Emperor was pleased with his majority, the anti-dynastic party was, on the whole, not dissatisfied at finding itself so strong, even though some wild Republicans had at one moment imagined that they would sweep the country.

The Plebiscitum was taken about a week before the departure of General Lebrun on his mission to Vienna—a circumstance not without its significance. Yet the vote was certainly no vote for war. Going from Paris to Touraine, and thence to Brittany about that time, the impression we received was that the great majority of people desired to enjoy tranquillity and to see order re-established in Paris, whence the newspapers brought all sorts of exaggerated reports. Many who voted "Yes" scarcely approved of the new Constitution, and it was more as an expression of confidence in the Emperor personally that their votes were given. Again, there was occasionally an old Imperialist who stubbornly refused to vote at all, not wishing to do so against the Emperor, yet unwilling to give any support to Émile Ollivier. Apart, too, from personal observation in central and western France, documentary evidence shows that the Premier was nowhere more unpopular than in the south, his native part; and this, in despite of the fact that, having been rejected by the Parisian electors as an apostate, he now sat for the department of the Var. That had been brought about in some degree by Government influence. Pressure was also brought to bear on the electors in connection with the Plebiscitum, but the facts have often been exaggerated by Republican writers, who have been careful to say little or nothing of the stupendous efforts of their own party, which, counting several men of great personal wealth in its ranks, disposed of a large amount of money.

In a way, it was possible for Ollivier to deceive himself respecting his real hold on public opinion. The Orleanists, hoping to make him their tool, coquetted with him vigorously; and the French Academy, then one of their strongholds, became so gracious, that in this, the last year of the reign, one saw for the first time a Minister of the Empire elected as a member of that

company of Immortals. Moreover, all who sought appointments, and all who feared lest they might lose those they held, fawned upon the Prime Minister, who thus had an *entourage* by which he might be deceived respecting his popularity. At last the Orleanists, who, wishing to turn the agitation of the Republicans to their own advantage, had roused themselves so suddenly from their prolonged somnolence—and were to make their influence felt immediately after the approaching war—unmasked their batteries. The Count de Paris and his relatives, the Prince de Joinville, the Dukes d'Aumale, de Nemours, and de Chartres, petitioned the Chamber for permission to return to France as "mere citizens." It was impossible for the Empire to accede to such a petition, and Ollivier was forced to oppose it. Scarcely had it been dismissed (July 2, 1870) when France was startled by a thunderclap.

At that time the Court was *en résidence* at St. Cloud. Nevertheless, on July 1, a very important consultation on the subject of the Emperor's illness took place in great secrecy in Paris between Drs. Nélaton, Ricord, Fauvel, Germain Sée, and Corvisart. Two days later it became known that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern was a candidate for the Spanish throne. From this it will be seen that the consultation of the Emperor's doctors preceded the incidents which actually led up to the Franco-German war, and was therefore dictated by none of them. At the same time, it may not have been brought about solely by the Emperor's anxiety respecting his health, as the arrangements for it followed the return of General Lebrun from his mission to Vienna, and we are inclined to think that if the Emperor at last decided to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his doctors for treatment, it was, in at least some degree, with a view to his participation in the campaign planned for the spring of 1871. There was no exploratory surgical examination of the Emperor, but the report of the consultation drawn up by Dr. Germain Sée advised such an examination, adding, "and we think that this is an opportune moment, particularly as just now there are no acute symptoms."

On July 3, Sée drafted his report, and on the same day he gave it to Dr. Conneau (by whom the consultation had

been arranged), asking him to get it signed by the other medical men, and to show it afterwards to the Empress. But Conneau did not procure the other signatures, and it is at least very doubtful whether it was shown to the Empress at all. According to Dr. Sée it was not. However, M. Darimon, a friend of Émile Ollivier, asserts in his work, "La Maladie de l'Empereur," that subsequent to the latter's death, on Prince Napoleon reproaching Conneau for having kept Dr. Sée's report secret, the latter declared that he had shown it to the rightful person (*à qui de droit*), and that the reply it elicited was: *Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire*, which may be Englished perhaps as, "The die is cast, we must abide by the result"—the communication being made of course after the Hohenzollern candidature difficulty had arisen with Prussia. M. Darimon attributes the reply in question to the Empress, but we are confident he is in error—"the rightful person" referred to by Conneau, being none other than Napoleon himself, to whom Conneau submitted Sée's report directly it was received, in order that he, the Emperor, might know how serious the doctors considered his case to be. Conneau doubtless intended to procure the other doctors' signatures, and he also meant to show the document to the Empress, but Napoleon kept it, answering in the manner stated. We also think it probable that he enjoined secrecy, even as he had done in Larrey's case in 1865. At all events he did not intend to act on the report at once; his hands were now too full, that Hohenzollern affair, which had sprung up *since the consultation*, must be settled before he could submit to medical treatment; and thus it came to pass that the report was suppressed, hidden away, and only became known when the original was found among Napoleon's papers, and Dr. Sée sent his original draft to *L'Union Médicale* for publication.

For the consequences which followed the suppression of the report, Napoleon himself must primarily be blamed; but Conneau, in obeying the master to whom he was so devoted, was guilty of a grievous error of judgment. It may be that when he submitted the report to the Emperor, the latter told him that he would show it to the Empress himself; nevertheless, during the fateful fortnight which ensued, the doctor, who

knew the truth, ought to have intervened. He could not have prevented the war, for Prussia was resolved on it—she was not going to allow Napoleon time to mature his coalition plans—but he might have prevented the Emperor from assuming command. Further, why did not Sée himself and Ricord, Fauvel, Corvisart, and Nélaton speak out directly they saw the Emperor assuming command? They must have known that he was unfit for such work, yet they made no protest. The doctrine of "professional secrecy" seems to have overridden every other consideration, the interests of the Emperor personally, those of the Empire, and particularly those of France. Baron Corvisart, for his part, was not satisfied with keeping his mouth shut, he even participated in the folly of the course taken by Napoleon, for he accompanied him on the campaign, and was with him still at Sedan. Both Émile Ollivier and his colleague Maurice Richard, Minister of Fine Arts, afterwards told Darimon that had the truth about the Emperor's illness been known to them, he would not have been allowed to join the army of the Rhine, but would have been kept in Paris; apart from which particular point, the report of the doctors would have exercised the greatest influence on every Government decision respecting the war.

As we have said, Prussia was bent on hostilities. The revival of a Hohenzollern candidature to the throne of Spain was, so to say, the answer to Lebrun's mission to Vienna, respecting which Bismarck had received full information from the Hungarian Ministers of the time, who, being opposed to the projected coalition, betrayed both Austria and France to the Prussian Chancellor. He then deliberately prepared that second Hohenzollern candidature, and hurled it at amazed France—amazed because it imagined that the project had been definitely shelved the previous year.

We have not space to enter in any detail into the story of what ensued. To put the case briefly, if rather crudely, France objected to the presence of a Prussian Prince on the Spanish throne, and demanded the withdrawal of the candidature, as she had done already the previous year. Thereupon the candidature was again withdrawn. Then, as this was the second attempt of the kind, France requested of the King of

Prussia, as head of his House, a pledge that there should be no further renewal of such a candidature. That pledge King William refused to give, and war followed. With respect to some other points, we doubt whether the Empress Eugénie, to whom some have assigned so much responsibility, unduly hurried on what had become inevitable. We do not believe that she ever called it *ma guerre à moi.* We think also, as Trochu generously remarks in his "Memoirs," that Marshal Lebœuf, the War Minister, honestly believed that France was in a position to take the field. Further, whatever may be in some respects our opinion of M. Émile Ollivier, however inexcusable may have been his remark about embarking on the war with a light heart, we readily acknowledge that the war was not brought about by him. He wished to preserve peace, he was at one moment even hopeful of doing so, and he was not even present at that fateful night-meeting at St. Cloud when the decisive step of ordering the mobilization of the army was taken. He only heard of that decision the next morning.

On the actual diplomatic methods of the Duke de Gramont, the Foreign Minister, and his subordinate Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, during the incidents which immediately preceded hostilities, some rather severe strictures might be passed. As for the Duke's public statement respecting the co-operation of Austria, that, we think, was made in good faith. It is true that according to existing arrangements Austria was not to co-operate until 1871, and that as M. de Gramont subsequently admitted, "she was painfully surprised by the haste of France in declaring war;" nevertheless, there were serious reasons for believing that she would co-operate despite the fact that events had been precipitated. We have also M. de Chaudordy's statements about the negotiations which took place between Paris, Vienna and Florence between July 20 and August 4, in accordance with which Austria and Italy would have intervened on or about September 15, *provided* that a French army should by that time have crossed the Rhine, invaded southern Germany and reached Munich, there to join hands with the Austrian and Italian forces.* Those assertions may have been denied—

* Enquête sur le Governement du 4 Septembre: Déposition de M. de Chaudordy.

by Beust and others, denials sometimes being necessary—but M. de Chaudordy did not speak without authority.

The French, however, failed to cross the Rhine. The lack of method and the great delay in their mobilization, with the low strength of their effectives, presaged no good result. Three years previously Frossard had planned a campaign for 450,000 men, three months previously Lebrun had promised Archduke Albert 400,000; but only 243,000 was the actual strength of the forces gathered in Alsace-Lorraine in August, 1870, and the mobilization had occupied thrice the time it should have done. Moreover, repeated defeats fell on the Emperor's armies and shattered all hope of a coalition. Italy seems to have been the first to break away, and Austria, confronted by a situation so different from what had been anticipated, relinquished any idea of intervention.

On July 27, Napoleon, leaving the Empress behind him as Regent, quitted the château of St. Cloud with his young son. A special train was in readiness at a siding in the park. The great dignitaries of the Empire, the senators and others, were present to take leave of the sovereign. The Emperor appeared quite calm; the young Prince showed some excitement; the Empress was plainly affected, her eyes were moist. Among the escort accompanying Napoleon to the headquarters of the army of the Rhine at Metz was Dr. Baron Corvisart, who, knowing the truth about the Emperor's condition, had with him a case of instruments for use if any operation should become urgent. On August 2 came the engagement of Saarbrücken, at which the young Prince received the baptism of fire. When the affair was over, General Lebrun, noticing that the Emperor had great difficulty in alighting from his horse, proffered assistance. Napoleon took his arm, and as they walked towards a carriage some fifty paces away, Lebrun remarked: "Your Majesty seems to be unwell." "My dear general," replied the Emperor, stifling a moan, "I am suffering horribly." Thus it was that aide-de-camp Lebrun first heard of Napoleon's malady. In a similar way its extreme seriousness only came about this time to the knowledge of M. Piétri, Napoleon's private secretary, who, on August 7, after a conversation with the Emperor on the subject, telegraphed to the Empress advising that the

Emperor should return to Paris and leave Bazaine in chief command. But at that moment the defeats of Weissenburg, Speichern, and Wörth had followed each other in swift succession, and the Empress replied that the consequences of the Emperor's return after such reverses ought to be considered, and that should he decide to go back to Paris, the country must be given to understand that he only did so provisionally, in order to organize a second army, and had left Bazaine merely as temporary commander of the army of the Rhine.

The position in Paris, where only a few weeks previously the war had been so frantically acclaimed by thoughtless folk, was certainly becoming difficult. Already, on the evening of August 6, at the first news of MacMahon's overwhelming defeat at Wörth, the Empress had hurried from St. Cloud to the Tuileries, where a long night-council was held. On the morrow, while issuing a proclamation exhorting the Parisians to be firm and preserve order, she declared a state of siege in the capital. Then, on the 9th, the Ollivier Ministry was overthrown by the Chamber, and replaced by an administration under General Cousin-Montauban, Count de Palikao, who, as commander in China several years previously, had looted the Summer Palace of Pekin. His colleagues were all Bonapartists, chiefly of the younger school. On the morrow (August 10) came the news that Strasburg was invested; on the 12th we heard that Nancy was occupied. Now it was that, in compliance with the clamour of the anti-dynastic party, the unhappy, ailing Emperor was deposed from the chief command and replaced by Bazaine, respecting whose military abilities there was such extraordinary infatuation. Fate was on the march. Paris was becoming more and more excited, more and more uncontrollable.

On August 14, a few hours after there had been some rioting at La Villette, the last reception of the reign was held at the Tuileries. The Empress appeared at it garbed in black net with a jet diadem, and every lady present was in the deepest mourning for the reverses of France. Even the Court footmen and other officials wore black, only the military men retaining their uniforms. The affair at La Villette was, perhaps, the chief subject of conversation at that gathering, but there was some

hopefulness with respect to the war now that Bazaine had the supreme control, and that the withdrawal of his army from Metz had been decided on. Matters would soon improve when the Marshal and his men were in the open—such was the prevailing impression. But, as we know, the situation went from bad to worse. On August 14 Napoleon quitted Metz; on the 16th Vionville-Mars-la-Tour was fought, and Bazaine's retreat stopped; and on the 18th, after fighting for nine hours at St. Privat-Gravelotte, he was driven back under the great stronghold of Lorraine.

In Paris, that same day, General Trochu stepped upon the scene. There had been a demand that he should be made Minister of War, but the post assigned to him was that of Governor of the capital. As Minister at that stage it is improbable that he could have retrieved the situation; but had he held the post at the very outset his services might have proved most valuable, for he was a born organizer. At the time of the Crimean War the French forces might well have found themselves in the same plight as the English if Trochu, after assembling certain colleagues at the War Ministry, had not exerted himself in selecting the units of the expedition, planning staff arrangements, attending to the proper equipment of the men, and providing them with all necessaries—accomplishing, in fact, quite a *tour de force*, for France was at that time no more prepared for war than she was in 1870. Trochu again proved his talent as an organizer during the siege of Paris, when he improvised so much, when he so often turned nothing into something, and made, if not a successful, at least an extremely honourable defence.

Unfortunately, after St. Arnaud's death, Trochu was distrusted by the Empire. A Breton, born in 1815, he had been a great favourite with Louis Philippe's Marshal, Bugeaud, and having refused a Court appointment from Napoleon III., he was suspected of Orleanism. Moreover, his repeated criticisms of French army methods long gave offence in high places. He had his limitations, and he knew them; he had never exercised more than a divisional command in the field (Italy, 1859), and it was because he felt unequal to field duties that he never commanded in person at the sorties during the Paris siege. But in

an office or a camp he was admirable, an adept in laying down sound rules, in preparing, providing for requirements. Again, he was not the man to cope with a popular rising, and in that respect he was not fit for the post of Military Governor of Paris. If he did not save the Empire on the 4th of September, neither did he save himself and his National Defence colleagues on the 31st of October, during the siege days, when he and they were shut up at the Hôtel-de-Ville, at the mercy of a Communist insurrection. The rescue which was effected was the work of a civilian, Jules Ferry.

At the same time, if the Empress-Regent had placed more confidence in Trochu instead of steadily alienating him, he might at least have attempted to save the Empire at the Revolution, though we doubt if any one, any St. Arnaud or Magnan or Canrobert, could really have saved the *régime* that day, even if the Empress had been willing, which she was not, to have the people cannonaded as at the Coup d'État. However, as Trochu bitterly complains in his Memoirs, he was treated by the Empress with suspicion and distrust from the moment of his appointment. He was to have been followed to Paris by the Emperor, and MacMahon's army was to have retreated on the capital to recruit its strength and cover the city. But when Trochu informed the Empress of those plans—agreed upon at a conference held at Châlons between the Emperor, Rouher, Prince Napoleon, MacMahon, Schmitz, and Trochu himself—she opposed them violently, saying, "Those who advised the Emperor to adopt those plans are enemies. The Emperor shall not return; he would not return alive. As for the army of Châlons [MacMahon's] it must effect its junction with the army of Metz."*

That policy prevailed. The unlucky army of Châlons started on its march to relieve Metz, where Bazaine was now shut up, just as the bombardment of Strasburg was beginning. MacMahon led his forces from Châlons to Réthel, thence in the direction of Montmédy. But the Germans followed them, came up with them, routed the corps under General de Failly at Beaumont, and forced MacMahon and the others on Sedan, where the supreme catastrophe fell upon them. The unhappy

* Trochu, "Le Siège de Paris," etc., Mame, Tours.

Emperor, who, forbidden to return to Paris, had accompanied his troops on that anxious, difficult, terrible march, sought death on the field, and when death refused to take him, made a last supreme assertion of his authority, ordered the white flag to be hoisted, and tendered his sword to the Prussian King.

The Empress Eugénie has been violently attacked by scores of writers for preventing the return of the Emperor and MacMahon to Paris. It has even been said repeatedly that she deliberately sacrificed her husband to the chance of saving the Empire for her son. This narrative has shown that Napoleon was no faithful husband, and that his consort had real grievances against him. But we do not believe that she sacrificed him in the way and for the purpose alleged. We hold that she was quite sincere when she said to Trochu that the Emperor would not return to Paris alive—meaning, of course, that he would be killed if he returned. We were in Paris at the time, and the unpopularity into which the Emperor had fallen by reason of all the reverses inflicted on the French arms, was of such a nature that, even if he had come back at the same moment as Trochu (by whose sudden popularity he was to have been covered) we doubt if Trochu could have saved him. Trochu, as already stated, was not the man to contend with mobs. And the Emperor's return, and the knowledge that MacMahon's forces were returning also—abandoning Bazaine to his fate—would have been like a match applied to tinder; and in the sudden blaze, the sudden outburst of popular indignation and wrath, Emperor, Empress, and Empire would have been immediately swept away. Briefly, the Fourth of September would now be known as the Eighteenth of August. By the course which the Empress took, then, she did not sacrifice her husband, she hoped to save the Empire. As it happened, she was only able to prolong the agony for fourteen days.

On the other hand, from the military standpoint, the retreat of MacMahon on Paris would certainly have been the best course. But the Empress, haunted, not without reason, by the thought of Revolution, held, no doubt, that even such a retreat would have sufficed to stir it up—so acute, so urgent was the anxiety for Bazaine and Metz, so foul and so odious

would it have seemed to Paris, at that moment, if the Marshal and the fortress had been abandoned. Besides, if only MacMahon and his men had returned to the capital, what could have been done with the Emperor? The situation was perplexing, full of serious difficulties, and it is because we know that such was the case, that, unlike some others, we bring no charges against the Empress with respect to the course she followed. It is always easy to fling accusations, it is often difficult to substantiate them.

Many accounts testify that the Empress, from the time of her sudden return from St. Cloud to the Tuileries, was haunted, as we have mentioned, by the thought of Revolution. If, before all else, she had to discharge her duty to the country, she also had to perform her duty to the dynasty, whose interests she, as Regent, held in trust. The vigilance of the Prefect of Police was not relaxed until the last hour. The expiring Empire was not uninformed of the planning and scheming of the anti-dynastic party, which was so watchfully awaiting its opportunity to seize the reins of government. "Let us destroy the Empire first, we will see about the country afterwards," was the motto of too many of the men who subsequently paraded as zealous patriots. All that was known at the Tuileries, and apprehension was natural. The Empress, so it has been said, particularly feared that revolution might break out during the night, and always felt disturbed when evening fell. In addition to the military guard, many detectives were on duty around the palace, never losing sight of the Republican spies by whom it was watched. There was no actual conflict, we think, each side was content to remain *en observation.*

With or without the Empress's knowledge and assent various schemes for assuring her safety in the event of an outbreak were devised. One plan provided for a temporary retreat at a Paris convent, whose lady-superior was most willing to be of service. There were moments, however, when the Regent shook off her apprehensions, and when the question of pursuing a vigorous policy towards the Parisian malcontents was mooted at the Tuileries. More than once it was proposed to have certain leaders arrested, but hesitation invariably supervened, and the question was postponed.

The decisive moment came with the catastrophe of Sedan. Though the Empress did not receive direct tidings from Napoleon until four o'clock on the afternoon of September 3, the truth was known to the Government on the afternoon of the previous day, and both Thiers and Jules Favre became acquainted with it the same evening. Thiers was vainly implored by Prince Metternich, in conjunction with Mérimée, to take office and save both France and the Empire; but he refused his services, even as on the morrow, September 3, he refused to place himself at the head of the Republicans as he was begged to do by Favre, Simon, Ferry, Picard, and others of the Opposition. It was then and then only that the anti-dynastic leaders really turned to Trochu.

In the Legislative Body, on the afternoon of September 3, Count de Palikao, the Prime Minister, would only admit that MacMahon had been compelled to retreat to Sedan, and that a small body of his troops had sought refuge in Belgium; but at a night sitting which was held some hours later, there could be no further concealment of the truth which Thiers and Favre had already conveyed to many colleagues. Besides, it had also begun to circulate through Paris, and during the evening people flocked to the Palais Bourbon, many of them already crying: "Dethronement! dethronement!" On the Boulevards the excitement was general, and a foolhardy attack was even made on a police-station there, whereupon the police charged the crowd with their swords quite as energetically as they had ever done in the days of the Empire's power. Many people then hurried to Trochu's quarters at the Louvre to protest against the brutality of the police, while others assembled on the Place de la Concorde to discuss the position and insist on the Emperor's abdication. When, about two o'clock in the morning (September 4), the night-sitting of the Chamber ended, and the many vehicles containing ministers, deputies, and journalists came rolling across the square, a strong force of cavalry suddenly swept out of the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, where it had been quartered since the afternoon, and cantering hither and thither, threw the procession of conveyances into confusion and scattered the spectators. In a quarter of an hour everybody had been driven from the spot,

and the energy of the troops, following that of the police, seemed to indicate that any attempt at Revolution after daybreak would be speedily put down. At that moment, then, quietude prevailed in Paris; but the Republicans had not lost their time during the evening, nor did they lose the remaining hours of the night. The word went round that everybody must turn up early in the afternoon, as soon as the Chamber should assemble, and the Palais Bourbon was the appointed rendezvous. Briefly, although the events which followed were not exactly organized, the movement was not so spontaneous as some have imagined.

Bright and clear was that Sunday, September 4. There is just a possibility that if rain had poured in torrents there might have been no Revolution. It could not have been prevented by bloodshed, we think, and the Empress was right in refusing to sanction extreme measures. She had presided over a Ministerial Council at the Tuileries shortly before the night-sitting of the Legislative Body, and a proclamation had then been agreed upon, as well as a proposal for a Committee of Defence. which proposal was met in the Chamber by more or less revolutionary ones emanating from the Republicans and Orleanists. After the council many of the great dignitaries arrived at the palace, and only at a late hour was the Empress left with her immediate *entourage*. She took very little rest. At six o'clock on the morning of the 4th she was up and about, visiting the ambulance which she had installed in the palace playhouse. Afterwards, repairing to her little oratory, she heard mass, subsequently conversing with the chaplain, and supplying him, in her usual way, with money for necessitous cases. By that time General de Palikao and the other ministers had arrived, as well as several members of the Privy Council, including Rouher; and the course to be pursued at the afternoon sittings of the Chamber and Senate was then discussed at length, Rouher taking a leading part in the deliberations. Lunch was served about half-past eleven, some twenty-eight persons sitting down to table with the Empress, as the *service d'honneur* whose week ended that day was present as well as the *service* which was to replace it. The only guest, however, was Ferdinand de Lesseps. There was no departure from any

of the ordinary etiquette, though the anxiety of everybody was keen. Despatches arrived at every moment, now from the Prefecture of Police, now from the Ministry of War, now from that of the Interior. Most of them referred to the gravity of the situation in Paris, and proposed or suggested measures for subduing any popular rising. In that respect the Empress's authorization was requested; but she would give none. "Anything rather than civil war," was her invariable answer.

From time to time various visitors, people more or less attached to the Court, arrived, one and all of them bringing increasingly serious tidings respecting the disposition of the Parisians. It became known that bands of people were marching about, already shouting, "Dethronement! Dethronement!" and "Long live the Republic!" At last some troops suddenly appeared on the Place du Carrousel, and others in the reserved garden of the palace. They were all men of the Imperial Guard, led by devoted officers. Next, however, National Guards were seen streaming along the quays and the Rue de Rivoli towards the Palais Bourbon and the Place de la Concorde. On they hurried, like the advanced guard of Revolution. But a diversion came, for all at once the Third Party, the Orleanist deputies of the Legislative Body, appeared upon the scene, seeking audience of the Empress. They were headed by Count Daru, who, although a godson of the great Napoleon, wished to pick the crown of France out of the blood and mire of Sedan to present it to the Count de Paris. A scholarly but despicable man, this Daru subsequently penned for the National Assembly of Versailles some of the most mendacious reports ever presented to any parliament. And in that hour of France's grievous misfortune the chief object, the great craving, of Daru and his friends was the crown for their Prince, the crown at all costs, at all hazards. Entering the room where the deputies were assembled, the Empress greeted them with a sad smile, and they talked to her of—abdication. She answered them, proudly enough, that the Ministers were in office to propose whatever measures might be necessary in the interest of France, and that if they deemed abdication necessary, it would be signed. They were her constitutional advisers, and she was in their hands.

In our earlier chapters we have not hesitated to express an unfavourable opinion of much of the Empress's influence in politics, with regard notably to Italy and Rome. Let us now say that on the day of Revolution she displayed a dignity and fortitude entitling her to all respect. Her interview with the Orleanist deputies was brought to an end by the arrival of a Prefect of the Palace, who had witnessed the preliminaries of the invasion of the Palais Bourbon, and of a Chamberlain who had observed the aggressive tendencies of the huge crowd assembled on the Place de la Concorde. Moreover, on a window being opened, the distant roar of "Vive la République!" could be distinctly heard. Perhaps the Third Party was alarmed by those tidings and those cries; at all events, it withdrew, looking worried and perplexed. The whole affair was extremely characteristic of Orleanism. Louis Philippe's sons and grandsons were mostly gallant men, and it is a curious phenomenon that the political supporters of the house should have been, with few exceptions, so different.

The Empress evinced some sadness after the departure of the deputation, then became rather excited on learning that the imperial eagles were already being struck off some of the public buildings of Paris. All the Ladies of the Palace who happened to be in the city were now with her. Marshal Pélissier's widow and Marshal Canrobert's wife had arrived together at an early hour. No officer of the Household was absent. Several usually attached to the Emperor's person presented themselves, eager to render service, some of the younger ones being provided with revolvers for use if the palace should be invaded and an affray occur. Princess Clotilde also came over from the Palais Royal, and there was a brief, touching scene between her and the Empress. Next a few foreign diplomatists arrived, including Prince Metternich, who looked extremely affected, and Chevalier Nigra, who was as calm, as debonair, as usual. They, like every other new arrival, hastened to kiss the hand of the Empress, whose emotion became more and more apparent. Finally, a little before two o'clock, a few Ministers, notably Chevreau and Jerome David, and various deputies, hurried in with news of the invasion of the Palais Bourbon by the crowd, and the proclamation of the Republic on its steps. The leaders

of the Revolution were now hastening to the Hôtel de Ville to act likewise there. Thus all was virtually over. The Empress conferred for a moment with General Mellinet, who commanded the troops guarding the palace, repeating to him her orders that there was to be no bloodshed, and adding that she was about to depart. She then gave her hand to those officials to whom she had not previously bidden farewell, and turning to her ladies, exclaimed, "Do not stay any longer; there is little time left." Tears started from many eyes, and all her ladies clustered round her, kissing and pressing her hands. "Go, go, I beg you!" the Empress repeated with emotion; and now, for the first time, it seemed as if she would break down. But finally the ladies, reluctantly enough, many of them sobbing, withdrew—that is, all did so excepting Mme. de La Poëze, who, like Count Artus de Cossé-Brissac, the Chamberlain, was one of the last to leave the palace.

But the Empress herself had retired to the further end of the salon, and after pausing there and bracing herself for a moment, she bowed to the whole gathering with the stately, solemn bow of impressive occasions. Then, turning hurriedly to hide her twitching face, she withdrew to her private apartments, accompanied by Prince Metternich, Chevalier Nigra, and Mme. Lebreton, who had succeeded Mme. Carette as her reader. M. de Cossé-Brissac next faced the assembled officers, and said to them: "Messieurs, her Majesty thanks you, and invites you to withdraw." There was some little hesitation, and before the order was obeyed the Chamberlain had to assure his colleagues and friends that their further presence could serve no useful purpose. As he himself at last went out, an usher showed him the audience book, in which were inscribed the names of all who had called at the palace that day. The man wished to know what was to be done with it. "Give it to me," replied M. de Cossé-Brissac; and taking the book, he tore from it all the pages on which names were inscribed, and put them in his pocket, remarking, "They would only serve as food for abuse and slander if they were left here."

The incidents of the Empress's departure have been so often and so minutely described, that we need merely mention that she quitted the palace virtually unobserved, accompanied by

Mme. Lebreton, and escorted by the Ambassadors of Austria and Italy, who were desirous of protecting her from insult. A vehicle was procured, and she safely reached the residence of her dentist, Dr. Evans, whose Memoirs contain a full account of the affair. Next the Empress made her way to Trouville, and crossed over to England on Sir John Burgoyne's little yacht, *The Gazelle.*

The Court of the Tuileries had ceased to exist, and the palace itself was to last but a few months longer. As in our first chapter we gave some account of its origin, we here append a brief narrative of its fate.

* * * * * *

During the siege of Paris, after the fall of the Empire, the Tuileries garden served as an artillery bivouac, and the palace was chiefly employed for ambulance purposes—the ambulance which the Empress had previously installed in the playhouse being enlarged. A committee, which the Government of National Defence appointed to examine such of the imperial papers as had not been removed or destroyed prior to the Revolution, also met at the Tuileries, in the Emperor's private rooms. One of the principal members of that committee was M. Jules Claretie, whose distinguished career, marked by high integrity as well as ability, supplies sufficient answer to the charge that documents were tampered with for purposes of publication—a charge occasionally preferred by one or another interested party during recent years. There can be no doubt at all that the publications of the Government of National Defence were quite genuine, though undoubtedly they were incomplete. Circumstances interrupted both scrutiny and publication; and ultimately the bulk of the papers perished in the conflagration of the palace. Few further documentary revelations respecting what one may call the secret side of the Second Empire can therefore be expected, until, if ever, the collections of the Empress Eugénie are given to the world.

Immediately after the rising of the Commune of Paris on March 18, 1871, an ex-soldier of Chasseurs d'Afrique, named Dardelle, was appointed military governor of the Tuileries. He quartered himself in the fine rooms formerly occupied by the Duke de Bassano, the Imperial Great Chamberlain, collected a

number of people around him, and frequently entertained them at dinners and dances. Being musically inclined, he also often charmed his leisure moments by executing fantasias on the chapel organ. At this time, for the small admission fee of half a franc, anybody might visit the state apartments of the palace between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.; and early in May it occurred to Dr. Rousselle, a prominent partisan of the Commune, who modestly entitled himself "Chief Surgeon of the Universal Republic," that concerts for the benefit of wounded National Guards might well be held at the Tuileries. That idea was adopted, and every Thursday and Sunday concerts took place, simultaneously, in the Salle des Maréchaux, the palace playhouse, and the Galerie de Diane. The number of performers in the various orchestras varied according to the dimensions of the apartments, in one or another of which the artistes sang or recited alternately. The charge for admission ranged from half a franc to five francs, the latter being the tariff in the Salle des Maréchaux, where a large stage was erected, adorned with crimson velvet draperies, fringed with bullion, and spangled with the gold bees of the Bonapartes—these hangings having been taken from the imperial throne-room and other apartments. The rooms blazed with wax candles derived from the palace stores; the audiences were numerous and enthusiastic; refreshments, chiefly red wine and eau-de-vie, were procurable at moderate charges; and there was any amount of smoking, —clay pipes, however, being far more numerous than cigars. Each performance, which naturally began and ended with the "Marseillaise," included recitations of revolutionary passages in the poems of Victor Hugo and Auguste Barbier, with a medley of patriotic and socialistic songs. Mlle. Agar, sometime of the Comédie Française, was the chief reciter, the leading vocalist being the Citoyenne Bordas, previously of the Grand Concert Parisien, who invariably raised the enthusiasm of the audiences to the highest pitch by the manner in which she thundered forth the refrain of her famous song—

"C'est la canaille! Eh bien, j'en suis!"

Besides those concerts, there were occasional *fêtes de nuit* in the reserved garden of the palace, when countless red and white

lamps glowed amid the shrubberies and orange-trees, while round the orchestra swaggered the military dignitaries of the Commune, the ex-hatters, ex-chemists, ex-compositors, and others, all displaying plenty of gold braid on the sleeves of their tunics. They were often accompanied by their ladies, wives or demi-wives, as the case might be.

The last of the concerts took place on the evening of Sunday, May 21, while the columns of the army of Versailles under Marshal MacMahon were stealthily advancing into Paris. That same day or night (there is some doubt on the point) "General" Bergeret, one of the chief commanders under the Commune, quitted his quarters at the Palais Bourbon, and came to the Tuileries, with all his staff. The eventual entry of the regular troops had been foreseen, and the approaches to the palace were defended by powerful batteries and huge barricades. Of the latter the most formidable and elaborate arose at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Florentin. It was quite five and twenty feet high, constructed largely of masonry, and defended by two or three guns. There was another barricade on the Quai de la Conférence, and another near the moat separating the reserved garden of the palace from the public one; while on the terrace overlooking the Place de la Concorde a powerful battery was planted. On May 22, MacMahon's troops having reached the Arc de Triomphe atop of the Champs Élysées, a detachment of his artillery took up position there, and the Avenue des Champs Élysées was soon swept by the joint fire of the Versaillese guns and the Tuileries batteries.

While this duel was in progress eleven vans belonging to the Crown Furniture service arrived at the Tuileries by way of the Place du Carrousel. They contained furniture, papers, and works of art previously removed from M. Thiers's house in the Place St. Georges, which had been demolished by order of the Commune. The vans, whose contents were piled up in various ground-floor rooms, may merely have arrived at the Tuileries that day by a coincidence, but if so it was a strange one. Meantime, as we have said, the artillery fire was continuing on both sides. Great caution was invariably observed by the Versaillese throughout the street-fighting of that Bloody

Week which had now begun. Not a single barricade in Paris was taken by any infantry frontal attack; all the Communist positions were seized by flanking movements. Thus about five o'clock on Tuesday, May 23, some of the batteries defending the Tuileries having been silenced, and the troops having contrived to seize the Palais de l'Industrie and the Élysée, a detachment, passing by way of the Madeleine, was able to turn the great barricade at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, which they found abandoned. During the artillery duel some damage had been done on the Place de la Concorde and among the statuary in the Tuileries gardens; and the partisans of the Commune have asserted more than once that the palace itself was set on fire by Versaillese shells.

There is, however, abundant evidence to the contrary. In the course of May 23 several vehicles carrying barrels of gunpowder arrived at the Tuileries by way of the court of the Louvre and the Carrousel. In the afternoon General Bergeret repaired to the Hôtel de Ville, where the Committee of Public Safety was sitting. On his return to the palace he assembled his principal officers, who included notably a certain Victor Benot, an ex-private in the 10th of the Line, who had become a lieutenant in the National Guard during the German siege, and had risen to a colonelcy under the Commune. Another was a "Captain" Étienne Boudin, a bibulous individual, formerly a hatter, we believe, who had seized 900 bottles of wine in the Tuileries cellars and shared them with his comrades. Other men, named Madeuf and Servat, whose exact rank is not certain, a Pole, "Colonel" Kaweski, and Dardelle, whom we have previously mentioned, also attended Bergeret's council, in addition to the latter's immediate staff-officers. It seems certain that Bergeret had received positive orders from the Committee of Public Safety to set the Tuileries on fire—there is only a faint possibility that he may have acted on his own initiative. In either case, he informed the others that the palace must be destroyed. To Dardelle he assigned the duty of removing all the *matériel de guerre* which the Commune might still require, while Benot and Boudin willingly, if not eagerly, accepted the task of firing the palace. Not only had gunpowder been brought to the Tuileries during the day, there

were also some barrels of liquid tar there, and these, as well as a quantity of turpentine, were used by Boudin in preparing the Pavillon Marsan for the conflagration. He, like Benot, was assisted by several acolytes, and with the help of the many pails and brooms in the palace, the hangings, floorings, woodwork, and furniture of numerous apartments were coated with tar or drenched with petroleum. In the chief vestibule Benot placed three barrels of gunpowder, while two or three others were hoisted up the well of the grand staircase and then rolled into the Salle des Maréchaux, where several cases of cartridges, some shells, and other ammunition were disposed. Other barrels of powder were broken open, and the contents scattered about the ground-floor rooms. Trains also were laid, notably one extending to the courtyard, and this was fired by Benot when everybody had quitted the palace.

It was about ten o'clock when all was ready. The Versaillese seldom, if ever, stirred after dusk during that terrible week. They remained on the positions they had gained during the day. Had they been quicker in their movements, the week might have been reduced to three days, and many of the buildings of Paris might have been saved. On the other hand, no doubt, the casualties would have been much more numerous. On the evening of May 23 the National Guards still occupied the garden of the Tuileries, the barricade near the ditch, and the quay alongside the Seine. They were spread there *en tirailleurs*, ready to oppose the advance of the Versaillese, should the latter attempt to push forward beyond the corner of the Rue St. Florentin. Others, too, were strongly entrenched in the Ministry of Finances in the Rue de Rivoli, and defended it throughout the night, every effort being made to check the advance of the troops until the conflagration of the Tuileries should be beyond remedy. As for Bergeret and his staff, they retired to the Louvre barracks, and it was there, about ten o'clock or a little later, that Benot joined them, announcing that the Tuileries was alight.

The whole company sat down to supper, ate well and drank heavily. Towards midnight, after coffee had been served, Benot invited the others to admire his work. They went out on to the terrace of the Louvre and saw the Tuileries blazing.

Flames were already darting from the windows of the great façade—over twelve hundred feet in length; and if at times there came a pause in the violence of the fire, the ruddy glow which every opening of the building revealed, was a sufficient sign that the conflagration had by no means subsided. At last a score of tongues of flame leapt suddenly through the collapsing roof, reddening the great canopy of smoke which hovered above the pile. The flames seemed to travel from either end of the palace towards the central cupola-crowned pavilion, where Benot, an artist in his way, had designedly placed most of his combustibles and explosives; and at about two o'clock in the morning Bergeret's officers were startled, almost alarmed, by a terrific explosion which shook all the surrounding district. Many rushed to ascertain what had happened, and on facing the Tuileries, they saw that the flames were now rising in a great sheaf from the central pavilion, whose cupola had been thrown into the air, whence it fell in blazing fragments, while millions of sparks rose, rained, or rushed hither and thither, imparting to the awful spectacle much the aspect of a bouquet of fireworks, such as usually terminates a great pyrotechnical display.

"It is nothing," said Bergeret to those of his men whom the explosion had alarmed. "It is only the palace blowing up." And taking a pencil, he wrote: "The last vestiges of Royalty have just disappeared. I wish that the same may befall all the public buildings of Paris." That note he handed to a young man named Victor Thomas, who was a nephew of the General Clément Thomas shot by the Communards on the 18th of March, but who, curiously enough, was serving the insurrection, in spite of his uncle's fate. Thomas, who personally witnessed what we have described, carried the note to the Committee of Public Safety at the Hôtel de Ville. When he returned to the Louvre, Bergeret had disappeared.

Victor Benot, being subsequently taken prisoner, was tried by a Council of War and convicted not only of his deeds at the Tuileries, but also of having helped to set fire to the library of the Louvre—the old library of the sovereigns of France, which contained 40,000 volumes, valuable not only by reason of their contents but also of their bindings, which comprised many of

the finest examples of the bookbinder's art in France. Benot was condemned to death, but on the ground that he had acted under Bergeret's orders, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation to New Caledonia for life.

What Benot did not do was done by others. At ten o'clock on the morning of May 24, columns of smoke arose from various parts of Paris, coiling, meeting, and expanding until they almost hid the sun from view. The Ministry of Finances, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, the Préfecture de Police, the Palais de Justice, the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, the Cour des Comptes, the Théâtre Lyrique, the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations—all these were burning as well as many houses in one and another part of Paris, as for instance in the Rue de Lille and the Rue du Bac, at the crossway of the Croix Rouge, in the Rue Royale, the Faubourg St. Honoré, the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, the Rue de Rivoli, the Avenue Victoria, the Boulevard Sebastopol, the Rue St. Martin, the Place du Château d'Eau and the Rue St. Antoine. Never will that awful spectacle depart from our memory.

Surrounded by all those other conflagrations, that of the Tuileries continued for three days. It was fortunately circumscribed by the massive masonry and ironwork of the newer portions adjoining the quay and the Rue de Rivoli, and for a similar reason the conflagration of the Louvre library did not spread to the art galleries. For some years the outer walls of the palace remained standing—lamentable mementoes of the madness of Paris in those terrible days of 1871; and an impressive water-colour drawing of them was made by Meissonier, who exhibited it in 1883. On various occasions there were plans for rebuilding the residence of the Kings and Emperors of France, but those schemes were ultimately abandoned, and now only the memory of the Tuileries remains. Perhaps that is best, for despite all the magnificence, all the festivities, it witnessed, it was ever a fatal edifice—a Palace of Doom for both Monarchy and Empire.

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